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GRAND ROYAL

The "What We
Did On Our Winter
Vacation" Issue

FALL/WINTER 1993 \$2.95

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LIVES!**

**KISS
ALIVE IV**

The Gene
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Beuys Connection

**GEORGE
CLINTON'S**

Original Artwork
Inside

**GRAND
ROYAL
UPDATE**

Beastie Boys New LP
DFL Bidding War
DJ Hurricane Solo
Luscious Jackson On Tour

JOEY BUTTAFUOCO'S

Back To School Wear For '93

MIKE D INTERVIEWS:

Q-Tip • Kareem Abdul Jabbar • The Pharcyde • Russell Simmons



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On the cover: Bruce Lee thumps Kareem with a swift kick to the neck. Illustration by Sean Cliver—bitten from '71 Ebony on the left. **This page:** The authentic James Brown stamps, the Buttafuoco dress shoe of choice (photo: Spike) and D (photo: Powell)



INTRO PAGE

A LETTER FROM
THE EDITORS

Dear Patrons,

Thank you for buying this first issue of *Grand Royal* magazine. Hopefully there will be more to follow. It is kind of you to keep us employed in our creative endeavors. We hope there is something in here that tickles your fancy.

Sincerely,
The Editors

P.S. *Grand Royal* is printed on 100% recycled paper. This means we're doing our best not to contribute to the clear cutting of the few forests left on this planet.



Rocky Howard

GRAND ROYAL MAGAZINE

Editors: Mike Diamond, Andy Jenkins, Spike Jonze, Adam Horowitz, Bob Mack, Jeff Tremaine and Adam Yauch.

Contributing Editors: Everybody who contributed.

Special Thanks To: Tammy and Russ for tolerating Bob at Club D; Ditto the Grand Royal Staff: Pam, C.J. and Max. Plus Lawman, Shes, Greg and all at *Dirt*. All The fine ladies at Lang Communications. Not to mention: Virgil, Hearn Attack Man, Carter Burden III, Joe Levy, Mike McMenamin, Tony & Maggie Alparelli, Mike Rubin, Layla Turkkan, Yvonne Garrett, Kelley Jenkins, Brian Ballin, Juan Brody-Knob and Big Bro Sean Oliver, Mark "Mega Bite" Felt. *Grand Royal Magazine* is published whenever we feel like it. If you don't like it, put your own publication out. If you do like it, send your stuff, editorial or otherwise, to: **GRAND ROYAL MAGAZINE, P.O. BOX 28689, LOS ANGELES, CA 90028. Do NOT Submit Fiction.** And those who submit demos run the risk of gettin' dissed. All letters may be reprinted and will not be returned. All contents copyright © 1993 Grand Royal Merchandising. Printed in the U.S.A. Produced on Macintosh.

...22 AUTOMATIC ON MY PERSON... NOT.

During the course of putting together this magazine, the issue has come up several times of whether or not to censor or change certain things. On the one hand, I didn't want to deny anyone their freedom of speech, but on the other hand, I am very aware that by publishing this magazine, we are drawing the attention the band has to other people's opinions, which in some cases I don't agree with. Having given it some thought, I realized that even if I did censor these things, I would not be infringing on anyone's freedom of speech. They would be free to start their own magazine. In any case, I've decided to let almost all of these things run, and write this piece explaining how I feel.

The two things I feel the strongest about are: the photo of the Pharcyde and the Captain's Beefs, both of which glamorize the idea of having and carrying guns. I definitely understand this feeling. Until recently I used to try to present myself that way too. After growing up on Clint Eastwood movies and bad TV, who wouldn't think it was the cool?

Unfortunately, at this point it seems to have risen to another level. It has stepped out of the movies into reality, especially in Hip-Hop. It's become like a vicious circle of the emperor's new clothes. Few are willing to admit what they themselves see. It has become such an integral part of the music that the word "rap" to most people implies violence, guns and a complete disrespect for women.

On a deeper level, what this comes down to is a lack of self respect and self trust. All of these people, deep down, believe that who they are is not enough. This leads to them doing things and saying things to try to get other people to like them. Rather than acting from a place of balance and knowing, they act out of insecurity. This insecurity under the guise of self importance is the root cause of almost all of our problems, both personal and global. Each of us sees our self, or our nation, or race, or religion as the center, the most

important one, the main thing around which all else revolves. So we get mad any time someone challenges this concept, which, of course, happens all the time, because everyone else sees themselves as the center. This line of thinking puts us at constant odds with everyone else (e.g. "You don't see me as the most important one so I'm going to kill you before you kill me," or "I can cut down this forest and kill all the wildlife that lives in it because I'm more important"). Even on more subtle levels, those who have evolved beyond the level of killing, will still own a subway car that doesn't have enough seats for everyone and quickly grab one for yourself. I catch myself doing things like that all the time.

So it becomes plain to me that as we begin to realize that no one of us is any more important than another, and that we are all just fellow human beings, that this is the point at which we begin to find inner peace and patience. That is the point when we begin to enjoy our lives, rather than engaging in the constant strife that exists between the self important.

To enjoy this peace of mind it is crucial to make it just as important to help someone else as it is to help yourself. To find as much pleasure in another's success as you might in your own. To put it succinctly, indulging in jealousy, greed, egoism, hatred, and talking shit about people is just feeding the fires of your own unhappy state. And if people talk shit about you, don't waste your time thinking about it. What people think about you is none of your business. All that matters is how you react to it, and if you don't give a fuck, then you don't give a fuck.

If you conduct your life in this manner, I'll bet you five bucks that you won't need a gun and probably won't think they're that cool, but most of all it's just a good way to enjoy your life instead of being frustrated all the time. Needless to say, it's your life, so do whatever seems right.

As Pato Banton once said "my name is Pato Banton and this is my opinion."
—Yauch



photo by gabe moford

Pat Duffy

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UPFRONT

YO, WUSS THUP?

An Impromptu Car Phone Conversation With **Russell Simmons**



Russell Simmons and us go back a ways. As you probably know, though, when it came time to get paid, Russell dipped with the money. But we're not the type to hold a grudge, and plus, Russell's always been a snap. The type of guy who isn't afraid to do the ill shit like tell Hurricane that he's gettin' "a tombstone over his dick" (i.e. a big belly). So one of the first ideas we had for the magazine was an interview with Russell. Not just any old interview, but a "live" conversation with him in his element, on the car phone, while tooling around town in his bullet-proof white Rolls Royce. On Saturday August 14, at around 7:00 p.m. our time, 10:00 p.m. his time, Mike gave him a shout and sure enough he picked right up after the first ring. Naturally, we didn't tell him we were taping the conversation because then it wouldn't be "live," now would it?

RUSSELL RUSH: Hello?

MD: Yo nigger what's up? [slight pause]. It's Mike D.

RR: What up, nigger?

MD: What are you doin'?

RR: I'm on my way from this HBO screening to the party that they're having out here in the Hamptons.

MD: Oh that's what I heard, you been out there each weekend. What's that about?

RR: It's about, you know, being fake. You know how I am. You know how fake I am Mike D.

MD:

What're you doin'?

Hangin' out with a bunch of fake whiteys?

RR: Naw, I was hangin' out with the Princess of Malaysia. I'm sitting next to Veronica Webb—

MD: Uh-oh—

RR: —Andre Harrell is in the back seat, [faster, like Chick Hearn], we're driving my white Rolls Royce, with the curtains. Frontin', you know. You know my thing.

MD: What's up with the Princess of Malaysia?

RR: You know, one of my hoers and stuff. I be frontin'.

MD: So what else is goin' on?

RR: Huh?

MD: What's really goin' on?

RR: What's really goin' on? Nothin', really. We're just trying to restructure our deal with Sony in music. And we got a good film deal closing, where we can just greenlight our own movies.

MD: That'd be cool.

[At this point Mike D and Russell go off on a five minute tangent discussing the schmatte trade. We tune back into the two moguls' discussion as Russell turns to one of his favorite topics, George Michael]

RR: Sony are building all these signature stores across the country—they better just keep George Michael's shirts in there. They can't put my clothes in there.

MD: So what's up? I heard you signed George Michael.

RR: [Laughs]. No I signed Johnny Cash.

MD: Aw that was it! What's up with Rick signing Johnny Cash? I heard he's doin' an album called *Back To The Old School* with Johnny Cash.

RR: Nah, really? No!

MD: Yep. Johnny Cash and Just Ice.

RR: What's this ad he has in *Fits*

magazine about "Real R&B and Rap From Seattle?"

I'm sure there's one or two groups that come out of it.

Mix-A-Lot's not—I don't know.

MD: Yeah, they probably got something up there. So what's up with the funeral of Del, though?

RR: I don't know, he wants me to come out and speak, heh-heh. What am I gonna say?

MD: Glen just told me that Rick said

it's real important for him and he wants us to be there. I told him if he's gettin' rid of it, maybe I can pick it up.

RR: Heh-han, I can't understand what he means by that. Why is it OK to be American Records, but Def American is comy? And why is it OK that hip went out of style, too? What? You know?

MD: But the best is the press release that said something about Def "losing its cutting edge." What the hell does that mean?

RR: It means that, you know, Def is comy. And it IS comy when you sign Johnny Cash! And when you fuck around—

MD: I guess Johnny Cash can't go out def, huh?

RR: How's your new album comin' out?

MD: Good! Actually we got some alright hip hop shit goin' on.

RR: Make some real, you know, crazy-ass hardcore hip hop. Crazy! Just silly.

MD: Yeah.

RR: I mean I don't mean silly—you know. The real Beastie Boys shit but hardcore with a dope chorus and sell five million records and—even if you don't sell, you know, just one time. Just for the fun of it. Cos I know you can do it. Make yourself, you know, "Hold It Now, Hit It" [Even Russell laughs at this]. One time.

MD: No, we got some shit, but the only thing I wonder about is if people are ever gonna get with it. Cos if you look at east coast, what people are listening to, they want shit that we we're doin' then. They want Redman doin' the most violent record ever. We can't do that...

RR: Naw, but you can do the most funny, violent record ever!

MD: [Pause]

RR: [Sing-song voice]: "Smash Your

Glasses!" Know what I'm sayin' "Smash Serch's glasses!" Who said that?

MD: So what's up with Serch?

RR: I don't know, but he played me a dope album, and I'm gonna tell him if he don't get back with Pate Nice, he can keep it. It's a good album. It sounds so New York, it's got jazz influence. The vocals are good, and the choruses are good. Just don't know who wants to buy a Serch record.

MD: Yo—you know who was dope though, was Q-Tip and them at the Palladium Show.

RR: Yo I heard their record's great, I haven't even heard it. Lyor's got a copy.

MD: I tell you, my honest opinion, out of anybody, they're the only group I trust to take the whole thing.

RR: Well I got a Warren G record comin' in that's great. I love the stuff he's been playin' me—not his own record, but everything he's produced for other people, it's amazing.

MD: Well he did Snoop's album, right? Or did Dre do it?

RR: He didn't do that much of Snoop's album. I know he's on it. Then I got my South Central Cartel record, which Sean doesn't believe in, but I love. I LOVE my South Central record. Erick Sermon just came out and everybody loves the record. I got a new Slick Rick—

MD: Alright—

RR: Public Enemy are finishing up. Terminator X record. Everybody says Whodini's record's really good, I haven't heard it—

MD: Whodini!

RR: Whodini's on the Terminator X album.

MD: Wait a second. You're still managing Whodini?

RR: No but Larry Smith and Hank Shocklee collaborated to produce a single from the Terminator X compilation.

MD: [Hearing laughter in background] What did Dr. Jekyll say?

RR: Dr. Jekyll's in the back—he says he's got seven new pages in *Vanity Fair* came out today.

MD: There's seven pages of him in *Vanity Fair*? That's terrible. As long as he's fully clothed, though, that's alright.

Cos you keep appearing in bikinis. **RR:** Just one. By the pool. You know, he's cool. He's got a bikini on and a bunch of naked girls. It's like a livin' large picture. You gotta get a picture of that for your wall!

MD: Heh! Alright so yo, I was just checkin' in, see what's goin' on.

RR: Alright, peace. ✓

CLEMENT "SIR COXSONE" DODD

Interviewed by Max Perlich.

Clement "Sir Coxsone" Dodd was the originator of the first Jamaican travelling sound system, with which he brought American R&B and jazz sounds to areas on the island that were out of reach of the American radio stations. When the rhythms of rock and roll started taking over those American airwaves, Coxsone realized that it was time to create a Jamaican flavor that combined R&B, jazz and boogie woogie with the island's native folk music, mento. It was Coxsone who had been directly exposed to American music forms through his record buying trips abroad. He was then able to combine this knowledge with the technical expertise and DJ savvy that running his sound system had given him. The result was the formation of a new Jamaican sound and Coxsone emerged as the first producer of this rhythm, later to be called "ska." It was through his band leader, Clue Johnson, that Coxsone's hummings became a musical reality. And it was also Clue who coined the phrase "ska," which came from the "hepcat" greeting "skavoovie," that he used for his musician friends. Recently Coxsone Dodd stayed with me in Los Angeles when he was in town to co-produce an album with my friend's band, Jump With Joey. Also featured on the LP is Skatalites saxophonist and composer Roland Alphonso. Jump With Joey combine Afro-Cuban rhythms, Jamaican ska and rock steady and American jazz and R&B to get their sound. The band's forthcoming album will feature their own original compositions along with several of Dodd and Alphonso's ska originals such as "James Bond."

MAX PERLICH: FIRST OF ALL, WHAT YEAR WERE YOU BORN?
COXSONE DODD: 1932, 26th of January.
THE FIRST RECORD THAT YOU RECORDED, WHAT YEAR WAS THAT?
 That was in 1955, yeah.
AND WHICH RECORD WAS THAT?
 On the session, what I can remember, it was "My Baby" by Jackie Estick, "I Love You" by Bonnie and Skeeter and "Shufflein' Jug."
WHAT MUSICIANS WERE IN THE SESSION?
 Well, Clue J was the leader of the band at that time. He was from the military band

and play around at the hotels, you know. Roland Alphonso—he was also playing around the nightclubs at that time. Herman Sands, piano. He really was a class musician and still gig around. Ken Williams on drums—he used to play that day. Monte Alexander join us later. And that was about it.
WHAT WAS MENTO, THE FOLK MUSIC OF JAMAICA, LIKE THEN? AND WHAT IS IT LIKE TODAY?
 In the early days, at that time, it was more like mento and tango. Songs like "Big Bamboo."
OH, "BIG BAMBOO" I LIKE CALYPSO STYLE?
 Yeah, calypso style.
BUT IT DIDN'T HAVE THE SAME QUALITIES AS NYABINGHI?
 No, not at all. It was more like folk. So after a couple of sessions, we experimented the songs, you know? Using the shuffle and the boogie woogie, you know? Having the snare and the kick on the off beat. And the strumming of the guitar on the upbeat. With melodies and a lot of soloing. You know, it was more creative.
WHEN DID SKA FINALLY DEVELOP?
 Well I'd say about '68, '69.
SO THE TEMPO CAME UP A LITTLE?
 A bit. And using more like the shuffle. And then having this kind of steady, danceable rhythm.
SO WHEN DID SKA EVOLVE INTO ROCK STEADY, AND WHEN DID ROCK STEADY EVOLVE INTO REGGAE?
 I'd say '59 to '65 for ska. And uh, '65 going into '68 for rock steady. Then from '68 until now it was, uh. Actually, what I'm trying to say is that from 1969—from 1961 through 1965, it was the ska. From 1965 through '68 was rock steady, and '68 we went into the reggae.
WHEN DID YOU FIRST MEET BOB MARLEY?
 Well I met Bob Marley and The Wailers in 1962 at Church's on Brentford Road. Afterwards I was told that he had recorded for someone else before, but I didn't know that yet.
DO YOU HAVE ANY STORIES ABOUT THOSE EARLY DAYS?
 Yeah. One of the memories that will always linger on was a session while recording the song, "Wages of Love." We were running the music track and doing the vocal, so he was trying to hit certain high notes and wasn't able to make it. He got so hoarse that we had to cancel the session for another date. And Bob was in tears, you know? And when I checked him, he felt more or less that he had let me down, so I had to console him and show him that it was OK. And next evening he was much better, it was just because that he was, you know?
WHEN DID STUDIO ONE COME

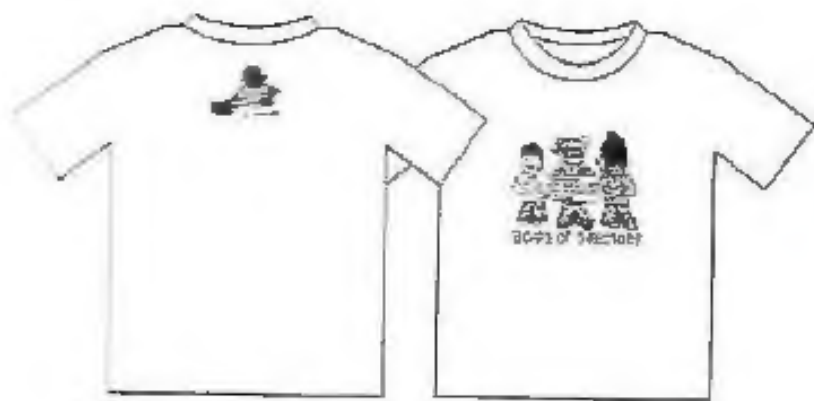


TOGETHER?

Well um, Studio One came about 1960, when I acquired a studio at 13 Brentford Road. And at that time the resident band was the Skatalites. Then after the Skatalites it was the Soul Brothers, and after the Soul Brothers came the uh, Soul Vendors and about 1970, it started with the Sound Dimension.
DID CARLTON BARRET PLAY FOR YOU?
 Well, no, no, no. No he played at Lee Perry's studio with Marley.
WHAT WAS THE KEY TO YOUR SOUND? WAS THERE A STANDARD RECORDING PROCEDURE?
 We had a standard recording procedure because, um, the instruments would be in the same location, with the mic-ing and whatever it is. Plus, we selected good musicians, you understand. Plus the mic-ing. And day to day working on the experimenting on the song, I think, um, that helps a lot. Then came the effect on the instrument like echo and flanging, which helped us go into reggae from rock steady.
WHEN DID THE ELECTRIC BASS FIRST COME INTO THE STUDIO?
 Well it would be about '63, '64, you know, around the time of "Put It On" and stuff like that.
"PUT IT ON" WAS ELECTRIC, HUH? YOU COULDN'T TELL—IT SOUNDS LIKE UPRIGHT...
 Yes, because of the mic-ing, you know.
HOW DID RECORDING PROCEDURES CHANGE WITH THE ARRIVAL OF NEW TECHNOLOGY?
 Well it helped a lot because we started from mono till um around '63, when we went to stereo, two tracks. And it's long after before multi-track came in. Multi-track really improved the recording overall.
TELL ME ABOUT YOUR FIRST

RECORD BUYING TRIPS TO AMERICA. WHEN WAS THAT?

That would be about 1954. I visited New York, checking out a store, Rainbow Records, on 130th Street in Harlem. At that time we were in search of like boogie woogie, good jazz, merengue and stuff like that. I was really lucky enough to find a lot of music also in Brooklyn, in different record outlets, and from there on I made regular visits to New York and Chicago and other outlets.
HOW WOULD PEOPLE REACT WHEN YOU PLAYED THESE AMERICAN RECORDS?
 Well before the Jamaican rhythms, what we were playing in Jamaica at the dances was heavy rhythm and blues and a little rock and roll. But it was like the shuffle and jump music that was popular. They loved it because we had a team of guys and girls that went around with us to the different concert parks and demonstrated dances and everything like that. So that made it easier for them to learn a record for the first time.
IN YOUR MOM'S LIQUOR STORE, WHAT MADE YOU LISTEN TO JAZZ AT SUCH AN EARLY AGE?
 Well, at that early age, be bop and jazz were the thing of the day. The older folks wasn't hip to it, so I and my friends would go out and you know play all these different things because we definitely loved music. And there's no barrier when it comes to music, you know?
 But we was into the rhythm and blues, boogie woogie, jazz, merengue, mambo, you know, that stuff.
SO YOU HAD THE LATIN, ISLAND INFLUENCE?
 Of course.
WAS IT AFRO-CUBAN?
 Yee it was more Afro-Cuban, really, because a lot of merengue was popular.
SO THAT WAS AN INFLUENCE IN YOUR MUSIC AS WELL?
 Yes that Afro stuff was there. Yeah, yeah.
ARE YOU EXCITED TO BE WORKING WITH JUMP WITH JOEY, AND HOW DID IT COME OFF?
 Well I'm more than happy to be a part of it, you know. And from what I've heard, I'm more than pleased, and actually, it shows that ska has great potential to be a world sound, you know?
HOW DOES IT COMPARE TO THE SKA OF THE PAST?
 At the moment, what I heard, they're right on top of it. The band is very tight, very precise, you know. And um, I am looking forward to see that band go a far way. Cos all the musicians are jolly fellows, very nice.
WELL IT'S BEEN GREAT TALKING TO YOU AND I REALLY APPRECIATE YOU GIVING US THIS TIME. MUCH RESPECT.
 Well my pleasure and thanks for everything. ✓



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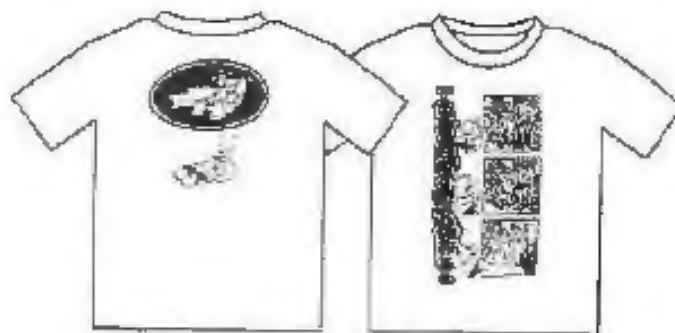
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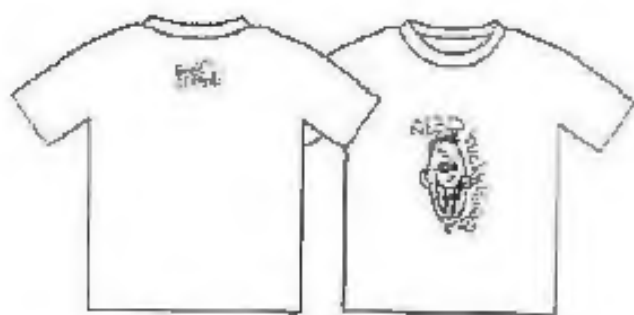
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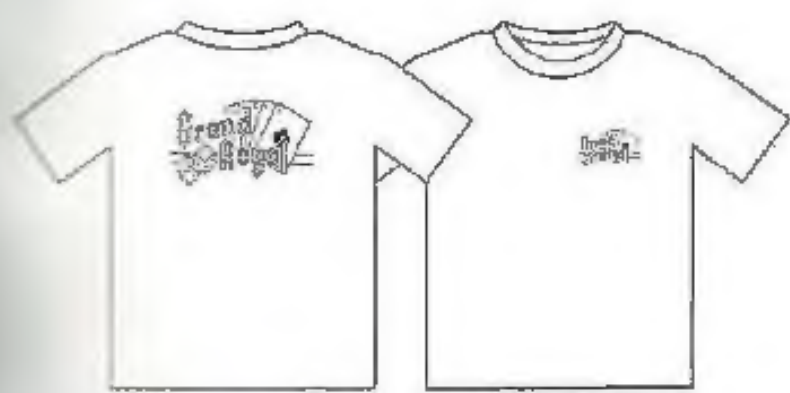
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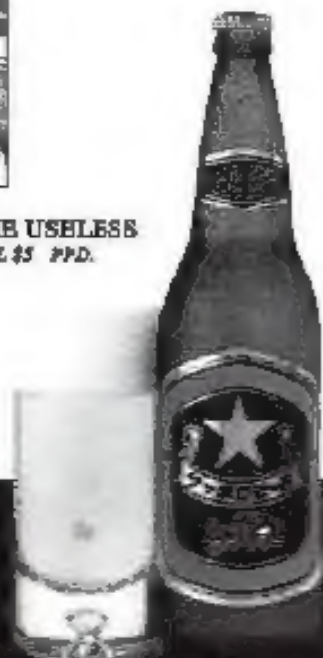
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Makes Your
Sushi Menu Complete





A Tribe Called Quest is (Left to right) Ali, Phife Dagestani, and Q-Tip. Photo: Glen E. Friedman.

A QUICK TALK WITH Q-TIP

From A Tribe Called Quest. By The Rapper D.

What follows is a quick conversation that I had with my man Q-Tip from A Tribe Called Quest. After seeing Quest wreck shop at the Palladium in N.Y.C., performing songs off Low End Theory and their upcoming Midnight Mauraders, I left feeling hyped, looking forward to what they will bring for 1994. After promptly getting my hands on an advance tape of the new LP, I gave Q-Tip a call to check in.

MIKE: What is your favorite old school rap record?

Q-TIP: I'm supposed to get these tapes from Biz. Shit like Lisa Lee.

MIKE: Who's that?

Q-TIP: She was down with Bambaataa and the Zulu Nation. She was out when Pebbly-Poo and Sha Rock were around. [Q-Tip sings bass line from Busy Bee's "Makin' Cash Money"] Yo what record is that bass line from?

MIKE: That's "Makin' Cash Money" by Busy Bee, but I also

got Spoonie Gee doin' somethin' over that shit.

Q-TIP: You have "The Big Beat" by Spoonie Gee?

MIKE: When was that, after "Spankin and Freakin'?"

Q-TIP: Yeah that shit was dope. But that's my favorite old school rap 12 inch—"Makin' cash Money." Is there an instrumental?

MIKE: Yeah, we used to do the last verse of "Hold It Now" over it in concert.

Q-TIP: Yeah that's what I want to do—freak it for our live show.

MIKE: What are your favorite Biz Markie records?

Q-TIP: [Sings] Biz Markie's "Goin' Off." My favorite Biz records are "Pickin' Boogers" and "The Doo-Doo."

MIKE: But you like when he beat boxes on that Roxanne Shante 12 inch?

Q-TIP: Yeah.

MIKE: What's your favorite beat on your new album?

Q-TIP: I don't have one. Yo you should ask me what my favorite mix of groups would be.

MIKE: OK.

Q-TIP: I would have Sly Stone do a record with James Brown in 1971. No, '89, I'd have them do a record in 1989.

MIKE: What about that one time when we were comparing Kool And The Gang and The Ohio Players? Who's better?

Q-TIP: Kool And The Gang. They're better musicians. Their horn section was the shit.

MIKE: And plus their shit was deeper, they had more funky records.

Q-TIP: Yeah, you can't fuck with Kool And The Gang.

MIKE: What about organ players? Do you like Brother Jack McDuff?

Q-TIP: Yeah, but I really like Lonnie Smith.

MIKE: Who should we be checking for in the next year?

Q-TIP: Nasty Nas. And I think the Pharcyde is gonna take over the whole shit—they're dope.

MIKE: Who's that on the song, "Award Tour," on your album?

Q-TIP: That's Dove from De La.

MIKE: What else should I ask you about your new album?

Q-TIP: What's up with your new album? What are you gonna call it

watching where it's going. Yo you know who's dope? The Hieroglyphics.

MIKE: Yeah I like Casual a lot.

Q-TIP: Del is dope. His shit is fat. Our next album is gonna be somethin'. It's gonna be called *Bonanza Rides*. It's gonna be all freestyle and all songs about girls! Like Tanika, Stacy, shit like that—and a lot of freestyllin'.

MIKE: What happened to that other group you were doing on the side?

Q-TIP: Oh that was The Fabulous Fleas. It was me, Pos (of De La), and Ju Ju from the Beatnuts. We recorded a few songs but then we fell off.

MIKE: What happened to the jazz group you were gonna do?

Q-TIP: I'm still down to do that.

MIKE: What happened to the Nasal Poets?

Q-TIP: Ma, Adrock and Be Real?

I'm still down to do that. I'm down for all that. You know, like Eddie Harris, I'm gonna live forever. Yo, I should go. I'm about to watch my man Kurt Loder, find out what goes on in the world of rock. Cos I don't know shit!

MIKE: Alright peace. ✓

UP TO NO 5 DOD

ELITE

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NO

NO

NO

NO

HER HARDEST
MOST
STREETWISE
ALBUM
YET

ROFFNEL

in stores
NOW

On The Serious Tip;

WHAT GOES ON IN TIBET

Lately I've been learning about the situation in Tibet, and I can't get over what's going on there. I know that disgusting atrocities are going on all the time, all over the world, but for some reason this has grabbed a firm hold on my attention. Maybe it's because the Tibetan people are so peaceful and won't fight back, even as the Chinese rape and torture them, prevent them from practicing their religion and destroy their monasteries. (It's not unlike what America, the land of the free, has done to the Native Americans.) Maybe seeing films of Tibetan monks and nuns (who have taken vows not to harm another living

creature) being beaten in a public square was what got me. Or maybe it's that I've met some of these people and see how happy they are despite what's going on. Laughing all the time without the same agenda of words that so many of us carry in our modern society. Or maybe it's that I see their society as an example of how people can live in peace, working towards enlightenment. An example or blueprint of a way that a culture can operate in harmony with itself and the land. It's a shame if our world continues on its present course, it will be destroyed and man extinct. As Robert Thurman put it, the Tibetans are the example of "inner modernity" that we need to contrast our completely out of control, selfish, "outer modernity" With these two combined, we can

balance out the powerful technological advances we've made with the wisdom to use them to do good. Tibet is in a sense a last hope. It is not so much that we should be so kind as to help these people for their sake alone, as that it is just as important for our own survival and not of the whole human race.

In any case, I'm not sure exactly what it is that grabbed hold of my attention, probably all these things and many more, but my intention on writing about it here is clear. That the more people who become aware of the depth of Tibetan culture, and the unimaginable human rights violations that are going on there, the sooner something will be done.

His Holiness the Dalai Lama has laid out an approach using

economic sanctions, through which the Chinese would be forced to free Tibet. But at this point our country is far too greedy and self-centered for that. Anyways, if you're interested in knowing more about it, check out the following brief history, "The Buddhist Dharma in Tibet." Or read the latter from a friend who wrote to me from Lhasa. I've also included a flyer that has some updated information and tells how you can contact the government to help. If you still want to find out more information, there are a couple of videos you can rent, one called *Heart of Tibet* and another called *Compassion in Exile*. Otherwise, check out one of the many Tibetan Centers. They are in most major cities.

See you on tour
Yauch



His Holiness Tenzin Gyatso, the 14th Dalai Lama. Spiritual and political leader of the Tibetan people

THE BUDDHIST DHARMA IN TIBET

Tibet had been a strong military presence in Asia from the seventh until the ninth century CE, before Buddhism was introduced, extending its influence over much of Asia. The Dharma was brought to Tibet in the middle of the seventh century CE by the King of Tibet, Strongstem Gampo, who had been converted by his two Buddhist wives.

Buddhism quickly took hold of not only the religious lives of the Tibetans but also the state. For the next several centuries, Tibetan society focused on spiritual development and remained fairly

isolated from the rest of the world. Four major schools or waves of Buddhism developed in Tibet: the Nyingma, Kagyu, Sakya and Geluk schools, all of which enjoyed and promoted the same basic doctrine of wisdom and compassion and whose aim was to end suffering not only for the individual practitioner but for all sentient beings. Tantrism, a combination of mystical and doctrinal teachings, became central to Tibetan Buddhism, making these schools even more divergent and Tibetan. With this new Buddhist world view, great monastic schools housing thousands of monks sprang up all over the country. For centuries their main concern was what Robert Thurman refers to as "inner modernity." They found no need to develop industry or technology. As Thurman describes it, "the wheel was purposely never used for transport, but only for generating prayers, the energy of 'OM NANI PADME HUM.'"

As it happened, the Tibetans enjoyed this spiritually centered lifestyle until 1950, when the newly formed People's Republic of China announced its plans to "liberate" Tibet and "return it to the Motherland." Later that year, the People's Liberation Army (PLA) marched into Lhasa, the capital city of Tibet, after easily overtaking the small Tibetan army that had tried to stop it. For nine years the Fourteenth Dalai Lama, Tibet's political ruler who is also thought to be the reincarnation of the Spirit of Compassion Avalokiteshvara (Tib. Chenrezig), attempted to resolve the occupation peacefully through negotiations. But the Chinese Communist leaders had their own agenda for the Tibetan people and lands. Not content to be ruled by the Chinese, the Tibetan people became increasingly restive. The final blow came when the Tibetans perceived that the Chinese were attempting to kill or kidnap the Dalai Lama in a series of events that led to an uprising on March 10, 1959, when masses of Tibetans gathered at the Dalai Lama's residence to protect him. The PLA had opened fire on the Tibetan civilians and, when the situation was calmed days later, hundreds were found dead. Realizing the serious

nature of the events that were unfolding, the Dalai Lama decided that for his own safety and especially for the safety of the Tibetan people, he should leave Lhasa. It was at this time that the Dalai Lama fled Tibet and sought asylum in India, where he and thousands of Tibetans still live, patiently waiting to return home. Meanwhile, 1.2 million Tibetans have died as a result of the Chinese occupation.

Since 1959, over 100,000 Tibetans have come to India, Nepal and other countries as refugees. In rebuilding their culture they have set up refugee camps and monasteries with their own monetary resources, as well as with aid from the outside world. It is a result of their amazing ability to adapt to new environments that the Tibetans have been able to survive the past 40 years of Chinese oppression and worldwide ignorance about the situation in their homeland. ✓

Dear Adam

Greetings from Lhasa. E. _____ and I have been having a great time up here. We wished you could have made it. You should definitely make the time one day. Sorry about this fucked up Chinese stationery. Things have been a little crazy here. You probably have heard about it in the news. I hope. The people here are amazing. More than 90% are working as second class citizens in their own country and they are dealing. Every Tibetan (almost) will say that they don't like the Chinese, yet they still seem happy and strong. This last week, every other day or so, a few young Tibetans—18 or 19 years old—have gone running through the main square in town with Tibetan flags. The Chinese police jump on them before they get too far. They are beaten, arrested, and taken off to God knows where. They are then most certainly tortured and beaten again. There were also rumors that two were executed, but I don't know if that's true. The fact that these young people who have never known freedom are willing to risk their lives for a few seconds of protest is amazing. This is a very powerful place. The spirit of these people will not be killed or oppressed. This place will be free. The other result of all this action is the cracking down on visas. Ours are up so we have to leave for China. Then I will come back. I had been hoping to get a Tibetan friend of mine from Kathmandu to come up but it's too dangerous now. We also wanted to get our band up here but we will have to wait a while. Playing in Lhasa would be amazing. The Tibetans would love it. I hope all is well with you. There was a great night and day we all spent together. I will be around the U.S. in August and Sept. Maybe I will catch up with you. I imagine you will be back in Nepal or thereabouts some time as well. Let me know. If you could ever convince the rest of the guys to come record in Kathmandu, I would be more than willing to help out on this end. They just go the picture here of Clinton, Gore and the Dalai Lama. People are excited thinking Clinton will do more for Tibet than Bush. He could not do less anyways. We will see. Drop a line some time. Take care and enjoy your freedom. I have been appreciating mine more and more after being here

Tibet Human Rights Action

"Repression will never crush the determination of any people to live in freedom and dignity."

His Holiness the Dalai Lama,
1989 Nobel Laureate

You can help by writing letters

- ☐ Write or call your U.S. Senators and Representatives. Vice President Al Gore, and President Bill Clinton to urge them to require the Chinese to end population transfer to Tibet, end human rights violations in Tibet, and negotiate in good faith toward Tibetan self-determination, or lose their Most Favored Nation trade status. Please stress the population transfer issue. (See sample letter, below; remember to use your own words, however.)

- ☐ Copy this flyer and pass it on. Ask friends to also write or call these leaders. One effective strategy is to buy pre-stamped postcards from the Post Office, make and affix address labels for these political leaders then distribute 500 so interested friends can write in their message by hand yet have ease in mailing the card.

Pointers for effective letters, postcards, or calls

- Write your message, preferably in long hand, in your own words. Rote copies tend to be disregarded.
- Keep the message brief and to the point, basically whether you are "for" or "against" an issue
- Telephone calls and telegrams are also effective and take only minutes.

Dear President Clinton,

I urge you to require that China immediately cease its massive population transfer to Tibet as a condition of restoring its Most Favored Nation trade status.

Sincerely,

Josephine Smith
Address City, State, Zip

Addressees and Phone Numbers

1. U.S. Senator (insert name)
United States Senate
Washington D.C. 20510
2. U.S. Representative (insert name)
United States House of Representatives
Washington D.C. 20515
3. President Bill Clinton
The White House
Washington D.C. 20501
4. Vice President Al Gore
The White House
Washington D.C. 20501
5. White House comment lines.
Telephone 202-456-1111
FAX 202-456-2461

More Ways to Help

- ☐ Join or create a local Tibet support group to educate and organize support for Tibetan human rights. For support materials and to network with other Tibet support groups please contact:

The International Campaign for Tibet

1518 K Street, Washington D.C. 20005
Telephone 202-628-4123
FAX 202-347-6825

- ☐ Make a (federal tax-deductible) contribution to the International Campaign for Tibet (address above) to support their excellent ongoing work for Tibet.



Tibet Human Rights



Compassion in Action

Chinese Plan Tibetan "Final Solution"

In May 1993, the Chinese Communist Party agency responsible for Tibet policy covertly secretly to draw a plan to crush Tibetan resistance to Chinese rule in occupied Tibet, and to silence worldwide pressure on China for its human rights violations in Tibet.

The two-pronged "final solution" would leave little that is Tibetan in Tibet, thus rendering moot the issue of Tibetan self-determination, and leading the appearance of support to Communist Chinese claims that Tibet is essentially Chinese.

- **Population Transfer.** China will dramatically escalate its policy of inundating Tibet with a massive influx of Chinese "settlers" — to make Tibetans a minority in their own land, unable to rise in dissent against Chinese rule. Massive population transfer amounts to a form of cultural genocide — eradication of Tibetan language, religion, and culture by flooding Tibet with Chinese immigrants.

Manipulation of Tibetan Leaders

and Religion. China also made plans to manipulate His Holiness the Dalai Lama and other Tibetan international and religious figures, move against monks and nuns still in Tibet, to influence religious institutions and create divisions in the Tibetan Movement.

The new Chinese plan bolsters many existing policies designed to eliminate Tibetan culture and free speech:

- Forced abortion and sterilization have been imposed on the decimated Tibetan population, while Chinese settlers are offered a cash incentive to relocate and have children in Tibet.
- UNESCO's World Heritage List estimates that 90%

of the cultural and historical heritage of Tibet has already been destroyed. Of Tibet's original 6,200 monasteries, 11 are left standing.

- Imprisonment, torture, mutilating and execution are standard practice for Tibetans loyal to the traditional government, culture or religion of Tibet. Death, severe malnutrition, and disabling injuries are common among Tibetan detainees.

- Environmental Destruction. China is clear cutting Tibet. Vast areas of environmentally sensitive habitat are being strip-mined. Tibetan rivers and lakes are being rediverted to create immense hydroelectric plants to serve China. Most recently, the Chinese are reported to be dumping nuclear and toxic waste in Tibet.

- Chinese human rights violations cited have been documented by Amnesty International, Physicians for Human Rights, and Asia Watch, among others.



Can I Help?

Yes, You Can Help!

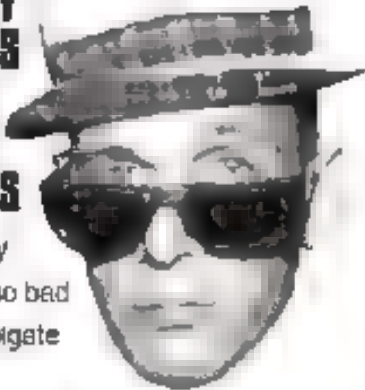
The reverse side of this flyer lists a number of ways you can help protect Tibetan human rights and promote Tibetan autonomy.

We have all seen "invaders" in the last several years — the fall of communism in Russia and Eastern Europe, the end of apartheid, and minority rule in South Africa, and the first major steps of peaceful coexistence in the Middle East.

Our concerted efforts can make such a miracle in Tibet a reality.

TOPTENS

RICKY POWELL'S CURRENT TOP 10 SNAPS



- 1) Yo homeboy your breath is so bad you need a Colgate sandwich
- 2) Yo I saw your girl wearing B.K.s. holding hands with Simbad
- 3) What's with your Mom's breast feeding Bob Mack on the 14th St. bus?
- 4) What's up with white dudes dressing like X-Cen whose girlfriends look like Everlast?
- 5) What's up with Axl Rose dumping his bitch for Ru Paul?
- 6) What's up with Lyle Lovett looking like Bea Arthur?
- 7) Yo I saw your mom at the Yankee game, and she got hit with a Danny Tartabull foul tip. The foul up of his "back" that is!
- 8) Yo your dad hangs out at the Two Potato with Kenny G and Michael Bolton.
- 9) What's up with David Lee Roth coppin' dirt weed in Washington Square? Yo I'll be on Avenue A with some loose joints.
- 10) Your mom looks like Marjorie Bon on ecstasy
- 11) Your mother is so fat that when she auditioned for the Boo Yaa Tribe they told her to hold off the donuts.
- 12) Yo asked Bliss the other day what the Human Beat Box's real name was and he said Charlie Callas. ✓

TOP 10 BEST OF THE MONTH

BEST KID: Max Messer (official D.F.L. offspring not available for purchase).

BEST BEAT: Mike hasn't scored many beats recently but Adam Horovitz played some drums he recorded on his box that sound funky as hell.

BEST PAUSE TAPE SONG: "Plantagenet" by The Back Door.

BEST DOG: Julius Horovitz.

BEST RECORDS: Anything by Yusuf Latif, De La Soul, Buhlaone Mindstate, Casual, "Me-O-M-O".

Lou Donaldson, Hot Dog, Prince Jazzbo, Itel Corner, Big Youth, Natty Dread Culture, Cypress Hill, Black Sunday, Guided By Voices, The Grand Hour, A Tribe Called Quest, Midnight Murders.

BEST STOMPS: Skinhead Moon.

BEST QUOTE: "If you use it, clean it. If you don't clean it, don't use it." Skip The Bus Driver in reference to his prized cutlery.

BEST RIP-OFF SCAM: The aforementioned Skip purchases a block of wood packaged like a video camera for \$400.00 at an Italian truck stop, reaffirming his oft stated manic hatred for Italians.

BEST TOUR NIGHTMARE:

Skip's bus.

BEST HAIRCUT: Mary Albert or Anthony Mason.

BEST MULLET: Jean Claude Van Damme, pioneer of the Gherr Cur Mullet.

BEST EXCUSE: Julius pissed on my lyrics. —Adam.

BEST DRESSED: Max Perlich.

BEST GOOFY: Bob Mack.

BEST BUY FROM A THRIFT STORE: The Vibrations LP for 50 cents.

BEST LIVE SHOW: Tribe Called Quest at the Palladium N.Y.C., Fugazi at the Palladium L.A.

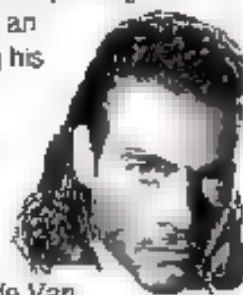
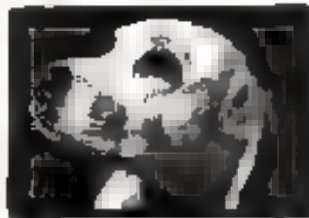
BEST RIDE: Keyboard Money Mark's 1983 Ford Econoline pick up truck.

BEST ACTOR: Too Short in *Menace II Society*.

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR: Shea Johnson.

BEST GUEST MC: Biz Markie.

BEST NEW BAND: Fungus featuring Sean Palmer. ✓



TOP 10 COOKING TIPS

& Secret Recipe for Pasta al Pesto, by The Frugal Yauch.

To quote Dave Scilken "the secret to a good omelette is a hot pan."

You also need to have your tools together—at least one very sharp knife. None of these bullshit dull knives.

KIND OF LIKE G NZU?

No, no bullshit.

Like Dave said, you need a hot pan and that pan should preferably be cast iron and well seasoned (which means you should NEVER wash it with soap).

Next up you need good ingredients. Everything you put in counts. No bullshit.

BY BULLSHIT YOU MEAN?

That's it. Period.

WHAT ELSE?

You need a good area to cook in. A nice atmosphere is nice.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE DISH?

I don't have a favorite dish.

WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN COOKING LATELY?

I haven't been cooking lately. I've been traveling for about a year now. Like David Banner.

ARE YOU EAGER TO GET BACK TO COOKING?

You have to make something that's appropriate for the occasion. No bullshit.

ADAM, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO BE MORE SPECIFIC.

No, I'm not.

SO I GUESS THAT'S IT?

Actually, you know what? I changed my mind. I'd like to take back my snotty, elitist cooking tips and tell you a little story.

OK.

When I was growing up, my dad was always in the kitchen cooking. He picked it up from his mother, Jean Yauch, who is also a great cook, and she from her mother. I've even heard that my grandmother's grandmother, a mother of nine, was renowned for her culinary skills. So in any case, I grew up around a lot of good food, much of which I don't appreciate at the

TOP 10 BEATS THAT AREN'T SO DOPE WE CAN'T GIVE EM OUT

By Dr. Rob "Chocolate Thunder" Dunkenstein.

- 1) Gary Bartz and the NTU Troop, "Ce est la Blues": Jazz funk at its most soulful and funky—check the bass, the beat, the tenor sax, guaranteed to leave you wide open.
- 2) Du Rogers, "Ball Out": Raw soul that don't get much better. Plus, this song almost got Bob

- Mack laid. Note that said almost.
- 3) Camille Yarbrough, "Take Yo Praise": A dope song on the slow funky tip with some serious vocals.
- 4) Skull Snaps, "It's A New Day": The most sampled drums of the last year with good reason. But don't neglect the slamin' music and vocals.

- 5) Rasputin's Stash, "Ooh Baby": Slow and sexy but crazy fly. This shit is all that. Check the fat breakdown vocal attack.
- 6) 24 Karat Black, "The Ghetto": Crazy rare, but worth the diggin'. Everyone knows who sampled it but we're not gonna say just in case Gilbert O'Sullivan or some other sucker is reading

- 7) Reuben Wilson, "Ronnie's Bonnie": Organ-driven jazz funk hard and fat like my dick.
- 8) Hidden Strength, "Why Does It Feel So Good To Me?": Funky soul, heavy on both. Why wasn't it a hit—who knows?
- 9) Vibrations, "The Man": The chorus says it all: "Why you folks tellin' jokes/When The Man is watching you?" ✓

TOP 10 TIPS FOR DE-REEKING

My dad dubbed me a "Pizzatarian," but in the end, I learned a lot about cooking, mainly that it's a lot of fun and the food almost always tastes better than eating out. So here I present a recipe for my dad, that's past due in its publishing.

PASTA AL PESTO Ingredients:

- 2 cups fresh basil leaves
- 1/4 cup olive oil
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1/4 cup pine nuts
- 2 or 3 cloves chopped garlic
- Linguini
- Salt and pepper grinder

Get a big pot. Fill it with water. Add a little salt and a couple of tablespoons of olive oil. Use a big pot so the pasta won't stick together (the olive oil also helps the pasta not stick together). Put in the linguini until the water comes to a rolling boil. While you're waiting for the water to boil, get the other ingredients ready. The basil should be very fresh—like just bought or just picked from D's garden. Pull off the stems and wash the leaves. Peel and chop the garlic. Then grate the parmesan cheese. This should be good quality cheese, not the K-Mart shit.

Put the pine nuts in the blender and blend them for a few seconds so they get chopped up. Then add the olive oil and garlic, and blend that for a bit. The pesto is good, but throw in the linguini. Stay in the pot and cook the pasta. You want to make sure it doesn't get over-cooked, it should be "al dente," which literally means "of the teeth." The texture of Beef-a-Ghettos. Have a colander ready to drain the pasta so that when the pasta is just right you can drain it quickly. While you're waiting for the pasta to cook, add a couple of tablespoons of boiling water to the pot to the pesto and mix it to get a smooth consistency. Try a string of pasta to check if it's ready. It's perfect, i.e. not mushy at all, just past the point where it's hard inside. Drain it in the colander. The pasta acts pretty quickly to make sure that the pesto is on itself. Put it in a big bowl, add the parmesan, ground pepper, salt and the pesto. Toss and that's it. You can cut up some fresh uncooked pasta and toss those in too, it doesn't ever get old. A burnt sounds good to me. ✓

The idea for this piece came to two Grand Royal editors as they were driving down Interstate 5 from San Francisco to Los Angeles. Having just partaken, the respectable duo wanted to clean up their act, so to speak, before entering a redneck central California Denny's, where they assumed the clientele wouldn't be too psyched to see or smell a stoner. Of course the need to de-reck is contingent upon whether or not one has to deal on a regular basis with an uptight and unsympathetic world. If you never deal with squares, then you can stop reading this right now. But if you're the type who wants to live in a straight world and still enjoy the pleasures of a crooked herb, here are some ways of covering your tracks.

- 1) **Attend To Your Breath:** Exit the dragon and enter your destination prepared. Listerine is the most harsh but the most effective—and if someone smells it on your breath they'll assume you're straight out of the Naval Academy.
- 2) **Conceal Physical Evidence:** Make sure all roaches are safely stashed. This means out of the ash tray. Out of sight, out of trouble. Plus, there's no point in cleaning yourself up if you're gonna be walking into some place with a fat stinky sack of buds in your pocket. So leave the weed behind along with all nonminimizing paraphernalia.
- 3) **Check Your Hands:** If a bathroom is not available, use Wet Ones or comparable wet napkins. These attack the reek of your hands with the strong and stringent odor of a hospital hallway. This will

use the back of your hands or fingertips because that will just transfer the smell to another part of your anatomy.

7) **Get The Red Out:** Always keep Clear Eyes or Visine handy, so that you can make a strong and clear first impression. Even though some of you might laugh at this suggestion thinking of it as juvenile, this is a survival point relevant to all ages. Note: technically New Improved Murine is supposed to be easiest on your eyes because it's closest to natural tears.

8) **Avoid Fragrant Fouls:** If necessary, camouflage yourself with some cheap cologne/aftershave/perfume. There's no better way to throw somebody off your trail than by making yourself smell like an open issue of *Vanity Fair*.

9) **Check Your Hair:** Wear a wig. According to Lew at *Dir*, this is the only known cure for the evil hair-reek, suffered most accurately by anyone with long hair. Lew says, "The wig may feel kind of funny at first, but after a couple of tokes you'll want to wear yer rug around the clock."

10) **Check Your Head:** Just as a mind is a terrible thing to waste, so a waste is a terrible thing to mind. You could be smelling like a rose, but if your rap is weak, it's a bigger giveaway than blood-shot eyes ever were. Know and anticipate what's ahead. Be mentally prepared for a situation or blow it off using a good excuse. Unless you're Hunter S. Thompson, do not attend a convention of law officers under the influence. Other activities that we discourage for the blunted: Bank transactions, asking directions from a cop, purchasing consumer durables.

**Watch yourself with this one, however. All-Star Seattle Stoner Bob Whitaker and his buddy Ed once got high prior to a catholic school dance. They tried to de-reck before re-entering the dance and rejoining their dates by rubbing grass on their fingers. Unfortunately they rubbed shit all over their hands instead. The picture below was taken at the dance before they ducked out the back door for a toke. That's Bob on the right with the Rocka-Rolla shirt. Note: a few days later the two girls made an attempt to recruit Bob and Ed to work for the Lord. ✓*



de-reck even your most hygienic acquaintances and complement your Listerine breath.

4) **Open Windows and Doors:** If, as is most of the time, you're smoking in a car or other enclosed area, open a window immediately after stubbing out the roach. Open a second window to create a cross breeze and wait at least five minutes.

5) **Check Your Clothes:** If you're driving, open the windows. If you're outside, walk around a bit before entering your destination. If you're at home, change your clothes or throw your reeking ones into the dryer for a few seconds. This will revivify your duds with a Bounce-type smell and fool people into thinking that you're always sporting fresh laundry.

6) **Wipe The Corners Of Your Mouth:** People who do blow and up, like Rodney Dangerfield or Johnny Hamp, with the dreaded "White Build-Up" at the corners of their mouth. But people who do bongos risk getting the potentially even nastier "Resin Build-Up" at the corners of their mouth. Use a Wet One or other napkin to de-grunge yourself, but don't

TOP 10 MISLEADING ALBUM COVERS

We all know that you shouldn't judge a book by its cover. But you should be careful how you size-up your LPs as well. Here are a few basic guidelines that we've developed over the years for digging through the crates.

- 1) **The Word Funky Can Be Misleading**, especially on jazz records. For jazz peoples the funk must mean something else entirely.
- 2) **Check The Cover**. When you do spot a dope looking cover, investigate further. Check The Label! (Blue Note, Blue Thumb, Groove Merchant, etc... are all reliable)



Check The Year. '69 to '74 are prime years for good beats and grooves. However there are no limits. Remember that Gary Numan is on a break beats compilation. Check For Players, e.g. Bernard Purdie, Wilton Felder etc.

3, Always Go By The Way a Group Looks. If they look funky, they'll usually give up the funk (e.g. Funkadelic).

4, Watch The Multi-Culti. When you've got some white kids in the mix you might find some beats (e.g. War, Sly Stone or Dennis Coffey). But then again you might find Brian Auger's Oblivion Express.

5) Check The Studio, Engineer And Producer. Always give props to James Brown. Sonny Lester, and of course the main main man, the dude who's got more credits than a savings and loan, Rufy Van Gelder. All things considered, the following are some notorious dogs, boners, busts, crap-outs and other lemons which at first glance looked like sure bets.

1) Brother Jack McDuff. *Sophisticated Funk*. Dope title, dope cover and a dope organ player. But one wack ass record. Not even one song, not even one bar we're talking. Paula Abdul meets Yogi Berra's sidekick meets Young Holt Unlimited (i.e. Straight Up, Boo Boo, Wack Wack). The cover, however, is an amazing image of a sexy afro-kitten sporting this high-tech chastity belt that looks like a cross between a 70s digital watch and a school combination lock—straight up funky.

2) The O'Jays, *Super Bad*. Released on Trip (usually a bad sign because the label specializes in pulling out compilations of early, often weak material after an artist has made it). Still, the LP boasts one of the hype-est covers in history: a b&w shot of six super-hoes with sizable froe and plenty of ammo draped suggestively all over a back alley stair case. One even loins a flare gun. But the only track that packs any heat is "Shattered Man," and even that has no formal break, just a barely funky bottom.

3) The Main Ingredient, *Afrodisiac*. This has an important break beat on "You Can Call Me Flower" but the other nine cuts don't even try to live up to the cover.

6) Paul Humphrey, *Me And My Drums*. Actually this one falls under the category of misleading titles because the all silver cover with a picture of Humphrey holding two drum mallets is pretty blah (though a back cover shot of him in elephant cuff ball bottoms inspired some hope, as did the song title, "Uncle Nate Dream Snore"). But alas, the album doesn't have a single beat and is larded with second string fusion. Should've noted the year, 1979.

7) Funky Kings, *Funky Kings*

These clowns should've been sued for false advertising. Not that we couldn't have picked up tell-tale signs like: the dudes are white (some with beards), and Jules Shear

is in the band. But, this isn't just music for rock critics. This is perhaps the worst misuse of the word funky in recording history.

4) Gangsters of Love, *Gangsters of Love*. The cover is a tatoo of a heart shot through with cigarettes. The back is a picture of three brothers, two of whom are whilleys standing with covers of *Jackie Brown* and *Fishing Boats* (giving rule #4 a certainly not a good sign). The year is 1973. So far so good. But note the label (Capitol, not funky), the label info: they cover "Sympathy For The Devil" and song titles like "Mrs. America (Stoogeey Clown)," and four letters should tell you to mind: W-A-C-K. We all know the word funky in a title can often be misleading, but the word gangster can also be dangerous.

5) Solomon Burke, *Electronic Magnetism*. Cover: a big, Mack motherfucker in a full-length, ermine-collared, velvet cape. Contents: goofy shit for lonely ladies. Extra: Wack. Mike D. should be penalized with a loss of down for not noticing the Elton John medley on side one and still buying this clunker.

8, Dennis Coffey, *Finger Lickin' Good*. Nobody could be blamed for buying this one. Westbound Records, a label known for a black girl with a finger in her crotch and a bucket of fried chicken in her crotch. And *although* there are some Bohannonian grooves, there's no need save for a half-hearted attempt to re-work the *Stax* sound.

9) David Porter, *Gritty Groovy and Gettin' It*. More like *Boyz n the City* and *Singamin' It*. Beware: Porter covers *Boyz n the City* (though he looks duded on this one), but *Boyz n the City* is always wack. Note that as a player, Porter appeared on many worthwhile Stax/Enterprise recordings.

10) First Player, *Player's Choice*. Upon discovering this baby, *Boyz n the City* was discovered an undiscovered sequel to the master's *Boyz n the City* (the legendary 1973 collaboration between the Last Poets and Kool And The Gang). But think again. Despite the Fat Albert-goes-Mack type picture on the cover and the year 1974, this shit sucks. We're talking a fifth rate doo-doo disco record here. Complete Garbage. ✓

CLEAN YOUR HEADS

10 Easy Tips From Mario C. on Dope Recordings
(Must be performed in sequential order)

- 1) Always use *fresh* new tape (use any major brand)
- 2) Clean your heads—(every day)
- 3) Get nice levels (0 VU is good).
- 4) Do not EQ too much yet, (unless desired). Leave for playback.
- 5) Now record something and check playback.

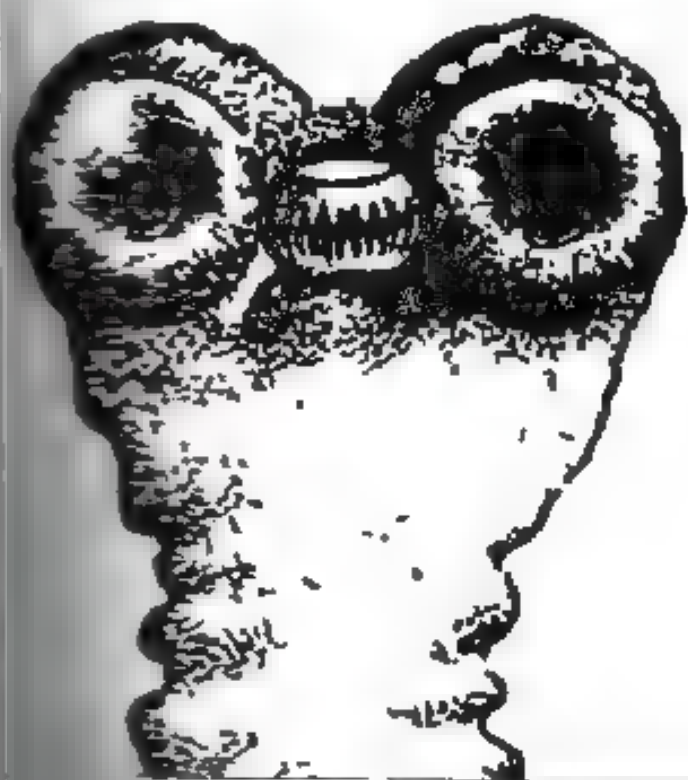
- 6) Now try some EQ and panning or other effects (Echo, phasing, compression)
- 7) Get a good balance or mix ready (watch Lows and Highs)
- 8) Mix to a good source (DAT 1/2" or 1/4", or cassette)
- 9) Make a good cassette copy (use a three head machine if possible).
- 10) Check your tape in different systems (car, home, club). Try with no EQ. ✓



Spike Jonze

BUTTHOLE SURFERS

independent

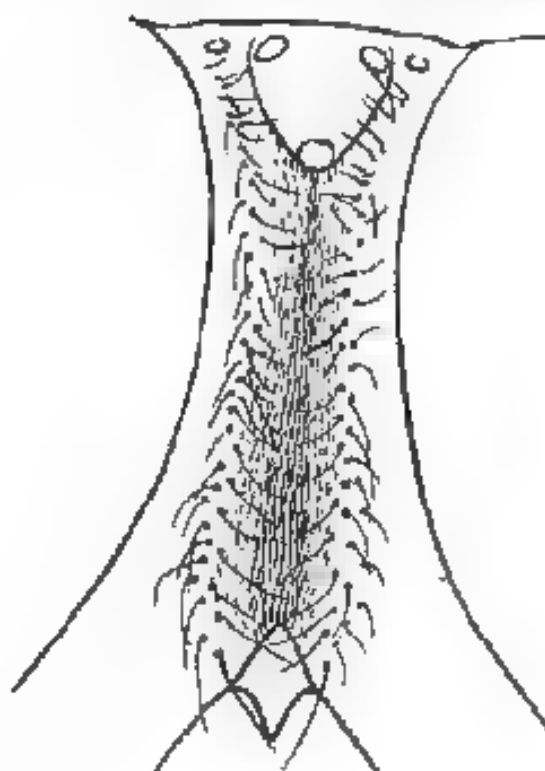


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OUR TOP TEN FAVORITE FEUDS

Beastie Boys vs "The Love Sign Guy"



Philadelphia-based paparazzo Rob Rosenhecht has this thing called The Love Sign, a wooden carving of the word "Love" in bubbly '70s script that's painted red with yellow trim. Rosenhecht goes up to celebrities and asks them to hold the sign while he takes a picture. President

Clinton, among others, has taken for it, as have the Beastie Boys themselves. Mike D, who was none too happy about posing with The Love Sign after a Philadelphia show during the last tour, was nonetheless civil to Rosenhecht when he encountered the stubborn shutterbug, giant flashbulbs dangling from his neck, at a party for the *Spy* Magazine Music Awards in L.A. last summer. To his credit, Rosenhecht approached Mike to see what the beef was. But then he asked, "What's the matter Mike, don't you like a little love?" Mike, whose laugh is usually a breathy half cough, made a strange high-pitched sound like the faint yap of those dogs that can't bark. Though he has since recovered, Mike is now fuming about Rosenhecht's intention of including the Beastie Boys in his show of "Love Photos" next spring at New York's Grand Central Station.

Anthony Chili Pepper vs Charles Barkley

Kudos to Mr. Keldis for battling with Sir Charles. Hard to believe a jealous Barkley actually wasted his time yelling at Anthony's window because the Chili Pepper crooner was making a move on the Round Mound of Rebound's main ho, Madonna. What's up with that? Did he have a bad day on the green with Jordan? Or are these two just auditioning for the next Madonna book, along with Tim Dog and Bushwick Bill, for the manage-a-vois spread that last time featured Vanilla Ice and Big Daddy Kane?

Thurston Moore vs Johan Kugelberg

Johan is the reactionary gourmand and rock critic who moonlights at Matador Records. Thurston is the must-fetted freermeister for Sonic Youth who has tolerated Kugelberg's barbs for some time. Thurston made the mistake of finally replying to the swaggering Swede, and the exchange has since escalated into an all-out fax war which Moore plans to publish in the meantime. Industry insiders say that Johan should stop trading in all his records for money to the cute girl at St. Marks Sounds and be less stingy with Matador freebies. Kugelberg emphasizes that "it's a generation gap. Thurston is exploring the outer limits of avant garde jazz and underground rock, I'm just a schmo obsessing over Richard Harris, and I didn't even discover punk rock until I saw Babes in Toyland on *Beavis And Butthead*." (For a complete transcript of the fax battle, contact Sonic Death at P.O. Box 1588, Bloomfield, NJ 07003)

DJ Hurricane vs Bob Mack

It's hard to tell whether Mack is a bigger hack off the court or on. Off the court, he's written hatchet jobs for *Spin* on Metallica, the Peppers and Beastie Boys. On the court, he has also committed several acts of terror like poking Yauch in the eye and elbowing Mike in the stomach (he's too chickenshit to step to the Kid). But the capper was an unnecessary flagrant foul—a late hero, Republican point guard Greg Anthony—that he committed on Hurricane (which led to Cane severley spraining his ankle). These two patched up their differences when Mack used his defensive style to help Grand Royal vanquish the X-Large squad (see below) but you can be sure if he starts slipping, Hurricane will not wait in line behind Metallica and the Peppers for a shot at the guy he calls "Goofy."

The X-Large Store vs Grand Royal

Two things you should know: #1 the Beastie Boys do not own X-Large. Ad-M Silverman and El Bonerz do. And #2 there were a series of three on three half court games at the Beastie Boys' world famous G-Son Stadium to determine whether or not X-L would have to pay for their ad in this zone (cost: \$1,000). Much trash was asked before hand by El "My Dad Was The Dentist on The Bob Newhart Show" Bonerz, but it was a 6'5" Cuban ringer who helped X-L dominate the first match. Defeated but defiant, Diamond said "double or nothin'."

In series two, Hurricane took matters into his own hands in Barkley-esque fashion, leading teammates Mark "On The Money" Nishita, Mike "Over The Pole" Diamond, and Bob "The Butcher" Mack through a textbook inside-out offensive game that would have impressed Paul Westphal. While significantly outsize, the Grand Royal team refused to be intimidated. X-L Athlete Director Bonerz claimed "we were unnecessarily roughed up and want a rematch," but Grand Royal player/coach Diamond replied that "there was no rough stuff, we just psyched 'em out."

Technically, X-L now has to pay for their ad in this and the next issue, but to be fair, a third and final series will be needed to decide this grudge match. Rumour has it that in the tradition of Michael Jordan and Charles Barkley, Diamond and the down-in-the-mouth Bonerz are resolving some of their differences on the green. Look in this space next time for an account of what promises to be the most physical, trash-taking nine holes ever.

Hughes Bros vs John Singleton

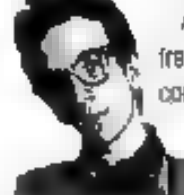
The Hughes brothers initiated this one by dissing *Boyz in The Hood* in *The Source*. Singleton responded in a later issue with an invitation to other filmmakers to "step to" him in person instead of in print. The Hughes brothers have since made an impressive debut film, *Menace II Society*. Singleton, meanwhile, was last seen doing mad p.r. for Poetic Justice, saying that he's made a film about African-Americans in a new context (*USA Today* gave it 2 1/2 stars). He also says that once everyone is done making bad imitations of *Boyz*, he's going to do a proper sequel. The ball is now in the twins' hands.

Ricky Powell vs Bill "Andre The Giant" Rahmy

Bill was the tour manager for most of the Check Your Head days (until he went on the road with buck-buddy, Bob Mould). As you know, Ricky is famous for his prowess in procuring young women on tour. This however, did not all well with Bill "Not Getting Any in '92" Rahmy, whose frustrated tirades culminated in this now oft-quoted edict: "I know what you're up to, and it's got to stop. THE FUCKING HAS GOT TO STOP!" Looking back on it, Ricky snaps, "Bill Rahmy used to kiss

Queensryche's ass. That fat shit couldn't get laid in a woman's jail with a carton of cigarettes."

Charles Aaron vs *Dirt* Magazine



Aaron augmented his fledgling freelance career with convenient contributions to *Dirt*, but has soured on the publication now that he is writing for the *Village Voice*, *Spin*, *Vibe* and *Entertainment Weekly* amongst

others. He recently berated *Dirt* in a letter accusing the publication of sucking up to the Beastie Boys, Sofia Coppola and "skater fashion" in every issue, not to mention tampering with his tampon-proofed contributions and subjecting him to unprofessional bullshit. "The bewildered staff reciprocated by sending Charles a series of 'what?' and 'huh?' letters. There was no response until Spike quoted Charles' letter as the intro to an (yet another) article on the Beastie Boys in *Dirt* number six, to which Aaron replied with a brief fax: "thanks for proving my point. very professional. man. Bye." What? Huh?



Dre vs Luke

This is a well documented public battle that you should already know about courtesy of M.T.V. and the Box. We don't know what Luke said to set this off, but Snoop Dog answered with his now infamous dis-rhymes about the cut-back on Luke's tonsils. Luke fired back with his "Cowards Of Compton" song and video. Later in Atlanta, the two possies apparently went at it.

MS Melodie vs KRS One

MS Melodie clearly has the weight advantage in this one, but K.R.S. One has the experience in throwing joints with oads of a heavier sort, i.e. P.M. Dawn.

John Connelli vs John Silva

Mega-arrative manager Silva recently made a butt-kussing pilgrimage to Connelli's N.Y.C. MTV office to make up for Nirvana's lack of interest in performing "Smells Like Teen Spirit" on the network's 1992 awards show. Signore Connelli responded by allowing Silva to grab a few seconds before being escorted from the premises by brown-shirted security guards.

Dante Ross vs _____ (fill in the blank)

Dante is well known in N.Y.C. not just for being a slick DJ, but also for his willingness to step to anyone who will stand his way.

Courtney Love vs _____ (fill in the blank)

Anyone who dares to diss the Cobain/Love fold had better have studied with Bruce Lee or be prepared to travel with more security than Axel and Hammer. Lamented next issue: Who Would Win? Courtney or Dante's Under-Leave-Town Grudge Match?

John Starks vs Reggie Miller

Scout's highlights fans everywhere saw Starks head out Miller which led to Starks's ejection and Miller's Academy Award nomination for Best Actor. What was more impressive, though, was the tag team of Ewing and Oakley stepping to their own teammate Starks in the wake of his expulsion. Prediction for a future feud: Russell Simmons vs. Reggie Miller (Miller is married to Russell's long time ex, Muniya).

Beastie Boys vs Rick Rubin

You still owe us mad loot! ✓



Bettie Serveert



Palomine



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GRAND ROYAL NEWS

ALWAYS ON VACATION?

At Home And On The Road With The Beastie Boys

The latest chapter in my ongoing saga with the Beastie Boys began last November in New York City, where I made out in the mosh pit with a funky frizzy haired beauty during the band's sold out show at Roseland Ballroom. When Mike looked down from the stage and saw me drenched in sweat and clumsily tongueing this poor girl, don't think he believed his eyes. And know he didn't believe them when, a week later, showed up in Miami, where I invited myself on their tour bus and subsequently leached a ride all the way across country to San Francisco. It was there that the band's eight-month, four-continent, 150-date world tour finally wound up on the 24th in front of a sold out crowd of some 8,500 kids at the Convention Center. In between Miami and San Francisco there were lots of funny moments.

"MIAMI: On the trip down from New York I come up with a rhyme to bust when I arrive on the scene—something like "I went all the way to Miami, just so could be with the King Ad-Whammy." I show up backstage and Mike says, "Bob Mack? Is like that?" mimicked, forgot about busting my rhyme. Instead, smoked my first ever blunt with B Real which put a sharp pain in my right lung that remained up through and past the S.F. show rapped with the kid from Pervert about the skateblumbunk and rap culture which he and the Beastie Boys have helped define. Went briefly into the mosh pit where there were stationary wood and steel seats but left after my blue-suede Pumas got stepped on. Later I discover that my Pumas were covered with a tar-like substance which assumed was Coke syrup. The band give me shit about my "dogged out" shoes and express genuine disbelief that I can keep wearing them. Before turning in, I stare in amazement at the video of Ricky's encounter the previous night in Orlando with a girl that, in his own words, "looked like Tom Petty." wonder if Ricky knows that Tom Petty is originally from Florida.

"TAMPA AND JACKSONVILLE: Can't remember much about these two cities. After the Miami show we got on the bus and drove for... while before stopping at some 24 hr. market in Naples. We go into the store half of which is sectioned off by some rope. Ricky ducks underneath rope and starts nosing around in the off-limits area. When the redneck proprietor finally sees Ricky he barks, "Hey Skipper! That area's off limits." For some reason the way this old bird said "Hey Skipper" is just too much, so Hurricane starts mimicking him and adding Ricky "Hey Skipper get the hell out of here!" and so forth. Guess you had to be there.

Next night, after the Jacksonville gig, the promoter throws a party at some cheesy chain joint called Calico Jacks. Upon our arrival theyoust all the patrons and cordon off an ad hoc VIP area as if we were the Bon Jovi entourage. The management does, however, continue to let a suburban cover band keep churning out classic schlock in the background.

Send the bass player a Grasshopper. Yauch suddenly decides. We snicker and forget about it, but 15 minutes later a guy who looks like a lifelong Gerdie Lee fan comes up to the table and gives the startled but polite Yauch some sincere thank yous. After getting back on the bus, I smoke and talk with Adam, who's playing a crazy reggae mix made by Mano. remember thinking that our conversation was heavy, but that's all I remember.

"NEW ORLEANS: This was the highlight of the trip. Sean Casanova came down from L.A. to celebrate his birthday. The King Ad-rock bought a super-dope forest green bowler from a haphazarder that had been around since Napoleon's time. And we all celebrated our day off by going to dinner at a fancy restaurant, where they ushered us in our jeans and baseball caps upstairs, safely away from all the yuppies. At the top of the spiral staircase was a mannequin in a tuxedo sitting at a player piano. During dinner I

chatted with tour manager Will Wright about his slints back in the day with heroes of mine like Jethro Tull (testotester tightwads) and Black Sabbath (spendthrift sloners). By the end of the meal we were all feelin' pretty squirrely, especially Yauch, who went over and snatched the wig from the mannequin's head and put it on his own. There were over a dozen of us at the table, and we passed around the wig so that everybody (except me) could put it on. Soon after we tried to leave, but the fidgety maître d' stepped to us. "Excuse me guys, could we get that wig back... it's a rental..." And we're like "A rental? What you rent it 364 days a year? Come on!" Eventually, though, Yauch hands the wig back to the relieved restaurateur. Suddenly Ricky Powell swoops in, re-snatches the wig and repeatedly yells "SAUCE!" at the bewildered greeter.

That night the group went and saw some local group of hotshot teenage zydeco musicians. The He-Birth Brass Band, at a tiny uptown bar. Meanwhile, Hurricane, percussionist Eric Bobo and I hit Bourbon Street and got loaded on the mixed drinks they sell there that are actually called "Hurricanes." At a sleazy strip joint we saw a black woman with an

ass like a wrecking ball. This butt had a mind of its own. Each cheek moved separately and shit. Being the only white guy in the place was the least of my worries. It was that woman's ass that put the tear of God in me. By the end of the night Cane and Bobo were rescuing me from carnivorous transvestites and dragging me away from an ancient shoeshine man who was attempting to clean my blue suede Pumas with a shred of Kleenex. Finally, the three of us stormed into the empty lobby of a Holiday Inn. I promptly leaped behind the service counter and started giving directions to a drunk stranger who wasn't aware that I was putting a Chevy Chase on him. When he finally wised up he cursed me like the Devil himself and to this day Cane and Bobo can't look at me without shaking their head and crossing themselves.

The next night was a great gig. Iggy Pop was there, and I put wearing no shirt, blue jeans and the smallest pair of black, high-top Reeboks I've ever seen. He did a duet with Rollins that was pretty dope—but not nearly as dope as the way Rollins would later sing along, offstage, with "Eggman." For some reason this is Henry's favorite Beastie Boys song. Every night across the country he'd stand





off stage and lip-sink, complete with facial contortions. Sometimes he'd even dance a little jig. One time he saw Ricky and I taping him and laughing, but he didn't even glare at us.

DALLAS: We enter the Evil Hyatt and immediately get a bad vibe. Bellhops built like manatees with faces like Rank seekers grit their teeth and grumble when the Beastie/Rollins/Cypress posse spills into the lobby. In the lobby is one of those message boards with white letters pressed on to a black rubber background. You know, "The Evil Hyatt of Dallas Welcomes The NRA"-kind of thing, except in this case they were welcoming a convention of amusement park architects. In time, Adrock sidled up to the message board with that inimitable garl of his, and we all started giggling as he began re-arranging the letters. Eventually he steps back and reveals his new message, which reads: "Blow Me." We laugh but Ricky Powell has an extra idea. He walks up to the board and we grow silent, hoping that he doesn't ruin it. Then Rick steps away and unveils his newer, improved message. "Yo. Blow Me!"

That day Adrock and I bonded when everybody went in search of the usual vegetarian rabbit food and we put our foot down and hit the first greasy spoon we could find. It was also here in Dallas (or maybe New Orleans), where I hung with him in his hotel room, taking and taking. He had his sampler with him and was chomping at the bit to get home so he could start listening to all the records he'd bought on the road. In the meantime, though, he was pre-occupied with whether or not Ricky was going to fuck up his laundry.

That night the show is absolute mayhem. The venue is a decrepit wrestling arena with sagging ceiling and

rotten floorboards. The barrier between the mosh pit and the stage is destroyed during the opening set and the panicky security guards stage a walk out. For the entire set, Ricky and I act as at-hoc security guards and throw would-be stage divers back into a pit that has become an actual whirlpool. The wooden floor has collapsed, creating a human funnel of flesh. When we throw the kids back into the crowd they disappear down the tubes. During "The New Style" MCA puts the mic to my mouth and asks me if he can count it down. To which I was supposed to say "yes," or "go ahead," kind of like Macao to James Brown. Instead, I stutter and count to four myself with about as much flavor as Low Fempno. MCA says, "Yo, that was wack."

HOUSTON: The Main Event. Mike and Ricky's birthday. Tour manager Will Wright procures two limbos dressed in bikinis with sashes reading "Ricky's Girls." They look good but ultimately give up nothing. Prior to the show the Beastie Boys get restless on ginzing and hit batting practice with apples, not unlike the scenes from their first tour video. This is technically the last night of the tour for them because after the show they get to go to sleep, wake up and fly home to L.A. (since the last three gigs are in California and they can travel to those shows in their own cars). Ricky and I, however, have to get to California the hard way — i.e. via a 24-hour straight ride on the crew bus from Houston to San Diego. More of that later. Near the end of the show Mike admits to the crowd that by tomorrow night he'll be seeing his fiance for the first time in a long time and that he's "ready to do some bonin'." After the show, I come across a live-year-old red in tears. I ask his mom, "Is he scared? Was

it too noisy for him?" And she says, "No, he's upset because MCA just walked by and he can't talk to him." Backstage, a local celeb and N.O.R.M.L. activist named Johnny Hemp uses thumb and forefinger to wipe away his white build up and ask the Beastie Boys if they're OK. "I'm mellow," whispers Adrock. "You're mellow? Do you need to get high. A quick pick me up? Some speed, acid, shrooms, gas?" An under-the-weather and road-weary Mike D says, "No I'm gonna go back to the hotel and chill-out." The hemp man counters, "Chill-out? got some yakum — how bout some Xanax?" This man is truly a travelling pharmacy. Before Adrock can give a polite "no," Johnny Hemp's off on another tangent, throwing down elaborate rhymes that celebrate the extra-quirky uses of cannabis. The end is nigh. The band manages to escape for a late dinner courtesy of their promoter/friend Tom Bunch at a Vietnamese restaurant. Throughout the dinner a group of Vietnamese teens giggle and timidly hurl taunts at our table: "Mike D!" would hum one. "Beastie Boy Whatch you want?" would hiss another. Finally, as we leave, the kids line up on either side of the front door, outside on the sidewalk. As each of us walks out we are asked if we are Mike D. When the real Mike D. walks out, he says no. One guy's too sharp for the ruse and steps to Mike with a human beat box version of "So What'cha Want" and "Paul Revere."

Opposite page: At top, Roseland Ballroom, New York City. Adrock and ESX. This page: At left, the Hammer D busting ghosts as well as rhymes. Above, MCA "strokes from within" like a bright white surf.

All photos: Ari Marcopoulos

For an instant I think I've finally got an answer to Hurricane's eternal question "What's Really Going On?"

That night Ricky and I board the crew bus. The crew bus doesn't like us because up until now we've been travelling on the band's bus and are thus perceived as pampered, ignoring the vibe. Ricky and I laugh about the Vietnamese kids and crash. I wake up to find the assistant lighting guy smugly smoking my last joint right in front of my face. Ricky wakes up to find that other crew members have commandeered his video camera and shot new footage of themselves over his own, priceless tape of Cypress live. Ricky goes ballistic and rousts the guilty party — for the record the soundboard dick who kept pumping Depeche Mode over the P.A. — and challenges the half-asleep Jeff Forcero lookalike to a throwdown. The next thing I know, we're in San Diego and I'm taking

a cab to the house of a high school buddy

SAN DIEGO: I try to convince my mossback reactionary pals that the Beastie Boys aren't

just funk musicians and live entertainers. This takes several hours and beers, but by 10:00 p.m. we're rolling to the gig. Upon arrival we see a stream of fans leaving the venue. "Hey yo," I yell at some high school kid, "which way to the gig?" After the laughter and insults subside, the kid is cool enough to let me know that "Yo homeboy, that shit is over — it started at 8:00 p.m.!" I'm stunned and bummed. Up until now The Beasies have gone on at 10:00 p.m. each night, but because we're in fascist-fucking San Diego, sucker motherfucker Pete Wilson or Rush Limbaugh has ordained that the band must go on early. I'm too embarrassed to go backstage, which is a mistake because the band, bless their souls, are actually wondering where the fuck that dusted journalist/funky friend of theirs is — and are even ready to present me with a new pair of Pumas to replace the ones I was trying to have my man slick up in New Orleans. When I don't show, they assume I've started slipping again and dismiss me with mild contempt.

LOS ANGELES: I burn a ride up to L.A. But at the venue—the unionized, more-fucked-up-than-San-Diego Universal Amphitheatre—I'm pissed. Told that my all-access pass is worthless. After much nagging, I share a ticket with another guy and we each see half the show. I see the bitches beginning when my boy Dick Butkus came out wearing his orange Milk Mischief mask. I also catch the grand finale, a version of "So Whatcha Want" with Cypress Hill. The stage was filled with all these hype motherfuckers trying to stay ahead of the monster riff with a rapid delivery but finally Yauch slowed the fast verse down and set forth the plan. "I'm tired of driving. It's due time that we talk about it." I thought it was one of the more revelatory experiences I've ever had, but of course afterwards the band and entourage think that I've missed it all. "It was our best show in seven months of touring," they keep saying, and where was I? But I'm too busy trying to avoid my nemesis, Michael Batzary (a.k.a. Flea) that I don't bother to explain myself.

SAN FRANCISCO The next morning



Above: Mark, Mike, Cane and Yauch relax backstage in Houston, after battling practice and before the arrival of Johnny Hump. At right: Eric Bobo (son of the late great Willie Bobo), seen here playing a talking chair.

I wake up on my friend Virgil's couch. I leave his front door wide open and go to Union Station. This ruins my relationship with Virgil and his roommate Evan, but don't even realize it. A week later I take a bus to Bakersfield, a train from there to Stockton, a bus from Stockton to Oakland, and then a bus to San Francisco. A cab gets me from the train station to the Civic Center. I'm late but not too late to enter the arena during the beginning of the third song, "Pass The Mic." You know the mea to "Pass The Mic." The way it waltz upward with those off-kilter ambient tones? Well, fuck you if you don't, because I do and when I hear those chords and then hear Yauch's voice "We'll if you can feel what I feel, then it's a musical masterpiece." Oh shit. My ribs and lungs hurt like hell. Still in the pit. Mike sees and laughs at me. He dedicates the next song to me and all other idiots who've followed them from town to town like a Grateful Dead bootlegger. "This next song goes out to all of youse who have followed us from city to city like my man Bob Mack. This one is called 'High Plains Drifter.'" "High Plains Drifter" is of course my favorite Beastie Boy track, the one that's based on a sample of the Eagles' "Those Shoes," from *The Long Run* LP. This old hippy is finally happy. Meanwhile, the band's guitar tech, Pinsky, was allowed to come on stage and smash one of Adrock's guitars (earlier in the tour Pinsky had purchased a bunch of custom guitar picks emblazoned with the Beastie Boys logo, a gesture that was not exactly appreciated by the increasingly fed and cranky me). Post-game entertainment was provided by Adam Yauch, who grew her exiting me stage for the last time in '92. Did she Ronnie Lott injury and tackled his own manager John "Did You Do That Phone Interview?" Silva. Silva battled back in what looked like a scene from *American Gladiators*, two comrades rolling on the floor half joking, half serious, both releasing their last bit of tension at tour's end. After the gig, Hurricane had to leave immediately to catch a plane, and exchanged a hurried, dazed-eyed



Dave-type rap on top of it), the Kid's been switchin' it up as usual. He's playing bass with D.F.L., and in the studio he's always drumming whenever I'm around. But his real specialty is beats, loops, scratches and that type of shit. He comes in with his beats on discs, goes into the room with his

goodbye with his mates. As Cane says in

his interview elsewhere in this "zine about the on-stage chemistry the band has developed, "it ain't no mystery."

Now THAT is what I'm talking about. Fine. But this was November of last year and now it's November of this year. What happened in between?

Actually, I can't remember. I'm too dusted. One thing Mike did was travel to the Gavin Convention in San Francisco last February where I noticed that he was the only artist who got play from both the rap and alternative rock crowds. That night we saw Onyx and I remember thinking that they were pretty astute to exploit the culture of the mosh pit for their own purposes. Mike was nice enough to let me crash on his hotel room floor and I returned the favor by keeping him up all night with my infernal snoring. I woke up in the morning surrounded by room service menus, alarm clocks, Gideon Bibles and all the other trash he's thrown at me in his unsuccessful effort to shut me up. In the morning he says, "yo, you should see a doctor about that shit."

Otherwise, it's been business, not as usual but in the new disciplined Beastie Boys mode. Hurricane recorded his solo joint and Jusopous Jackson released their EP, thereby legitimizing Mike's pipe dream of having a real label. Currently Cane is pissed that Mike is waffling on a release date on his solo joint.

Meanwhile, Yauch is pissed at Mike because I can't tell you. Actually he's not pissed, it's just that the last time overheard Mike and Yauch talking, heard Mike backpedaling, saying, "Yes, but we're not Sting, we're not Phil Collins."

You see, Yauch wants the album done by November for April '94 release because he's on a crazy mission to snowboard all winter. Mike has taken to calling him "The Taskmaster" but it is not true, as *Entertainment Tonight* has reported that Yauch wants to institute a series of fines within the band, a la James Brown, for unshined shoes and showing up to the studio blunted.

While Yauch's been nippin' shit on the upright and the mic (one night he looped some Fred Wesley and did a "Disco

sampler and creates something out of nothing. He even loops the Young and the Useless. "I'm not worried about his guitar because I've heard his sneaky scratching on various playbacks and it's tasteful as ever."

Right now they've got some 30 or 40 tracks in varying degrees of completion. One song has a bass line like the one from "Red Onion" by Groove Holmes and features the boys rapping in a similar sing-song delivery throughout the whole cut. One fragment caught from a Mike verse was something like "D.I.Y. means do it yourself/I ain't waiting around for someone's help." For good measure the Kid scratched in a fragment from Kurtis Blow's "Tough" look to calling this out "The Airplane Song" because the intro had the sound effect of a 747 skidding to a halt before the music kicked in, but Mike now informs me that the plane has been replaced by a helicopter—so as you can see, it's futile and ultimately no fun to find out what's really going on. Just wait till the album comes out.

At any rate, there's lots of stand up bass and treated vocals sung through the Sony Variety Mic. The zen-like silence and haikus of the last LP will in some sense give way to a torrent of verbiage not unlike *Paul's Boutique*. Then again, there also promises to be plenty of different styles flexed already on tape are a couple of smokin' fusion jams, a punk rock joint about my portly pal Sean called "Heart Attack Man" and a spacey far-eastern extravaganza which Mike terms as an homage to the German group Can, featuring Eugene Gore, the self-proclaimed "Renaissance Asshole," on violin. That's right, violin. Eddie Jobson, where are you, now?

The bottom line is, it's not like they're asking around in the studio waiting for something to give. They're a real band now. On a real schedule.

The band's longtime friend Tim Carr (the AB guy who signed them to Capitol) notes that in the past the band has always taken so long to record their albums because "they always have to re-invent the wheel."

"But this time," Yauch counters philosophically, "we're just gonna rotate the tires." ✓

rick howard.
photo: spike

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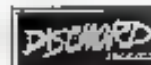
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THE FATHER AND THE ANIMAL THING

Luscious Jackson Live in San Francisco

We caught up with our own Luscious Jackson in San Francisco recently, right before they hit the stage as the opening act for Urge Overkill at Slim's. Bob Mack was able to conduct the interview before getting so drunk that the management escorted him from the premises. Here are some of the liveliest exchanges from that discussion.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE TOWN SO FAR?

Jill: We've only played L.A. so far.

OH, THOUGHT YOU'D BEEN ON THE ROAD

Kate: [Ignoring me] Where'd we stop Bakersfield? Is that our favorite town? Lot of songs about Bakersfield and we're... we just might want to move there. Relocate. To Highway 5.

OK BUT YOU DID PLAY LOLAPALOOZA IN JERSEY AND THAT MUST HAVE BEEN

Gabby: The experience was mind boggling. 'I'll go twice more!!' We got really suntan.

Kate: And sunburnt. We got really tired.

Gabby: And cranky AND CRANKY?

Gabby: Oh not cranky. It was like—

Kate: But the show was good.

Gabby: But Vivian got hit on the head with a drum.

WHY DO YOU WERE DOIN' THE MIRYANA THING?

Kate: Yeah, as you know... destroy my drum kit every night. And I try to hit at least one person a night.

SOOO...AFTER THE AMERICAN TOUR YOU'RE GOING TO EUROPE

Kate: That's true. That's the truth.

[TO VIVIAN]: YOU GREW UP IN EUROPE?

Vivian: I was grown in Europe.

Kate: Full grown.

AND SO NOW WHEN YOU GUYS GO TO EUROPE YOU'LL HAVE—

Vivian: This triumphant return.

SO WHAT'S UP WITH RICKY POWELL?

Gabby: Jill has a slight thing going with Ricky Powell—in the village.

Jill: Yes, we keep it under wraps.



Not just some more faces in the crowd: left to right, Kate, Gabby, Jill and, agh, Vivian. Photos: Spikes.

WHAT ARE YOUR GROUPIES LIKE?

Kate: They're like Ricky Powell. A lot.

Jill: Yeah they are!

Kate: Very Ricky Powell-ish.

Jill: They're sweet little chickens. We love them. I think that our guitar tech is a genius, we love him.

Kate: Hey he's the drum tech. too, all right?

WHAT'S THE SOUNDTRACK BEEN IN YOUR VAN?

Kate: We had the Led Zeppelin A to Z station, and they were on [the letter] "I." And there's a million songs that start with "I." Some of the best songs. It's fascinating.

"Immigrant Song," "Into The Night," "In The Evening," and the other one off Physical Graffiti [mimicks a few bars]...

"IN MY TIME OF DYING, THAT'S THE DRUMMER'S SONG. JOHN BONHAM.

Kate: That's one of my favorites... serious drum song. So that was basically what we've listened to. So far. But Capitol gave us a lot of free tapes. They want us to listen to Blind Melon, and they want us to listen to... uh.

Jill: Radiohead.

Kate: But we all want to listen to Bonnie Raitt and that's all.

Jill: And the Blue Note catalog, too.

WHO WAS ON THE SECOND STAGE AT LOLAPALOOZA WITH YOU? AND DID YOU

Jill: Can we discuss one thing about Lollapalooza? They dicked ESG. They offered to go on second stage and got dicked. Anyway.

Vivian: There was a guy who juggled bowling balls.

THEY LET THAT BOWLING BALL GUY ON THE STAGE IN JERSEY, TOO? HE'S TRAVELLING ACROSS THE COUNTRY?

Jill: He is the main dude. He's the only consistency.

[LAUGHTER]

Kate: Yeah we didn't have to converse with anyone. We ate cajun chicken with cheez wtd.

Gabby: Oh! Don't remind me.

Kate: We're trying to eat better.

SO HOW IS LIFE ON THE ROAD?

Jill: Bad.

Gabby: Bad fuck!

Jill: Continuous digestion problem.

Kate: Digestion problems and sometimes sinus problems. [Exaggerated nasal voice] As you can tell by my voice.

SO WHAT'S UP WITH YOUR NEW VIDEO? TAMRA AND SPIKE DID IT THE OTHER DAY AT D'S HOUSE?

Jill: In his garage... yeah. He has a garage that has fucked up paint that looks really cool.

Gabby: We want to be a garage band.

Kate: And we were having a garage sale. SEE, THOUGHT THE VIDEO SHOULD BE LIKE DAVID BOWIE'S "RED SHOES."

Jill: Oh no! Get the hell outta here!

Kate: Is that the one where he's painted all blue?

Jill: No, I know exactly what you're talking about. That started my red shoes thing, where I couldn't stand red shoes. SPEAKING OF SHOES, GABBY.

Gabby: Why am I still wearing these?

NO, YOU'RE MY HERO FOR WEARING THE SAME ONES ALL THE TIME.

Gabby: I've been wearing these same shoes for six years because I have flat feet.

[Laughter]

Gabby: People used to dis me — they'd be like "Oh she's still got the old shoes, yaah-hah!" Like... bought! Puttas like five years ago in San Francisco and they're really narrow... loved the way they looked but they killed my f.a. feet.

PLUS, YOU ALWAYS WEAR BLUE

ONES.

Jill: No, no, no.

Gabby: Blue ones I had at my last job.

Gray ones. I feel, once you like something, you stick with it. You know what I mean?

Jill: [Laughs]

[EMBARRASSED] NO, NOW S THE TILE BAR, LIKE REPLACED? OR WAS I SPACING LAST TIME I WAS IN N.Y.?

Gabby: No, it's still there. I got fired. It was all your fault! They were like, you disrupted the whole bar. Jill was talking too loud. The tape recorder intimidated the bar people.

[REMEMBERING MY EARLIER INTERVIEW OF JILL] I BOTCHED IT THAT BAD?

Gabby: Just kidding. I got fired because

Kate: Come to think of it, that restaurant you interviewed me at went out of business. too.

WELL, AS ADROCK POINTS OUT, I'VE GOT THE \$ BALL OVER MY HEAD.

Jill: We have bad luck, too. What do we do? We close restaurants when we work there. That's our curse. I'm convinced that... and I closed this... restaurant because

[SHHH OFF THE RECORD] SO WHAT'S UP WITH URGE OVERKILL? WHO'S GOING OUT WITH WHOM?

Gabby: Awesome.

Jill: Yeah, totally fun.

Gabby: We're getting into the spirit of the "cooling" job.

Jill: am going out with Blackie...

Gabby: Paint it Blackie.

Kate: wanna go out with Blackie!

Gabby: We both go out with Blackie. We go out with Blackie!

Vivian [finally]: I wanna go out with Blackie, too.

OH, I'M HEARTBROKEN...NOW VIVIAN YOU'VE BEEN WEARING HOT PANTS LATELY?

Vivian: WHO started this rumor?

Jill: Probably that slimy, sleazy guy — that bi-level camera guy. Can we talk about bi-levels for a minute?

OK.

Jill: Do we all know what bi-levels are? It's this haircut with the —

OH, IT'S THE MULLET!

[Together] Noll!

Jill: It's similar. The bi-level is when you have Jean Claude Van Damme-style.

Billy Ray Cyrus. Cyrus. Short, straight, with the long curly tails. The guy was picking up on everybody.

Kate: Except for me, wonder why?

Hmmm.

[Laughter]

Vivian: And we decided that bi-levels are

...the shave and the long. And the bi-level is also a kind of human being, a sleazy guy.
Kate: The Andre Agassi kind of thing.
Jill: Who's that?
Vivian: Tennis player.
Kate: The hair guy.
OK EMBARRASSING BEASTIE BOYS STORIES FROM WHEN THEY WERE 13 YEARS OLD...AFTER ALL, IT'S THEIR PUBLICATION
Jill: I've got one. This is not that embarrassing. Adam Yauch and I used to have this game in my house. We'd run around the house screaming and throwing pillows at each other like ALL around the house, down the hallways into the living room. And my father's like a really peaceful guy and he always reads in the living room.
WAS HE LIKE A PROFESSOR?
Jill: No, he's a writer. Anyway, we would just go like maniacs all over the house screaming, and one time it got so out of control that Adam like heaved this pillow at me and it broke one of our best lamps. **[Groan]**
Jill: And my father had to scold him like a child.
HOW OLD WAS ADAM?
 I'd say he was like 18. And he was so

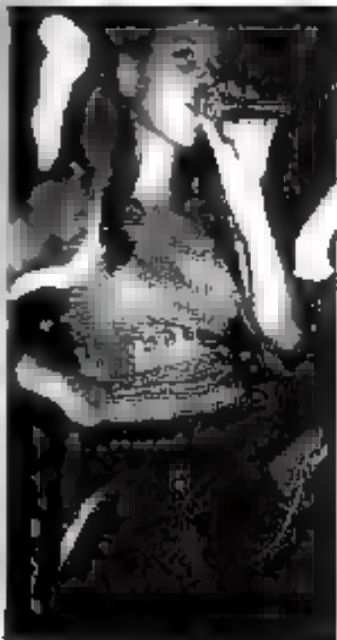
ambitious, and he was so bad, and my father still remembers this.
Gabby: He was an Adam Yauch story. I've got a funny Adam Yauch story. The first time ever that him and I were with the girls, we were in a room in Brooklyn. We were sitting on the floor, and he was wearing a mud shirt. He used to have a long trench coat on.
Jill: With "White Riot" written on the back.
Gabby: Was it? So anyway, I was only 13, so I had never really been around guys that much, OK? And we're sitting there, and I don't know what the situation is supposed to be, so all of a sudden my friend and her boyfriend start making out. And I'm looking at him, and I'm like, if you

he left such a mess in the bathroom there was so many towels and so much water all over the place that got screamed at: SO bad by mother! She couldn't believe it.
Jill [More voice]: Those guys just wreak havoc!
Gabby: John Berry, the original guitarist, smashed his guitar against Adam's head, my diagnosis and he never gave it back.
AWW YEAH.
Gabby: I am a biter woman. But he sent me his guitar for the video, so we're even.
Jill: Totally out of tune, we had to tune it. Where'd you get that yogurt?
YEAH, WERE DID YOU GET THAT YOGURT?

Vivian: Haight Street.
Kate: Mike Diamond used to sing in a British accent.
Jill: And an H.R. accent also.
Kate: Well first it was H.R. and then he got into some...
Jill: The British stuff... kind of worked for him, though. Have to say, he pulled it off.
[Thoughtful silence]
Jill: Do we have any more stories?
Gabby: Like the John Berry story!
I WAS GONNA SAY, WHAT'S UP WITH JOHN BERRY? ISN'T HE BACK IN NEW YORK?
Jill: He's playing in like The Dyke

now.
Kate: He's a rock dude now.
Jill: He's a blues-rock guy now.
Kate: It's a real good band.
[They wonder if there's a John Berry wedding story or Screaming Trees story worth telling but determine there isn't. Turn to Vivian. I have promised my friend Cote, who is in the room, that I will ask her to marry me.]
ON THE JOURNALISTIC TIP, THESE GUYS ARE ALL FROM THE SAME..
Vivian: And I'm not.
MILIEU...SEE, NOTICE THE FRENCH WORD USED AS A TRANSITION—
Vivian: **[Unimpressed].** Uh-huh. I was born in New York.
BUT YOU GREW UP IN PARIS, OPERA SINGING PARENTS, YOU ADD A LITTLE TINKLE-TINK TO THE —
[They laugh at my drunken rap. One says "Oh my God"]
HOW DID THIS ALL COME ABOUT THOUGH?
Jill: Vivian and I were teaching together—
SUBSTITUTE TEACHING WITH RICKY POWELL?
Jill: Nothing to do with Ricky Powell.
Vivian: Adults. Adult education,

Jill: English as a second language in a factory in Queens.
Vivian: Jill and I went through a heinous experience together, and then we decided—
Jill: We bonded, we really bonded, right?
Vivian: To make up for that incredible year of torture.
Gabby: I've never seen you as sad as that ever.
Jill: We were the most depressed. Then they sort of saw they were a gay named Mike and she says "Mike has more problems than we do."
SO VIVIAN [Gapping in a daze]
Vivian [Perfected]: Mike's Aunt was born in New York, so her parents were musicians and when her parents did they headed off to Europe to pursue careers in classical music. My father was an opera singer and my mother's a classical pianist. So of course we lived in Switzerland, and then we lived in Vienna and then we lived in Paris. Jim, so, I was a really lucky creature, you know? So it was great, but it was also a drag, cos, you know, I mean coming to the States in the summer was like heaven.
Jill: Texas.
Vivian: Yeah well that part wasn't heavenly, but other parts, you know like other places we'd go. Cos coming to the States things are so much more free and open here.
UH-HUH [Wide-eyed in total libertarian agreement]
Vivian: So as soon as I possibly could and as soon as I finished high school there, I came back—
Jill: **[With Liberal skepticism]** Really? Why is it more free and open here?
Vivian: Well like, if you go to the park in Paris you can walk on the grass, I mean that's what I noticed as a kid. I was allowed to walk on the grass and take off as many clothes as I wanted.
Jill: Hello!
Vivian: Play as many games, you know? Just, it just—
Jill: And they would **[Indiscipherable]** in the grass!
[Laughter]
Vivian: Shut the fuck up. Or uh, but you know, and like I could go to New York and I could do anything I wanted to do, you know which you can't do over there.
Jill: Well also you were in really strict schools.
Vivian: I was. I was in like practically military. I mean they weren't military but it was really hardcore.
Jill: She came to California and was shocked at how bad the school was.
Vivian: Yeah. I lived in California for one year when I was 12 and I was horrified.
COMING FROM A CLASSICAL



Left: Gabby hips the crowd to her rap. Above: Jill sings while Vivian sprinkles Ferraro cheese. Photos: Spike

fucking—
[Giggles]
Gabby: If you dare, you know, try to do anything, I will KILL ya! And he's just sitting there like folds hands and makes polite, well-behaved faces.
[Laughter]
Gabby: That was like my first experience with another guy. Nothing happened of course, but I just was like, Oh my God, what am I supposed to do now?
WHAT DID HE DO THOUGH?
Gabby: He didn't do anything. We just both sat there while they made out. And we were like straight face. And they were like nee-yea, yea yea **[kissy face]**.
Jill: We all used to sleep at Adam Yauch's house sometimes. ALL of us. We used to have like 10 people.
Kate: His parents would go away a lot.
Jim: I have a good Adam and Michael slept over at my house, once, story. And uh...
[Laughter]
Kate: Adam came into my room to tell me that there was like three inches of water on the bathroom floor because the water heater bottom dropped out while he was there. And I don't know if this is the same story, but Mike slept over one time, and

BACKGROUND, WHAT'S IT LIKE PLAYING HIP HOP?

Vivian: Well, you know, I'm

learning as I go [laughs].

Gabby: She's a natural!

Kate: She's a natural cheese-maister!

Vivian: I've loved cheese for years.

Jill: She's like the Romano cheese of our music!

NOW HEARD ONE OF YOUR NEW SONGS

FOR THE LP THAT WAS VERY KEYBOARD

BASED.

Vivian: Oh, "Surprise"

ON THE NEXT ALBUM IT WILL BE ALL FOUR

OF YOU?

Jill: Absolutely. We weren't a full band on that

last record. That was a garbage demo tape. We

love it, but it was done a long time ago, for

nothing. We'll fit right into Grand Royal's

schema.

ARE YOU MORE COMFORTABLE WITH THE

HIP HOP STUFF IN CONCERT?

Jill: What are you trying to say there, Bob?

Gabby: That we're scared?

NO BUT LAST TIME SAW YOU PLAY THE

HIP HOP STUFF YOU SEEMED COOL BUT

TENATIVE—

Jill: No, they're not tentative at all.

Gabby: You'll see tonight how good they are.

Jill: You've got to go to more shows, Bob!

This proves to be true. Later that night they play

with an offhand intensity that does in fact remove

my lingering doubts about their show-woman-

ship. That is, Kate's got beats like Bonzo,

Gabby's rap puns, Jill's vocal chills and Vivian

swings like a hypnotist's timepiece).

Kate: Ask some more questions, this is sort of

relaxing!

SO WHO ARE YOU TOURING WITH IN

EUROPE?

[All]: The Breeders.

VIVIAN ARE YOU GOING TO SHOW THEM

THE ROPES?

Vivian: Jm, yeah. Absolutely. You betcha.

Jane Their Manager. Tell em you're new

names!

Jill: This is getting tired here. Alright, never

mind. We can tell them.

Kate: Trey. All our names are Trey.

Jill: Get the fuck out of here!

WHAT ARE YOU LISTENING TO?

Vivian: Well, Gabby brought Steve Miller Band

on tour, so I've been listening to that.

Kate: I've been listening to the new Gloria

Estefan record, in Spanish. And the new

Smashing Pumpkins.

ANY RICKY POWELL STORIES TO END WITH?

Kate: Ricky has a way...I don't think Ricky

understands that all girls are not bimbos. And

I think he should learn that.

Gabby: Me and Ricky have a lot in common. We

both never met our father. We both grew up in

the village. We both love animals. We both love

to play basketball—

[Heckling]

Gabby: No, but the father and the animal thing. ✓

D.F.L.: A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AMERICA'S MOST HARDCORE

Interview by Dino Dinco

"I just wanna know why Nirvana won't return my

phone calls," demands "One Take Tom" Davis, lead

barber of Los Angeles hardcore punk act,

D.F.L. Davis perks up when his pager

suddenly goes crazy, in hopes that Mr.

Cobain is finally getting back to him. He is

duly satisfied, however, checking his

beeper's display: "Ahhh... it's my

girl, Kelly." he says, rising from the

outstretched futon in the living

room of his Hollywood apartment.

Outside the window the Astro

Burger on Melrose provides a

backdrop for Davis as he wraps

up the brief call. Exhausted from

an all-day session of underwater

karate surfing, he crashes back

onto the futon and props his head

up against the wall, grumbling

something about Seattle.

On the couch opposite Davis

rests Monte Messex and Julius

Mosley, respectively the guitarist and (now former)

drummer for D.F.L. Messex fingers a Polaroid taken

earlier of Davis and the Chinese food delivery man and

assures the strangely handsome Davis that it is, in fact,

not the worst picture ever taken of him—that he actually

has seen one worse. "Yeah, Tom," jokes Messex, "you

do sort of look like that guy from the *Halfraiser* movies."

Avoiding retort, Messex then swiftly moves on to a

somewhat convoluted history on the origins of D.F.L. or

"Dead Fucking Last" (an ambitious acronym

guaranteeing them the final, therefore most prestigious,

spot on any concert bill). "Me and Adam (Horowitz) and

Bela (Messex's three-year-old son) went out to breakfast

at Kokomo's, and Adam says, Yeah I'd like to start a

hardcore band, and then we said, Who can we get to

play the drums?, and the first choice was, of course, Mike

D., no no no, the first choice was my brother Mike

Messex, and then we got... oh yeah, and to sing, well

actually I wanted to get Max (Perlich), see, and Adam

wanted Tom...."

"No see, what happened, was this," pipes in Perlich,

(actor, car collector, male model, and conspiracy

theorist), looming in the corner and intent on setting the

record straight: "I have my own group, Shack Crew, and

so couldn't be the singer, and Tom is an underground,

well, he's this underground, he's way under the ground."

"No, dude," Davis counters. "I became the singer

because I had lessons from Led Zeppelin."

"So, before Tom signed on," says Messex, (talking

over Perlich, who is wildly explaining how the U.S.

Government will blow up one of Saturn's rings, causing

what he calls a mini-ice age). "It was just me and Adam

(on bass) and Mike (D. on drums) and we recorded a

D.F.L. but when Tom joined us, he became the driving

force of D.F.L. and remains so to this day." Messex blows

out some air and collects himself: "Without Tom," he

concludes, "I would still be in my kitchen playing my

guitar by myself."

"Yeah, but he's definitely the boss," Davis says,

reaching under the futon frame for his pager, which had

just popped out of his hand. "You gotta watch what you

say 'cause you'll get fired pretty fast."

"You're the one...see that...We really should talk about

Tom's penchant for firing people," says Messex, over

Davis's feeble growling. "First, he hurried Max out of the

band, then he kicked out Mike D. and of all the people to

kick out of the band, his own brother-in-law," says

Messex, shaking his head, while Davis shrugs. "And then

he wanted to kick me out of the band for a while, then I

think Adam was next to go. You know, I think I even



D.F.L. left to right, bassist Adam Horowitz, drummer Tony Converse, vocalist Tom Davis and guitarist Monte Messex, before Ether Manifold state their thunder at Lollapalooza.

heard something about Julius. At this point, Mosley

looks mildly alarmed, but counters emphatically how

much he enjoys playing with these guys.

"I don't know, man," Davis says, displaying some of

his new underwater karate surfing moves. "I might just go

and get a job with the New Kids."

At his word, D.F.L. were instantly gearing up to play

an early set at the first Los Angeles date of the 1993

Lollapalooza tour. "The good thing about playing at 8

A.M. at Lollapalooza," Messex explains, seriously, "is

that we're going to avoid all the heat. It's gonna be a

really hot day."

Until Davis drops the gauntlet, Brian Baker (of Minor

Threat) will be providing his expertise on bass. Fresh out

of the studio with producer Mano C., D.F.L. have just

completed their first Grand Royal-issued record, which

Davis describes as sort of like himself—"yeah, it's 7

inches and lasts about 10 minutes."

Dino Dinco is a Los Angeles-based writer and snoop, who isn't

nearly as strangely good-looking as Tom Davis. ✓

UPDATE: On August 2, D.F.L. started the second stage

at Lollapalooza when the travelling alternative rock fest

came to L.A. The first day passed without incident, but on

the second day, it shows the D.F.L. set was augmented by

an unusual, or crazed on acid who danced in and out of

the crowd and finally made a mad dash for the backstage

area. Security guards were in hot pursuit when the freak

suddenly stopped, bent over and wretched. This surreal

moment was appreciated by all and captured on film by the

labeled D.F.L. drummer, Tony Converse. The weekend

ended on a wild note the next night when D.F.L. played the

Troubadour. At the end of a relatively mellow set, an

unidentified member of the band (or their posse) lit off a

smoke bomb which cleared the club, annoyed the steroid-

enhanced bouncers and prompted the L.A. Times to shake

its head and cluck that, "in truth, the boring and unoriginal

hardcore quartet D.F.L. was the only act that didn't provide

any musical interest." ✓

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WHAT'S REALLY GOIN' ON: A Conversation With DJ Hurricane

ARE YOU DONE WITH THE NEW LP?

Basically I'm just done this last song with Chy Skills, the guy who produced Onyx. It's called "How You Comin' Out?" I already did the vocals and hooked up the tracks—he's just gonna mix it.

HOW AND WHEN DID YOU COME TO REPLACE MTV'S DR. DRE AS THE BEASTIE BOYS DJ?

'86, in the middle of the Raising Hell Tour. I don't know how he lost the gig. I was on tour with Run-DMC as a homeboy/bodyguard type. He kind of left them out on a limb, I don't know, but they needed a DJ, and I was the only guy around who knew how to DJ and who wasn't already busy.

HOW DID YOU GET INTO RAP IN THE FIRST PLACE?

I've always been a rapper. I was rappin' before I was a DJ. I rapped back in 1976. When Run didn't have any equipment, he used to come borrow ours so he could get on the mic at block parties.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN "OURS"?

Me, Davy D and Cool T. The Solo Sounds. We were the first rap group from Hollis, Queens. Run would come to us because he didn't have a crew. He was solo. He was "Run, Kurtis Blow's Son."

YOU GUYS WERE THE SOLO SOUNDS BUT RUN WAS ACTUALLY SOLO?

Ya know?

WHAT STREET DID YOU GROW UP ON?

I grew up on Two-Fifth, 205th.

Right.

WHAT ABOUT RUN?

Joey? Where Joey grow up? Two-9th, something like that. Jay was Two-Third D.M.C. 197th. Yo I don't wanna answer questions about Run DMC—ask them! SORRY SO WHAT WAS THE CRAZIEST THING YOU REMEMBER ABOUT THAT FIRST BEASTIE BOYS TOUR?

Every night was crazy. There wasn't a show we did that wasn't crazy. For Paul's Boutique we didn't really tour except a few places here and there, but we was there for those too.

THE CHECK YOUR HEAD TOUR DIDN'T SEEM AS CRAZY. YOU GUYS WEREN'T AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS AT THE END OF THE TOUR, PLUS YOU WERE REALLY IN SYNCH MUSICALLY.

We been together so long we don't get at each other's throats anymore, and we really wanted to tour this time. Everybody's good at their instrument. I'm good on the turntables. Mike D's good on the drums, Yauch's good on the bass, the Kid's good on guitar. Eric Bobo's excellent on congas, Mark's good on the keyboard. It's not a mystery. It just gets lighter and lighter.

SO DO YOU THINK YOU'LL BE MORE INVOLVED WITH THE WRITING OF THE NEW BEASTIE BOYS ALBUM?

I already helped them do two tracks. Ya know?

WHEN YOU DID "STICK 'EM UP" IN CONCERT, YOU HAD THE KIDS IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND. NO OTHER BLACK GUY GETS TO DO THAT WITH A WHITE ROCK AUDIENCE...

Heh-heh.

BUT YOU'RE ALSO IN A UNIQUE POSITION AS THE BLACK DJ FOR A WHITE RAP BAND. DO OTHER BROTHERS FRONT ON YOU FOR BEING WITH THE BEASTIE BOYS?

Don't nobody fuck with me, and I don't fuck with nobody. But don't fuck with me. Black rappers who know what time it is, veteran rappers like Chuck D... Run, they know the Beastie Boys is cool. It's the new kids, who don't know that are usually the ones who try to diss. Ya know? [In the background, Cane's wife, Dawn, is scolding him]

CANE: happen to be doing an interview right now—

DAWN: I don't give a fuck!

CANE: That's the wife. She's saying I better have the grill lit by the time she get back.

SO YOU'RE IN ATLANTA NOW BUT YOU RECORDED THE LP IN L.A.

SEEMED LIKE YOU HAD A GOOD TIME IN L.A.

Definitely.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR NEW POSSE?

WHERE ARE THEY FROM?

Locals, they from out here. Hooked up with 'em on the streets of L.A. Some of 'em I met in clubs, others I met through certain people. They all real cool. Coach you know Coach? He and I talk about sports so we caught on real good.

DO YOU WANNA SHOUT OUT?

That's an idea. Coach, Buci, Jello—damn, there's so many.

CORKY NEMEC?

Huh?

YOU KNOW, THE WHITE GUY IN CROSS COLOURS WHO WAS RHYMIN' OUT BACK AT THE LAST PARTY?

Sheet! You saw that? What the fuck? Whatever. He's going for his, but I think my microphone skills are better.

MORE SERIOUSLY, WHAT ABOUT YOUR NEW ALBUM?

It's definitely something I've wanted to do for a long time. As long as I've been rappin' I've never had the opportunity to make my own record. I've always made records to please other people. Davy D's 1987 album? Rapped on that, but rapped for him. Same thing with The Afros. Had to adjust. So with this album—huh! [He laughs]. Show a little microphone skills. The sarge, shit. The hard shit. Ya know?

WHAT'S THE RATIO OF LIVE TO LOOPS?

Bobo plays some congas. Mark plays some keyboards and flute on a couple tracks, the Kid plays guitar on one. Mike D hooked me up with a couple of good ones. DIDN'T MAX HOOK YOU UP?

Max Perlich? THAT LITTLE PRICK! New hat's my man! He played this record for me that was incredible and used it for this track called "The Hurr." You know that's what my album's called, too: *The Hurr*. Actually I made the beat better than it was, but I gave Max credit. Thanks to Max, got hooked up. "Ya know?"

[Said like Sugarfoot from Ohio Players] YEAH I KNOW [laughing]

Ya dig? [laughing] Yo can't find the motherfucking lighter fluid. So when I'll gonna be done with this interview?

JUST ONE MORE QUESTION: WHAT'S UP WITH SHAFTMAN?

On the tour in Australia, the promoter was this guy named Pav, and when we got in his van he was playing it. And it's funnier than hell, so I was like what the fuck is this? And he says "It's *Shaftman*." And I said *Shaftman*? Not *Shaft*? I had to go in soundcheck and Mano was going to the record store, so I told him I had saw the record to get a copy for me. He did, and the cover has his white guy in a lake and cocaine on his nose, with three women laying all around him. So when I was in the studio I said "I'm gonna write a thing *Shaftman*." In the song I'm gonna be pretending to be Shaftman, like *Shaftman* would say even changed the name *Shaftman*. You gotta listen to the whole record, it's some funny shit. I don't know when it came out, but it must have been the *Dolemite*.

OK, OH I UNDERSTAND DAWN IS EXPECTING.

Ya know, any day. A little boy, there's gonna be a little Hurricane running around.

NOW WHAT DOES DAWN THINK OF SHAFTMAN?

She just says I'm crazy, ya know? Or in the words of Shaftman, "I just got my dick sucked and my asshole reamed, what the fuck do you want?"

On September 7th, Hurricane's wife Dawn gave birth to a baby boy. Quasi, Hurricane's second solo album is tentatively scheduled for January '94 release. ✓

EVOLUTION OF A STREET HIGH



1) Circa 1985. Stetson and Adidas warm-up with Run. 2) Circa 1987. Kangol riding cap and Dapper Dan Gucci jacket with Davy D. 3) Circa 1989. Chrome dome with the Afros. 4) Circa 1988. On tour with Orchard Street leather bomber. 5) Circa 1993. The Hurr and 40 checkin' in with Dawn.

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R.D. Bone and Lawrence Hubbard are a couple of black, thirty-something comic book collectors and b-movie aficionados. R.D. has processed hair, chews a toothpick, wears shades at night, and looks like Ted Lange. Lawrence is built like Chubb Rock, sounds like an AM disc jockey, laughs like a king and wears funky acid-wash jeans or Zubaz-Buttafuoco beachcombers. In other words, they're the type of likeable giggling maniacs

you'd expect to be responsible for The Real Deal, the most outrageous comic book to appear in a long time, perhaps ever. The first issue came out in March of 1990 and it was only this past spring that issue #2 finally surfaced. But believe us, it was not only worth the wait, the wait was absolutely necessary because shit like this should come out only so often. For those of you who need a comparison, The Real Deal is like a cross between a Funkadelic album cover and an Iceberg Slim novel. But that's just a comparison. We spoke with Bone and Hubbard, in hopes of finding out what was really going on.

LAWRENCE: Just trying to get distribution is hard as hell. The first issue was real big, and people would say "well, we like it, but it's too big for our racks." That's why we made the second one the size of a Mad magazine, and that obviously worked because we got two distributors now already. It's a trip you know, just bustin' ass on it. Workin' regular jobs and stuff. Cos what's a trip is like, first we tried to get on with the other comic companies like Marvel and D.C. and all that shit and—**GRAND ROYAL: TO DO THEIR SHIT?**

LAWRENCE: Well we tried to put our shit in. Like Marvel had some what was the name of that magazine?

R.D.: They had a title that was like Heavy Metal, and we thought we was gonna fit right in. So we submitted some stuff to them, but they didn't go for it. They liked it! But

LAWRENCE: It's crazy. They give you letters like, "We love your work, sorry we can't use it." And all that crap. They want you to keep kissin' their asses and keep sendin' 'em stuff. Then we said "we're not gettin' anywhere with this, hell, let's do it ourselves. huh-huh." [Lawrence gives one of his classic chuckles]. And so draw, he writes it and it just came together.

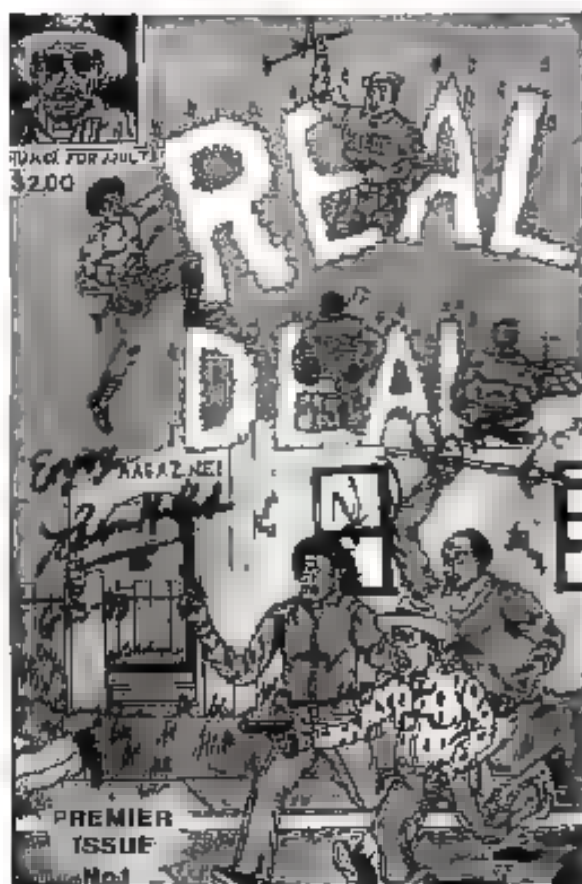
GR: DID YOU GUYS TRY TO LAY SOMETHING THIS HEAVY ON MARVEL?

LAWRENCE: Aw well.

R.D.: Naww!

LAWRENCE: I'd given 'em an "R Team" story cos they had a title that was tryin' to get raw, forgot the name of it. Usually they send you a form letter but they sent me a personal letter saying, "90 percent of the time we send you form letters, but one percent of the time...blah, blah, blah—and you're that one percent!" I remember when I saw the shit fall through the mail slot, with a picture of

AN INTERVIEW WITH **R.D. BONE & LAWRENCE HUBBARD** CREATORS OF **THE REAL DEAL**



and then at the bottom, "Sorry can't use it." HA HA HA Shit! You just have to struggle to get with them. Then after a while they'll get sick of you, and they'll give your title to somebody else. Cos whatever you do for them that's theirs. You could come up with great characters, draw it for 20 years, and they'll say "we're gonna bring this young guy in—get out!" Ha ha ha! And there's nothing you can do about it.

GR: SOUNDS LIKE A REALLY BAD BUSINESS.

LAWRENCE: Yeah, it's rough, real rough. You come up with something you think is good, and you gotta get somebody else and have THEM say it's good, too. Anyway when we came up with it, we both worked at a savings and loan. We used to go down to the basement during lunchtime and one day, I was just sittin' down there and Harold was drawin' what? G.C.?

R.D. G.C.

LAWRENCE: Now what he do is draw the skull first and take it and just flesh it out. Cos like he doesn't really draw but you know, he can get his point across. And you was drawin' G.C. and it was like of some guy standin' on an island in the middle of the street, sellin' fruit. And G.C. ran over the dude with his Cadillac. Ha Ha! And backed up over him! And then G.C.'s woman said, "Gee daddy

you, too, bitch!"

R.D.: Ha Ha!

LAWRENCE: And saw this and

just busted up! Haahahaha!

GR: SO WHAT'S UP WITH THAT?

LAWRENCE: Hahahahahaha!

GR: WHERE DOES G.C. COME FROM? IS HE BASED AT ALL ON, LIKE—

R.D.: have three or four friends, including my own brother that think they know who G.C. is. Actually G.C. is a composite of several people 've known throughout my lifetime. Each one had their good faults you know and their bad faults. The thing is, individually these people are boring. But put 'em all together into G.C., he's an OK guy...

LAWRENCE: Hahahahahaha.

R.D.: I think he's OK. Just don't

piss 'em off. He ain't gonna jack some old woman. You fuck with him, he gets raw with you. And he smokes a motherfucker. Dead. That's OK with me. He's just a composite of several people.

LAWRENCE: He just takes things to that extra level. He won't come to you and fuck with you, but don't get nothin' started with him. We've both known people like that—either they're gonna kill me or I'm gonna kill them and I don't feel like going to jail.

GR: ARE THERE MORAL PARAMETERS YOU SET FOR WHAT G.C. WOULD OR WOULD NOT DO?

R.D.: Yeah, I have to, because the only way you write a good story is if you know your character. So there are certain things G.C. won't do, and if he kept on doing these things, the character wouldn't be real. One day his momma see and would be this and another day he be comin' on he does have parameters.

GR: IN THE FIRST PANEL OF ISSUE #2, HE COMES ACROSS SOME GUY WHO IS BALANCING ON THE RAILING OUTSIDE HIS FRONT DOOR, HIGH ON CRACK.

R.D.: What his motivation is, if he has such a thing: he just got back from the liquor store and didn't want to leave the party in the first place. He don't stock ahead and get 3 million gallons of this and 8 million gallons of the other, goes traipse down, go to the Korean store and he's pissed off walkin' up the steps thinkin' about all his problems. He decides a drug dealer!

LAWRENCE: HA HAHAHAHAAAA.

R.D.: He's got all this competition. Anyway, he sees this young motherfucker balancin' and he knows damn well if the motherfucker falls back this way, everybody's gonna run outside the party and say "What happened?"

LAWRENCE: He'll break up the party.

R.D.: And break up the atmosphere. So he says "fuck this," and goes on about his way!

LAWRENCE: HAHAHAHAHAAAA.

R.D.: He don't care, when the dude hits the ground, whether he's dead or not, he just wants him out of the way.

[In fact, the crack smoker falls two storeys into a junk-filled swimming pool and is impaled. G.C. then enters the party and, with the help of his pals Willie and Ace, kills or maims everyone except G.C.'s "hoe," Pork Butt. After saving Pork Butt's life, G.C. kicks her in the ass and says, "Roll three joints and cook us some breakfast." G.C. is out of food, so he breaks into his Hispanic neighbor's house, kicks the pregnant wife in her stomach and steals all their food. The second to last frame shows the three macks snoring peacefully after breakfast and blunts. The last frame has Pork Butt "gaaahung" into the toilet.]

GR: NOW IS THIS REPRESENTATIVE OF WHERE

"REAL DEAL"® PRESENTS JABBO!

THE "BLIND" PIMP!

SAY WINSTON!
THERES ANOTHER
PIMP IN THERE TRYIN
TO "MACK" YER
BEST "HOE"!

YEAH BABY! ITS ALL
ABOUT BEING ONE OF
JABBOS HOES!



MUTHA FUCKA PLEASE!
WHAT THE HELL WOULD
I DO WITH A BLIND-
ASS "PIMP!"



FIRST, I CAN TEACH
YOU HOW TO RESPECT
A FIRST CLASS
PIMP!



WINSTON WALKS IN!

SAY YOU BLIND
MUTHA-FUCKA! THAT
"HOE" AINT YOURS
TA HIT!



KICKING THAT BITCH'S ASS
IS PART OF THE PROCESS OF
MAKING HER MINE! YER TOO
SOFT ON YOUR HOES! ILL
SHOW YOU HOW TO RUN A
TIGHT STABLE!



JABBO! FOR A
BLIND MUTHA-FUCKA
YOU TALK ALOT OF
SHIT! I'M GONNA HAVE
TO KICK YOUR ASS!!



TO BE CONTINUED

YOU'RE FROM OR WHAT YOU'VE SEEN?

LAWRENCE: Neither of us lives anything like that, but we know a lot of people live in a lot of places like that. R.D., I used to know somebody in an apartment like that. The only difference was, the swimming pool wasn't filled with garbage.

LAWRENCE: HAHAAHAHA. Just exaggerating.

GR: YOU CAN RECOGNIZE THE COURTYARD, THAT KIND OF BUILDING.

R.D.: '60s style. It's on Grammercy actually, off Pico.

LAWRENCE: Yeah, yeah. I've seen thousands of apartments like that. I've also seen empty pools filled with garbage, so just filled it up.

GR: WHEN WE FIRST SAW THE REAL DEAL, WE THOUGHT OF PEDRO SELL'S FUNKADELIC ALBUM COVERS, AND YOU MENTIONED MAD EARLIER. WHAT WERE YOUR INFLUENCES?

LAWRENCE: Oh definitely Mad. I started reading Mad when I was a little kid in the early '60s. What else? Just a lot of cartoons on TV, Warner Bros. and Tex Avery. And I'd read, Marvel, D.C., you know, comics and stuff. Heavy Metal. And just started drawing when I was three. I've always liked wild shit, even when I was a little kid, I used to draw school bus crashes and stuff.

R.D.: (Giggles).

LAWRENCE: And like, remember in the late '60s, when the Black Panther movement was out, they used to have a newspaper? And any time they drew a policeman, it was a pig. They'd have all these things about gunfights, people killing pigs and all that—and just LOVED that stuff. I used to draw big shootouts and stuff. Shit blown up. My favorite thing was car crashes. So always liked drawin' wild shit, and since I started knowin' him, he just like had all the materials I needed.

GR: HOW DID YOU GET INTO THE WILD SHIT?

R.D.: Oh well. I had always read comic books, even had a couple of 10 cent comic books when I was real young. I'd always liked Marvel more so than D.C., and I'd always liked violent movies, people gettin' killed and stuff like that—

LAWRENCE: Mm-hm.

R.D.: I used to keep a collection of articles about people making complete asses out of themselves. Cos the real funny shit is the world. Some guy walks up to a guy with a gun, the one guy tells him to put it down, and gets his head blown off—

LAWRENCE: HAHAAHAHAHA.

R.D.: I personally really love that shit. And the thing is, when we first started tryin' to break into comic books, I went down to San Diego, to a big convention, to sell my stories. So after we got dissed down there, I realized one thing. I said, "No matter how good I draw superheroes, the fact of the matter is, everybody's doin' superheroes—and I'm just another face in the crowd." So then I just created my own universe by saying, ain't nobody gonna do this.

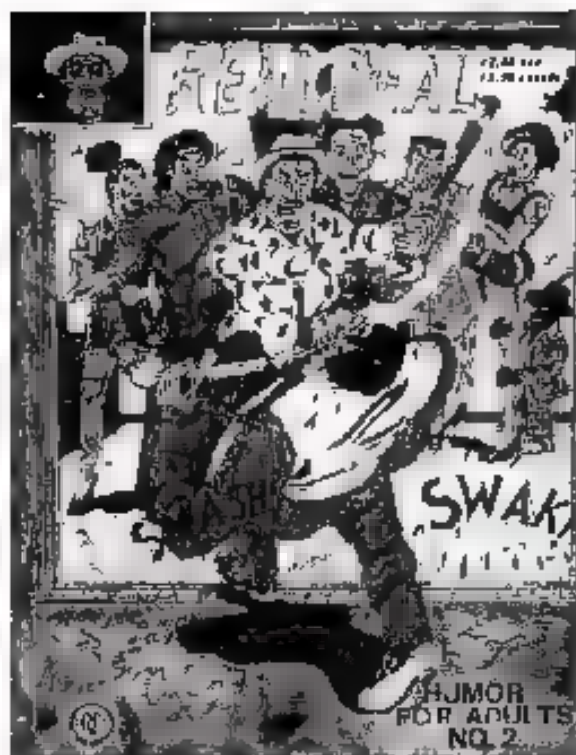
GR: IT SEEMS LIKE THE REAL DEAL CAN BE COMPARED MORE TO A MOVIE SUCH AS MENACE II SOCIETY THAN TO ANY OTHER COMIC BOOK.

R.D.: The thing is, superheroes influence people. Everybody creates their own world.

GR: G.C. IS OBVIOUSLY A SUPERHERO.

R.D.: Well the fact that he can do all the stuff and he never gets killed means he's above the norm. But the thing is, it's not so much that G.C.'s a superhero—but the whole universe I've created. Everybody in his sphere of influence, and who knows him, they all do the same type of thing. Those influences of the Marvel universe allow me to do the Raw universe.

LAWRENCE: Another thing about Real Deal that's a trip is people who don't normally read comics will read it. I've



given it to guys at work, and even people who don't like it—"oooh, this is horrible stuff"—read it all the way through.

GR: WHY DO YOU THINK THAT IS? WE DON'T READ COMICS BUT WE READ THIS AND LAUGH. IS IT WRONG TO LAUGH?

LAWRENCE: Nope, ha-ha!

GR: IS ALSO REAL HEAVY THE ESSAY THAT ACCOMPANIES BOTH ISSUES NOTES THAT THIS IS HOW CRAZY IT CAN GET!

LAWRENCE + R.D.: Yep, hahahahaha!

GR: BUT IT'S ONLY RECENTLY THAT THEY'VE COME OUT WITH BLACK SUPERHEROES. WHY HAS IT TAKEN SO LONG?

LAWRENCE: A lot of times people have it in their mind that they want to work for somebody else. Sometimes you just have to get up and do shit yourself. It was '85 when I got that letter from Marvel. We could still be screwing around here in '83, sending submissions in and waiting for somebody to hook us up. And I think a lot of brothers are probably thinkin' they can get on with Marvel and DC. But then you come in and say you want to do a black this, that or the other. And they might say "well you gotta be doin' Superman, Spiderman and Aquaman. This is what we've had for 30, 40 years—you can have your little black superhero these off to the side but this is the main thing." Just like my job: I work there, they tell me what to do, and I gotta do it 'til shit. If you don't like it you leave. So, finally, it's good to see that they [the guys who do comics like Brotherman] probably sat down and say "hey to the hell with this—the only way we're gonna do this is if we do it ourselves."

GR: BUT WHY THE FUCK HAS IT TAKEN SO LONG?

R.D.: It's like any business, you have to be aware of everything that's around you. You have to know things you don't think necessarily relate to your business. Like with black comics, its distribution. You have to market your own product. Most guys have good intentions. But they're strictly writers or artists—they're not businessmen. If you rely upon the main boys, it's gonna go under just like any other business. Cos 98% of any business goes under after the first two years.

LAWRENCE: You can't just sit back and say "I'm an artist. I'm a writer." We're a case in point: we hired this guy as a distribution consultant, but the two distributors we have—we got those ourselves and he hasn't gotten shit!

R.D.: It's just like the guy who created word processing typewriters. He went to IBM, they didn't want it. So he took it over to Japan and they took it. See, we know this

stuff's good due to one simple fact—and it's nothin' metaphysical—we made xeroxed copies of my stuff, the way I draw and just passed it out to everybody. And said, "would you guys buy this?" Everybody said yeah. We know there's a market out there—but it's that middleman, the retailer and distributor, who has his head stuck in 1969, that can't see the financial possibilities.

LAWRENCE: All it takes is that one. We got this other, what's the name of that other distributor?

R.D.: Raw Comics.

LAWRENCE: Yeah, Raw Comics. We were at a comic convention at the Shrine Auditorium. So Harold walked by the guy's table and gave him the first Real Deal, he looked at it and said, "OK thanks, yeah."

R.D.: gave him the second one first, and then gave him the original one, and that's when he was sold on it.

LAWRENCE: Yeah. He said "woa, you guys put this thing out, huh?" And I said "yeah, we ain't fuckin' around!" HAHAAHAHA.

GR: ACTUALLY THE REAL DEAL IS KINDA LIKE RAW OR FRANK MILLER'S HARD BOILED. WERE YOU GUYS INFLUENCED BY THAT STUFF?

R.D.: Now to tell you the truth, the original title of our magazine was Raw until I found out these other guys in New York did Raw. I've read all the Frank Miller stuff, and I've read Raw, and the thing that infuriates me about these guys is the fact that they try to be raw, but either they're curtailing it on purpose or they don't know what real raw is. See, that's what angers me.

LAWRENCE: They don't take it to that next level.

R.D.: say don't sell people a cheap bill of motherfuckin' goods. If you say you're gonna deliver hardcore, give 'em hardcore. People are frustrated enough as it is. Good example—Wolverine and X-Men. He's supposed to be so hard, he never shredded nobody!

LAWRENCE: HAHAAHAHA! Want to see 'em shredded!

R.D.: That's it. People want the raw. You come home every day, yo bitch is off spendin' money, your boss is a fuckin' asshole, people want an outlet and get angry when they don't get that outlet. So I made it my personal vendetta to give 'em an outlet. After you read this, everything you ever wanted to do, you shoulda got out of your system. If not I can't help you.

LAWRENCE: Just like at my job there's this guy, white guy, 30s, hair coming out, he's like an accountant or something. You know, a quiet guy sitting at his desk all the time. So I gave him a Real Deal, and he started talkin' like GC and stuff. One day I say, "hey, So-n-So, where you goin'?" He said, "Huh—I'm gonna git me one of these bitches to take me out to lunch!"

R.D.: See, what a motherfucker has to understand is yo, political correctness is fine and well, but let's realize one thing: it's a false state of mind. Nobody really wants to be this nice. We all have our personal prejudices. We all want to commit acts of violence just for the hell of it. Fortunately 98 percent of the time we control it. But for those of us who want to see it on TV or in a magazine, on record, you ain't gettin' it anymore!

LAWRENCE: Huh-huh. That's right.

R.D.: Like this last Action Hero bullshit. This motherfucker's runnin' around—"oh yeah, it's raw, it's hard"—but it's some A-Team shit! Don't nobody get blasted, don't no bitches get fucked over, and I'm sayin' "look, people are hostile and they want to see some hostile shit." If more people were doin' shit like us, I guarantee you the murder rate would go down. You said you were surprised you hadn't seen anything like it before—well, you probably won't!

GR: OK, BUT IS THERE ANYBODY IN MUSIC, FILM OR PRINT THAT COMES CLOSE TO WHAT YOU GUYS ARE SHOOTING FOR?

★ This was my first time out as an interviewer. Talk about the shoe being on the other foot! But like the Pharcyde said when I tried to explain this in them, "just ask what you wanna know." I positioned the tape recorder correctly, but I forgot to have each member of the group ID themselves. The guy who says dude all the time is Mani, I think, but otherwise I couldn't match voices with names. This, coupled with their enthusiasm for talking on top o, one another made it just too damn hard to tell who was who (not unlike the way they rap). Plus, I committed another interview faux-pas and let the shit run on forever (not unlike the way we do interviews).

★ Anyway we got together right as the Pharcyde were on their way to becoming nationally known for their radio and video hit, "Passin' Me By" (a personal fave, with its rusted organ loop). This was a fortunate thing, because they had gotten off to a shaky start with their first single, "Ya Mama," and it looked as if their debut LP, *Bizarre Ride II The Pharcyde*, was doomed to become one of those records like *The Jungle Brothers' Dope* or *The Roots' Real Gone Music* — that's just too out there and creative for it's own good.

★ Fortunately in this world the week shit doesn't always win out. *Justice* triumphed occasionally, and this was the case with the Pharcyde. Not that there was any way this group could be held back. From the Fat Albert-meets-Roger Dean stoner cover art to the versatility of the music to the substance of the lyrics — this is one of the few releases of recent years worthy of the title, "album." With cover art that you can look at as long as you listen to the music, *The Pharcyde* longplayer will stand the test of time. Your favorite songs will fade and then you'll move onto the next, in a fashion that classic rock geek Bob Mack would probably liken to listening to a Car LP. Which is to say this is a band that's in it for the long haul.

Mike D: See I guess, I didn't want to do too many of the regular type questions, cause you know I'm sure people — I just know how it is for us. People always ask us the same shit over and over again: "So you guys played your own instruments this time."

— (Low casual) Just ask us what you wanna know

MD: What would be your favorite TV program of all time?

Simpsons.

MD: What about old stuff, growing up?

Good Times.

Sanford and Son.

Jefferson.

MD: Alright, if you could be a character from one of those shows, who would it be?

W: Haha, I was The Mack dude! I had style. I wouldn't wanna be like Raj.

MD: Definitely would not want to be Raj. Now out of anybody, you can even include Monty Hall...

would be Green Lantern, dude.

[Laughter]

MD: Green Lantern?

Yep. But fuck that—I'd be a cartoon character before be somebody on TV. TV's wack! just had to think about this for a minute—I wouldn't be none of them tools, I'd be a cartoon character.

MD: Do you guys even have a TV?

— Used to.

— Hell yeah.

— No I don't have a TV —

I mean we got two TVs at the Manor

MD: Aulus, go lay down...

— He just plays Nintendo all day he's not. OK so that's our feeling on TV, we think TV's bul —

MD: Some of you came up as dancers, right? You were in a Herb Albert video,

or something?

Yep, yep.

High pitched voice: Y.O. was in a lot of other stuff had was way worse than that. I did a K New, that Herb Albert video was alright.

I got props.

— I did a cable show, some song, but I was in a CLOSET! It was like in a closet, the dancers.

[Sarcastic mumble laughter]

— So this section of the interview is the pre-uh...

MD: The pre-blunt.

— Pre-need

[Smoking sounds, satisfied mumbles]

MD: But mmmh, you guys been touring lately?

Some radio stuff here and there.

MD: To me you're one of the few groups out there that has a show. Most groups that put together a record don't necessarily have a show. How'd you get your show together?

Naw, we just been, like before

we used to dance and

there was this era

that we called

"The

Trendy

Days"

where

it was

nothin

but

dance

groups.

And

everybody —

— We just used to bein

on stage, really. That's what it

is. We've been performing on

stage since we was like, you

know

— Since was like 14.

Since was like 14, as far as like

going out to clubs.

— And then, like before we got

signed we was always doing

shows, always.

But The Trendy Days were the

best, I mean, there was like the

Tour de France music, I don't know

how we would call it.

MD: Yeah what records were

playing then?

Tour de France

Cybertron

— guess it would be like techno

now. Kinda, kinda—but not really

But it was funky for shit was.

Woo-yeah.

It was way funky.

MD: It was like the beats were

funkier?

Yeah, they would take regular

records and speed 'em up like two at

a time

MD: When we came from the east

coast and came out here, rap

seemed kind of nervous to us

Pre-KWA, it was just like Egyptian

Lover

Trendy didn't really have nothing to do

with hip hop, trendy wasn't a hip hop

thing. Trendy was mostly like mod, ska.

know what I'm sayin' People dressed

like ska more than anything.

— Like vintage

— People wore creepers 'n shit.

— It was crazy

MD: Yeah?

People got perma.

It was like the '60s mixed with the '50s.

It wasn't like, it wasn't hip hop. Nobody

wore tennis shoes.

(Deep voice) Nope, nobody wore tennis shoes.

It was crazy to wear tennis shoes to a dance.

People who wore tennis shoes were like, you know what I'm sayin'?

Like, like rebels.

Like, aw man, you got on tennis shoes!

The first person I saw wear tennis shoes was

Tauren! And that nigger just like went to New York

a couple times 'n' shit. He was like trying to hip a

lot of people.

— Like the Soul Brothers brought — got to give

'em their props, because the Soul Brothers did

make the east coast-known, kinda, cause

people wasn't jacking east coast a. ALL. Really

it was like a whole different thing. Comin' and

goin' comin' and goin'.

Audio Two, "Top Billin'."

On The Pharcyde Manor:

"It's foul sometimes, like you're going to the bathroom in a gas station."

"We got like, roaches, crickets, moths, rats."

"So it's cool that we have one place, a beats place, a place to pee."

MD: Yeah see that was a big New York thing. Audio Two, "Top Billin'."

— Audio Two De La Soul. Sick stick, rap, I remember listenin' to their songs, dude. at the, uh, at the parade

What parade?

There was just a bunch of trucks, dude, with Nissans. That's back when Nissans use to roll.

MD: So you grew up in L.A.

listenin' to KDAY?

Man-Hmm

— KGF, and KDAY

MD: The only station out now is

Dusty's.

Naw use to listen to KLOS.

No used to listen to KROQ. I used to

listen to KROQ and the Swedish

Eagle. ha ha ha

My dad would get up

every so often, and

that's when I

heard some

CRAZY ASS

MUSIC.

— He would

listen to

KMET?

used to

listen to Duran

Duran

sometimes And

Alligator Woman-type shit.



From left to right: Mike's recorder; Remy, the band's homoboy Suave, Mani, a momentarily well-behaved Rufus, Fat Lip and Tre on the deck at Club D.

POOLSIDE WITH THE PHAR CYDE

the grand royal

interview by mike d

Oh shit... Yo that wasn't lucky.

MD: What's like a regular day in the life of the Pharcyde about?

High (he has hair).
- Rolling a joint, lighting it.
- There hasn't been too much about anything recently because it's just a lot of other stuff you know what I'm saying?

THAT's what it is.
We get high. OK.
We be rollin' in the car now.
- Fresh and then we just have to take care of some business.
We'll have all kinds of company.
But before it was just like we used to just get high, go downstairs.

Dance.
Freestyle, dance,
Rap.
And just rap 'n' shit.

- Write.
- Listen to beats.
Yeah.
- And now we be going to the record company talkin' some bullshit with uh, President.

(group laughs together)
It used to just be on-and-off, dance and rap, all day. And now it's just —
There were the good old days, we

were young bucks.

- There's a total difference now — don't know if it's good, or if it's bad.

MD: So what's up, you guys all still live in the same crib?

- Yo man, what's up?

MD: Rufus! Go take a back seat. Rufus, hey! Come over this way...

Rufus—pickin' on me...

MD: So you still live in the — Rufus! Come on! — Pharcyde Manor. So what's the hardest thing about sharing one place?

- Keeping it clean.

- That's about it. That shit gets dirty. Way dirty.

- It's foul sometimes. It just smells like you're going to the bathroom in a gas station.

We got like roaches, crickets, mollus, rats.

- So it's cool that we just like have one place, dude. We just need to have like a dead place, a place to pee, everybody have one place.

MD: So what's like the main problem if one of you brings home a girl?

- Aw there's no problem with that. NOT a problem.

It's REAL big.

We all have our own space, that we don't even have to interfere like that.

MD: So you're saying there's no problem when you come in and three other

people are hanging out on the couch?

Nope. Nay. We never even —

We don't have any furniture in the house.

We don't have any couch.

- Only in our room.

Ria heh heh heh heh.

- There's only a mirror downstairs and records and DJ equipment and speakers, and then upstairs we have beds.

Yeah the only furniture is the ones that we sleep on.

MD: Alright, out of all the females in the entire world, who would you most want to zone?

In the whole world? In the whole world I don't know dude.

MD: 'Cause there's a song that isn't on the album, where one of you kids was talkin' about bonin' Chilli from T.L.C.

ALL: [Chilli laughs, mumbling] that's L.A. Jay, our producer.

MD: Oh and he's the one who says that rhyme?

ALL: Yeah.

CAN'T SAY DUDE, 'cause... [softly] I got a girl. And I can't print no...

No, but if you could bone anybody in the world—that's just a question, whether you have a girlfriend or not.

- Yo what are you talkin' about? Be a man, own up on you shit.

OK, you're right—let me think... [mumbling] Newt.

There's a lot of gals out there...

New not Janet Jackson!

[With contempt] Janet Jackson, man. Come on!

She's pretty fly.

Not for the whole world.

You said "come on" like she's wack. NOT in the whole world, compared to some women in the whole world.

She's one of 'em!

- She's WACK!

- She's—Naw.

- Man there's some beautiful-ass girls.

—

that could FADE Janet Jackson.

She's a made-up mannequin. She's not shit, she's not shit —

- The shit'll be in Janet's butt.

New, she's a hit but she's not.

I don't know because everytime we see like an actress or an actor, they don't all...

- Yeah they're not what they are.

Yeah, span her and she didn't thrill me, and I was in LOVE with her.

- I would bone uh, I would bone a caucasian woman.

MD: heh-heh.

- And stir up some controversy.

- A big old tilted and a big booty and

— [Laughing] He didn't want that kinda

MD: [Moesa] Oh man...

Troy Beyer's. Hoooh!

That day of the War show, when she wore the dress!

Whewooo [whistles].

Troy, I can't believe YOU can't think of one. There's one you been wantin' to look

Yeah that newscaster! 'member that newscaster he be watchin'?

- Aw you know where yours is.

photos by spike jonze

whoa!

- You know it, uh, HOME girl on that daytime show?

- Mmh Young And The Restless? NO.

- Sally Jesse Agha? Tee-hee-hee

Nope On that classroom show—

Ohhhhh! Saved By The (Indescribable)

- Yeah, that's the one.

- I almost fucked the shit outta that little bitch!

[Eventually The Pharcyde talk about some of their stranger gigs]:

- Yeah we did some crazy shows, we did that show in the Roxbury

- Yeah and it was some Gaulier AIDS thing There was a buncha guys in—

- Drag queens —

Kissing while we was like —

- The WHOLE audience The WHOLE audience!

But they were dancin' and they —

Yop. They was doin'. They was rockin' with the back.

- That's how it went down though, know what I'm sayin'? That shit was crazy.

MD: That's pretty headb...

[Out of nowhere, Tre answers the question: who would you most want to bone?]

Stacy Dash (?)

WOOOOG.

What?

- Stacy Dash.

Nice shen and all that.

- YEAH she is.

And I heard she got skin problems.

- Hoo-hoo-hoo!

HE ew- he-he!

[Laughing, clapping, gasping, coughing]

- That was—

fucked up.

MD: What was the most fucked-up shit that you didn't put on the album?

We'll start off with the most fucked up shit that we put ON the album

We all feel that "Mister Officer" should not have been on the album. It should NOT have been on the album.

MD: [Singing to self] "Please, don't pull me over Mr. Officer please?"

- Yeah

MD: But I like it because it has a sense of reality that people usually don't put on record—

[Conflicting voices].

MD: How many people actually get pulled over and kill someone? The reality of it is: "Just please don't fuck with me."

That was the reality at that time. Our new cut is "Buck Down The Devil Bastard Cops."

[Laughter]

MD: Now what's up with your remixes? I know when people ask us to remix shit it's always kind a weird.

We have no powers. Mike Rose—

- I don't even care—

Yep They own the tapes.

We only own half of our songs

- The "Mexico Mix" and shit,

you know what I'm saying?

Straight from hell, dude.

They put the a cappella

version on the single

That was sloppid.

- Yo man, what's up with you, homey?

MD: Rufus! [Whistles]

You trippin' Rufus!

[Mike's dog Rufus keeps trying to steal

the Pharcyde's mic)

MD: I'd say for me—RUFUS, COME ON!—he's gettin' out of hand.

[To Rufus]. Fuck you. I'll start fuckin' with you!

- He's comin' in my baggeel

- Rufus looks like a kangaroo [Laughs].

- Yeah fuck you!

[TAPE ENDS]

- Fuck that shit, dude! You know why?

Cos I don't give a fuck! And that's how really test, dude! I'm down to do anything. And if that shit works, I'm down to try it again.

MD: How'd you go about doing tracks?

- J. Swift.

MD: He would hook up a track and then you'd just —

And that's how it started. J. used to hook up tracks, he used to make all kinds a shit

MD: To me, the tracks have a style, too

- New. I'm gonna tell you, it's very progressive.

[Gitar HIGH in the studio and just stayin' in there for HOURS!] And just sayin' whatever comes out n' shit. Over some dope ass beats. Blue Light Special.

MD: What do you mean?

If we did some freestylin' and if it was fly it would be a Blue Light Special.

- When he makes the track, he would tailor-make whatever loops we'd bring. He was just constructing in the way our lyrics would go.

- J. Swift is departed now. He's working with the Wascals. We're working with a new guy.

He's not really new. He's been with us for long time

- Yeah he's been knocking to get his props.

Yeah, L.A. Jay.

MD: What's up with the Little Wascals?

And what's up with the guy from that group, Buckwheat, who's on your album, saying the rhyme about jerking off in the bathroom? What's up with that?

[Laughter]

Oh man, niggers jacked off n' shit

n' high school he used to try to pretend like he gonna jack off, know what I'm sayin'?

MD: That's why I like your record. It's the reality aspect. People try to act like, "that isn't my reality." They just want to make gangster records all day long. But that is a certain aspect of reality you [Suppressed

the "slim k'd" hardson



derrick "fat lip" stewart

giggles)

MD: — You know what I mean? There's a whole OTHER side. What's really goin' on?

[Laughter]

MD: For the Pharcyde, what's the Biggest Beef right now?

- MTV and the radio

Yo I hate engineers, dude. They'll fuck up your vibe.

- u. Swift.

- He was just too involved and got chased out of town

J. Swift was a hated man for a while in Hollywood. Nobody wanted to work with him.

We went to Paramount, and he was like: "I hate all a yal!" [Laughing].

u. Swift is

just, he's just a crazy guy.

[Mumbling].

BUT that's neither here nor there. let's talk about Reggie. Reggie Andrews. A. GU. in Inglewood. That boy used to shit before all this!

MD: Before The Trendy Days?

NO!

MD: After the Trendy Days?

Post post-Trendy pre-Dollfus Vinyl.

MD: Now I still don't quite understand what the Trendy Days were...With the creepers?

- Tuxedos, too.

- It was just some shit we was sucked into at a young age

MD: See I've never even seen that scene anywhere. What years are we talking about?

- 84 to 88.

It was more like '83...to... 87

Now! '88. In '88 it was still goin' on.

No. In '88 it was dyin' out.

MD: See I didn't even know anything about this scene

- It don't think I was that big.

It was like the little girls

was girls.

was small but it was like...you know what I'm saying?

It meant a 'ol

Cos back in high school you had your athletes and then you had

Dancers

- Gangsters—

"All of us went through The Young Executive Stage."

"Community college was the shit!"

"I call it Mr. Friday Night 'cos you was always riding down the street, your shirt open, in your black Sentra with a fake antennae on the back, bumpin' some Guy!"

mani w lcox

romye robinson

four school people, your average everyday
fresh, you had your athletes, bandies, and athletes
— that's what they used to say
And we were all trendies.

Trendies was like the people who was dyeing
their hair.

MD: What was the single most influential hip
hop record?

Kana for me.
• Since record, couldn't even say it was just a
2Pac era

• He's a toughie. Quest dude. When first
came Quest and De La

MD: Alright, which old school rapper?

There's so many I could never say I had a
favorite, never really liked Lu, but I admire him,
do know what I'm sayin? He's dope!! Or
understand why some people think he's dope.
Personally, used to like to listen to
Pac, thought Rakim was everything. I
thought he was super-dope.

MD: Yeah when "Eric B For President"
came out, that blew everything apart.

That was the shit.

MD: Alright if you could get away with any
single crime, what would it be?

• I would rob Las Vegas, nigger! I
would get about two million at each hotel,
nigger, and go up! No, why wouldn't I go for
the just... and make it 10 hotels, nigger
and make it 20 hotels, nigger
and make it 30 hotels, nigger

and make it 40 hotels, nigger

government secret files. Some files that know
that they have against me. don't know I think
they have some files against me. Secret files that
they have about...[yells] THE PEOPLE IN
GENERAL I'm sorry just keep going on.
[Laughter at the notion of secret files on the
Pharcyde]

I'd do something to the Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders.
Not some of em.

That's kinda crazy, boy [giggles].
With a motherfucker's steak knife!

• He's pullin' all the stops.
Hardcore, straight up.

[Giggles].

• It shit

I would just throw bricks at old ladies. [Giggles] From roof
tops!

MD: Alright, if you had a question you could ask other
members of the group, what would it be?

Damn I never thought of that, that's a crazy ass question!
[They decide not to answer this question and talk about
their DJs instead.]

We needed a DJ, and was gonna have this guy named Big
Boy, who's a security guard, right? And he was like nigg,
know somebody else that can fill the job

Then he came in the rain and brought his bag, it shik.
[Woo-hoo-hoo!]

He brought his turntables over in a bag and a couple of
records and... CRASHED! Then he said, "I'll come back
tomorrow. And then the next day he came he just started
sleeping on the couch again.

• AND I'll take the story over from here. We went on a promotional

tour—

MD: Now wait, this is the kid that's your DJ now?

• [Mm-hmm] We let him and Smooth stay in the house, and
when we came back, it was... fucked... up To the max. Like
we never ever seen it before.

MD: Why, what happened?

• It was half way clean by the time we got back, but it was still
fucked up. Take it over from here

• Maggots in the pan, in my noodles and shit. In Ianan's room
and shit. Old fish in the kitchen — it was terrible.
Grease and rats and slime and grotesque!

MD: So he's still your DJ like when you tour?

Yeah.

Yeah that's another thing: L.A. Jay was a Trendy DJ

MD: OK so after The Trendy Days what came next?

It got real heavy. It was like people would go to a concert and
then to Hollywood Live. It was crazy, like Slick Rick was
coming out here to perform.

The Peel Roseanne

K-Dan

SPIKE: [To Mike] Get more beefs.

MD: Actually, yeah, y'all didn't have that many beefs,
except for the recording engineer. I beef about shit all
day long.

Oh we got the beef, man

Mike Rose—

• got beef with cars and buses, I'll be tryin' to jog n' shit, and
then like a gang of smog'll come rollin' in my face

[Laughter]

MD: Alright, what was your favorite old school outfit?

Ah nigger, used to wear motherfuckerin' Gucci
sweatshirts with a Turkish robe. That was like doing the
fresh vest. That's all I remember having a Gucci
sweatshirt. thought was the hippest. Had on one of
them, uh, golden shower hats — and my curl hangin'
out. was in there! Had a bomber jacket on

Now could never say that I dressed like a b-boy hip
hop. Cos used to go through this, I was on ass
[giggles] ass-onia other shit. In high school I used to read
through The Preppy Handbook. And they used to tell
you how to dress and everything, like things you
couldn't do. I used to wear preppy clothes. I used to
wear Argyle vests

We used to wear our pants like, like this. [Puts up
pants like knickers] Word up, dude. We used to wear
our pants real high

MD: You CANNOT be being serious right now!

• NO! Whatch you mean?

Hel yeah!

• We jumped through so many phases. It was hip hop
phases. Trendy phases. Then you had your Aaron Hall
imprisonations. Then you had your Sloppy Spade, hip hop
bums. You remember the hip hop bums?

House Burns!

It was just all kind a shit we went through!

• Relax n' your hair, blonde n' your hair, green n' your
hair, blue n' your hair, bald n' your hair!
Blue contacts! Everybody used to wear blue contacts!
And then all of us went through The Young Executive
Suite, when we didn't even want to be like that. We
wanted to be like the clean cut party guy. Have a job.
Community college was the skill

Mr. Friday Night I call 4 Mr. Friday Night cos you was
always paid, you were riding down the street with the
windows rolled down, with the music blastin' and your
shirt open, man, in your black Sentra with a lake
antennae on the back, with some bumpin' sounds,
bumpin' some Goyl loud. With the windows half
rolled down! With your elastic cuffs and your
Kincalda on, rollin' down Crenshaw

Johnny Kemp, yeah, but that wasn't a hit, so he
ain't shit.

• Where is he now?

His wife made that song.

MD: Yeah he came out and then fell off

That shit was a jam, though. That's a historical
jam. You can still play that shit and people get
hyped as a motherfucker!

MD: So during that time did you have to

work day jobs, or
what?

• Hell yeah, we all
worked at the mall,
used to work at Taco
Bell, then worked at
Sears, for a little while,
sellin' uh towels, then —
Yo you ain't never sellin'
nobody nothin'?

MD: What was your
absolute worst job?

• My worst job was
Wendy's. I hate workin' at
food places.

• They let 'em know what
you used to do so people
can be aware —

used to fuck up, man.
Fuck the system!

We used to throw meat
parties on the ground and
then spit on 'em.

My worst job was at this
place called Mercy Navo. It
was a motherfuckerin' drug
rehabilitation place. I had to
clean the floors —

[Giggles from others]

I had to wash the dishes and
shit.

• Man, working for The Man,
anything is a bad job, don't
even matter what it is. That's
why if we don't sell no records
n' shit, I'm never gonna get a
job [Laughter]. I don't give a
fuck. I'll just survive, somehow.
I'm not gonna get THAT kinda
job. I'll do somethin'

MD: Alright so what's the plan
now with the record? heard
they re-serviced it and
everything?

• It's raisin' to the, um,
somewhere.

Sometimes I'm kinda glad
because I didn't wanna come out
with "Passing Me By" first. It would
have been like we were comin'
from PM Dawn.

It was kinda cool cos people got
"Your

[TAPE CUTS OFF]

MD: Alright does everybody wanna
say their voice?

"Slim Kid."

"Fat Lip."

"I-MAN."

"Romye."

MD: Alright. I'll try to get everything
right but hey yeah I think asked at
my shit.

• Rakim

• That nigger Man, your dog is killing
me!

put the record down my pants and
the —

• Dog'll be goin' anywhere to get some!
[Laughter] ✓



COMICS PAGE

read



BORG, ALWAYS ON THE CUTTING EDGE, TURNED THE FASHION WORLD UPSIDE DOWN WHEN HE WORE HIS PETTED BRAIN CASE TO THE BIG TO DO MAKING A MOCKERY OF CONTEMPORARY CASES THAT WOULD NOT BE IN VOUGE THAT SPRING.

ione skye

he hated it but he watched



"HEY MAN, SMELL MY FINGER!"

George Clinton rasps. "That's gonna be the name of my new album, so get a whiff of it." Three years in the making, George's first disc since *The Cinderella Theory* is ready to drop.

"I don't want to go off on this 'cause I'll see in [the future]," says the 52-year-old former band leader. "But the politics of the industry, and sometimes people want to keep you down. So the album was shelved for a while, but finally Barry Gordy [son of Motown's Berry Gordy] recruited to Paisley Park, and one of the things he insisted on working was my project over any others. So they listened up. Plus we came up with some new tracks and got Hampton at his height, doing 'You and Rhythm.' We got YoYo, Cube, Dre PE, MC Breed, the Peppers, Herbie Hancock, and of course Bernie [Whitely] and Bootsy. The whole P. So how could they say no?"

In addition, George hit the road for nearly a year playing a crazy number of times per week. "Once we took the P on the road, you couldn't stop us. They thought you could supply cars if the dollars are good, but they would kill off the P. But once we hit the road, they couldn't cut off the dollars anymore."

Clinton and his entire crew also came a long way with the Hudlin Brothers (of *House Party*, fame). "It looks like they spent \$10,000 on it," he boasts. "The track's called 'Paint The White House Black' and the message is, let's paint the White House black, brown, pink, anything—you can even change it back to white eventually—but for now, let's change it. The video ends with President Clinton and his wife dancing to the ending is full of hope. It's just got a subtle message, nothing too deep."

When the Hudlin Brothers were younger, they were inspired to make films by such theatrical Clinton projects as the Mothership tour. Nowadays the siblings are working on a sci-fi extravaganza called *P-Funk*, which is actually based on the Mothership, and which is being described in Hollywood speak as a "global Footloose." The project is up in the air (literally "in development" over at Tri-Star), and there's some question as to who's entitled to soundtrack rights. "I didn't want to be involved unless I could keep the rights to my own music, but the studio was insisting that they keep 'em. Can you dig that? Even so, George says "we hope to get the movie out by the end of the year or time for Christmas. It'll be like a *Star Wars* epic."

Then again, George is also planning to simply take the Mothership back on the road again. "We hope to do Mothership shows by the end of this year or early '94. I'm gonna tour with a regular show and raise enough money to bring it back." Meanwhile, "Paint The White House Black" hit stores in September, and the awesome *Hey Man, Smell My Finger* album is scheduled in October. Clinton's so busy that he turned down a chance to be on the new Robert Townsend TV show. "I'm too lazy to act," he claims. "I act enough anyway, just acting the fool."

Fortunately George finds time to indulge in one of his favorite pastimes: doodling. Though "it all looks brown and grey" to the colorblind Clinton, this doesn't prevent him from drawing all manner of spaceships, dogs, rainbows, and psychedelia in colors. As happens, George's tour manager, Denise Ciccol, was nice enough to let us reprint (on the following spread) Clinton's portraits of a

ATOMIC DOGMA

What's Up With George Clinton

By Marisa Fox

poodle to a

prince's hat, and the U.S.

Customs Coast Guard dog (which you'll hear more about in a sec)

Needless to say, you can't find it or that

Perhaps the fruition of George's forthcoming projects promises to be a conceptual turn called *Dope Dogs*. "You know the watchdog who takes a bite out of crime? Well, this is about that rare dog," George explains. "And I'll have a lot of dogs. We're taking seven dogs in total: U.S. Customs and Coast Guard dogs, one from the DPA, the FBI, the police and from laboratories where drugs are tested. Dogs who dope beats and dope rhymes, and those dogs who are simply dope on dope, plus dogs who sniff out dope. All these dogs are working undercover. And if you replace people with dogs, you can say anything."

Don't look for this canine-conspiracy record on Paisley Park, however, because George wants to put it out on his own, new label. One Nation Records' *Dope Dogs* will be the label's first release, to be followed by a live album of the classic mid-'70s Mothership shows (prior quality bootlegs have been circulating for years). "I recorded our Howard University shows on 24 tracks. So the music's real clear. There are so many bad bootlegs around. Now people can hear the real P."

And this fan people will hopefully get to see the real P as well. "It's the whole P reunion again," promises George. In fact, Bernie and Bootsy recently opened for George in Japan and all three are slated to actually play together when and if the Mothership ever gets off the ground. Does this mean Bootsy's finally gotten over his fear of flying? "He's working on it."

Of course the one P-Funk member who won't make the reunion is the late, great Eddie Hazel, who died last December of complications arising from liver failure at the age of 42. "Eddie was a baby when he first came to the Mothership," recalls George, who began the Parliament 35 years ago as a doo-wop group at his Uptown Tonsorial Parlor in Newark. "His mother used to bring him in and tell me that his kid of hers was gifted right from the start. And she was right! He was the kind of guy who was loved by all—by women, by guys, by mothers and fathers. It's hard for me to pinpoint, because so many things remind me of Eddie. Jimi Hendrix didn't have anything over him. In fact, I told him a few years ago that I never fully realized just how altered he was until we were doing P-Funk. I should have highlighted him more. He made P-Funk psychedelic. He was just about the best guitarist ever heard. He will always be with us."



Original artwork by **George Clinton**
brought to you exclusively by
Grand Royal Magazine



THE GREAT



CONSPIRACY

Yuppie Conqueror Hugh Gallagher

Offers His Unique Version of Clothing History

W

e've all seen Gap ads around town and in the mags, where it's much more than that. The Gap is not just a clothing line. With its vast interests in other, equally execrable clothing conglomerates such as Banana Republic, the Gap is nothing less than... a front for global domination.

In these turbulent times, the government is desperately searching for some type of popular movement in order to protect their vested clothing interests. If you control the way a person dresses, you control their minds. If you control the go hard and hard with some tough and this, the Gap Gap clothes have a minimalist style, basic colors, conservative cut, pants, sappy sweaters, some "casual" "basic" white t-shirts and maybe if we're lucky, a horizontal stripe, or two. These clothes promote a straight, white, male lifestyle, which is just what THEY want to be.

The GAP is a present day movement. The secret clothing society has existed throughout modern history, controlling an international flow of money, arms, drugs and clothing, a cult of powerful men who think that they are the ones who have the right to dress the planet. In fact, we can trace our artifice back to World War II...

Hitler, for example, was outfitted by the same type of people who run the Gap. When do you think the Nazis from their depressed, ravaged, pre-war common life got the money for their military armaments? It was channeled directly from Germany's corporate banking accounts by clothing kingpins in the United States. New uniforms and military armaments trade and the means to war, which in turn got America out of a crushing depression and established us as a world power.

The funding for WWII came primarily from Brown Brothers' Harborside, a megacorporation. Brown Bros. was a multi-branch evolve into one of the leading companies that at one time probably held a major interest in the Gap. Indeed, the hat as their main method of clothing control. Hats are a super luxury clothing item. They are the needs of the elite. But they serve a much larger purpose in the control of the population. Men and women who wear hats, thereby eliminating sexual individuals and putting them into a neutral, non-sexual, non-gendered state. Hats also have a psychological effect. They have a lowering self-esteem. Those who rebelled against "hat head" were forced to do so with hat, creating a new and the Brown Brothers' Harborside just happened to have a monopoly on the hat. The products produced at the time. It was socially unacceptable for women to wear fedoras, which was part of the secret. Hatless women were kept in their place and made to feel inferior. And of course, hats were a way of being used, either for self-defense, so the clothing industry was generating a tremendous inflow of cash from the sale of hats. The Gap, Banana Republic, even NFFD. The president's foreign policy is based on business, and high ranking military officials were part of an OH

Brown Network that centered around clothing. Their families all held stock in Brown Brothers' Harborside, and these Brownies moved from the clothing business into government office and back again into the rag trade, all the while crossing political and laws which conveniently furthered their plots of global clothing domination and financial gain.

Into this sinister scheme walked JFK, the first one to stand up to these clothing conspirators. He was a very stylish man, and when the Old Boys tried to initiate the young Senator into the fold, he defied them. He had no illusions about the assassination of Kennedy. It was a plot perpetrated and carried out by The Gap. The reason? He didn't wear a hat. At his inauguration, he stood in front of the entire country, his hair blowing gloriously in the wind, waving in a new era of social integration, harmony, and full bodied, manageable hair. Thanks to Kennedy, we got rid of the hat. Unfortunately, he would later die for it.

The evidence is undeniable. Look at Oswald, The Gap's fall guy. Is it a coincidence that he was one of the most horribly dressed assassins to ever train a cross sight? You've seen the pictures of him, wearing a ratty blue V-neck sweater as the Dallas police lead him to the stadium. He was later shot dead by Jack Ruby, who of course was wearing a hat. All of these little pieces fall into place. There is no such thing as coincidence.

And during the 1960s, civil rights movements and student uprisings began posing a serious threat to the clothing conspirators' power. As the black community became more vocal and stood up to oppression in America, white college students became involved. From this mix came along with the music, art, work and life style that fueled the movement, a new style of style developed. Look at photos of the early 60s. Young men with sunglasses and sideburns, women in patterned mini skirts and tank tops. The protests became widespread riots, unrest and civil disobedience occurred throughout the country, and finally, youth discarded the restrictive patriarchal square clothing of the fifties and entered the 60s. Of course, I was right at the time that assassination. The downers, the people like Bruce Lee. Then a different kind of flow of drugs poured into the country, pot, heroin, cocaine, LSD, uppers, downers. These drugs changed the mind and the Gap knew what the drugs would do when they dropped them. Young people got hooked, intoxicated and spaced out on all the drugs, and the movement became fragmented, disorganized, and the Brown Brothers' Harborside biggest setback occurred in the clothing, the development of bell-bottom pants. No one looks good in these ridiculous pants. NO ONE. And when the rest

of America saw these drugged up young kids walking around in peace beads and bell bottoms, the revolutionary movement was over. The kids who didn't do drugs were shipped off to Vietnam. They put them in a uniform, shaved their heads, put a gun in their hands and sent them out into the jungle to frag each other, figuring by the time Charlie was through with them, they wouldn't care too much about their wardrobe. And it worked. The kids shut up, the revolution was disbanded and we slid through the '70s into the '80s.

And here we are in the '90s, recession in America, depression in the rest of the world. The nation states have eroded, and as we slide into this new era, economic and ideological instability engulfs the planet. In addition, while we rollerblade around in our Studs, The Gap is strengthening its stranglehold. As smaller clothing outlets go broke, The Gap swoops in and buys them out. Then, through several puppet corporate fronts, they are buying out all aspects of the clothing trade—the textile manufacturers, the designers, the raw materials that go into the clothing, plastics, metals, shipping corporations, factory outlets. And when they have all of that under their control, they will expand into the ownership of pharmaceutical corporations, medical facilities, military contractors, automobile industries, communications networks, electronics and computer manufacturers, as well as the producers and distributors of foodstuffs. At which point, small wars and skirmishes will be waged in poor households, different parts of the world. Then control will get tighter and tighter, our clothing tag will be completely disappear and by the year 2010-2020 if we are lucky, there will be a most six outfits in the entire world.

You say that's crazy, that it can't happen here, but it is already happening here. Indeed, the first steps have already been taken, but America is so fat and complacent that we don't even see. The laws are already written, executive orders passed by Reagan which let the CIA operate legally in domestic soil. The CIA can walk into your house, open your closet, and replace all of your cool clothes with Gap junk—L. A. C. A. L. Y. Laws passed under Nixon allow the use of military bases and boot camps for the detention and rehabilitation of citizens, which also is a perfect fit now. As this decade progresses, they are going to need more places to lock up the troublemakers, because they are going to begin running us up, shaving our heads, and putting us in prison uniforms in record numbers. Anyone who shows the slightest sense of flare or style will be thrown in a prison and boot camp, where their taste will be beaten out of them. When they return to the community, they will be good little citizens.

who wear good little Gap ensembles,

For those of us whose sense of style is too hard to break, they'll kill us. The Omnibus Crime Bill contains fifty new counts that will be enforced with capital punishment, FIFTY. Some of these laws are kind of strange, if you think about it. Like capital punishment for anyone caught running guerrilla clothing outlets, black market fabric trading, and/or instigation of revolutionary fashions. Do you get the feeling that they're preparing for some sort of backlash? Another FOURTEEN infractions carrying the punishment of death are vaguely written clothing offenses, with very tacky wording like: "what the president deems to be good style..." and "accessories which might possibly be conceived as clashing components." In other words, legislative loopholes big enough for the President to drive a Winnebago through with his eyes closed. OH QUAAALUDES! Combine this with provisions in the same bill that nullify the appeals process for death row inmates, and what we are going to have as we roll into the New World Order is an elimination of the stylish members of our population in record numbers. And, it will all be done LEGALLY. Naturally they are already carrying this plan out.

Why do you think blacks are consigned to their ghetto jails, induced to kill each other, and relentlessly portrayed in the media as The Enemy? Because the black community is the best dressed group of people in the country. Sure Russell Simmons shops at The Gap, but otherwise blacks have a tremendous sense of style that is a direct threat to The Gap. Consequently as record numbers of white kids began buying suede sneakers which were named for a black basketball star of the 1970s—and started snatching up any other bits of funky clothing—the Old Boys had no other choice but to start killing off such stylish black trendsetters as Willy Smith and Jean Michel Basquiat.

The gay community is another notoriously well dressed group in our country. I don't want to offend many people by saying this, but They are not going to do anything about AIDS, because They look at it as population control. There will be no mad rash for a cure, medication will be kept out of the hands of the sick, and by the year 2000, thousands and thousands of some of the best dressed people in our country will be dead.

The time to act is now. The longer we hesitate from taking radical action, the more time They have to undermine our freedom. Racism, sexism, homophobia, and our general lack of harmony does Their job for them. We are so caught up in arguments about abortion, gun rights and political correctness, poisoning fingers and yelling at each other, that we are missing the Big Picture. The Gap must be defied. We must, like Ricky Powell, wear clashing components, and one step further, we must be clashing components. Because once they tell us how to dress, they will tell us how to think, how to have sex, what to read, what to watch, what music to listen to, and what to think. And don't wait for the government to throw a pair of Gap pants in your face and say "Wear these, sucker!", because by then it'll be too late.

So remember, time is of the essence. We must all unite now to destroy The Gap.

P.S. I don't really believe the Gap killed Kennedy. That's what we call satire; laugh it up. But the fact that America is dressed like shit is no joke. This piece was inspired by the ideas of Craig Hatler, a contemporary political analyst. His office, KC and Associates, can be contacted at P.O. Box 710, Amanda Park, WA 98526, (206) 288-2652. A very interesting group.

FILLING IN THE GAPS

Talking More Paranoid Conspiracy Trash About Your Friendly Neighborhood Denim Vendor. By Art Club 2000

Believe it or not, Hugh Gallagher is not alone. Seven students from Manhattan's Cooper Union school are also on a crazy mission to goof The Gap. It all started when the students, who call themselves Art Club 2000, ran a fake Gap ad in the Summer, 1993 issue of Artforum International to promote their show "Commingle," which was being held at the American Fine Arts Company in SoHo. Among other things, the Commingle exhibit offered gallery goers an opportunity to pose in their own joke Gap ad and though he should end on August 20th, the exhibit is still up and this serves as a reminder. Of course The Gap threatened to sue American Fine Arts Co. for copyright infringement but the matter was then Art Club 2000 decided to quit running the fake ads. Art Club 2000 did not, however, agree to quit dogging the gigantic clothiers and the following is an essay by the group about their other thoughts on The Gap.

In our exhibition, "Commingle," Art Club 2000 focused on an investigation of The Gap. In many of our group photos we wear matching costumes which were generously supplied to us by The Gap's "no-hassle" return policy. After a long day of photo shoots throughout Manhattan, one lucky group member would bring back seven matching, sweaty Gap ensembles with the simple explanation "I decided I didn't like these any more." The Gap was less accommodating when we attempted to do some recent vintage photography of their merchandising techniques, architectural detailing, and dressing rooms. In one occasion an Art Club member was physically pushed out of the store by a security guard while other group members ran for their lives.

As our relationship with The Gap continued, we began to feel the need for a closer look into the inner workings of this institution. Several Art Club 2000 members applied for jobs at local branches. The Gap didn't even send us the customary "no thank you" letters.

In our frustration, we decided to look through The Gap's trash. The first night at The Gap on St. Mark's Place in New York's trendy East Village, we found innumerable office memos, employee evaluation forms, job applications, the telephone numbers of all the employees, a pair of old Gap jeans, and sixteen dollars in cash. This fueled an intensive search over the next three weeks which involved going to almost every Gap, Baby Gap, Gap Kids and Gap Shoes location in Manhattan. Missions were conducted between midnight and 3:00 a.m. in a pick-up



truck with some members sorting through garbage on location, while others catalogued and organized the materials in the back of the truck according to store location, number and date found.

The materials collected in these expeditions were a vital source of information in the production of our exhibition, and gave us all a greater insight into the inner workings of this megakorporate. Amongst endless sacks of paperwork and packing materials, which The Gap apparently does not recycle, we found: a Bobar statue, a Will up Gibson novel, two unopened letters from The Gay Men's Health Crisis, inter-office memos discussing suspicious phone calls, The Gap's employee handbook, employee payrolls, chains, broken hangers, countless shoe boxes, pairs of broken anti-theft devices, even a dirty diaper. By looking at the trash, we learned the meaning of the "GAP A.C.T."—the dangers of getting bogged down in tasks, the methods used to prevent employee theft which include managers checking all garments in the trash before being dumped, what it means to prevent store "shrinkage," and why the firing room is a great place to see. This information practically constrains a new language, which all the Gap employees use to communicate.

Much of this kind of significant garbage has yet to be thoroughly examined, and the thought that every Gap store is state is producing more and more of it every day haggles the garbologist's hypersensitive mind. The information in all these clear bags holds the promise of filling in the gaps in our understanding of the store that's becoming a bigger and bigger part of all of our lives. Coming to a convenient corner location nearer to you than you think, The Gap.

Intrigued by Art Club 2000's obsession, we asked one of the group's members, Daniel McDonald, what was up.

Daniel: We found this one thing that managers write to the next shift of managers—you have to write what happened that day. And there was this piece of paper with "Gap Rap" or the rap of it. One of the managers had written down who had come in that day who was serious. And it said "Larry Fishback" and then they dismissed out "honest" and written "burne." Plus it said "Regis Philbin and wife" and what they had bought.

GR: WHAT STORE WAS THIS?

I think this was the store on St. Mark's.

WOW, REGIS PHILBIN ON ST. MARK'S. I THINK THAT SAYS IT ALL. WHAT IS IT THAT YOU FIND MOST OBJECTIONABLE ABOUT THE GAP?

I don't actually object to The Gap, but I'm interested and concerned with the omnipresence of The Gap and how invisible they are. Even though they're everywhere and you always see the stores, there's kind of an invisibility of The Gap. You can wear The Gap without really noticing you're wearing it. It's not really against what they're doing, I think it's part of the development of a sort of totalitarian capitalism. And a lot of companies are imitating their corporate structure after The Gap—the conspiracy techniques, the language they use with employees, I think the most interesting thing about The Gap is that fashion is used as a way to transform you. But The Gap promises not to transform you. That's what they're going to do is let you shine through.

DO YOU OWN SOME GAP CLOTHES?

Oh yeah, everybody. There would be times when we would be in meetings, discussing this stuff, and we'd look around and everyone would have some fucking thing from The Gap on.



PAL JOEY!

Yo, Do The Buttafuoco...

...And at the same time check the very affordable back to school wear...



◀ "I'll Wrap Your Fuckin' Head In With A Ratchet!"

Joey irons out the details of his latest deal in trousers that never need ironing: pink, purple, blue, green, brown and black California Classic, U.S.A. sport pants, made of 60 percent polyester and 40 percent cotton, with elastic waist and anklets. Black 60/40 tank top with lime green and red "480 Wild Horses" insignia by Signa, for \$4.88 available at K Mart. Wraparound shades with green fluorescent siding by Ferrari. Black faux-Roman "Explorers" sandals with blue, black and green velcro straps made in China with all man-made material by Bimberst.



▲ First And Ten

Come game day, Joey's bookie, Danno, is up and at 'em for an early morning tailgate at the Meadowlands. You can't see it, but that sky blue stone-wash jean jacket has an authentic "Save The Planet" Hard Rock Cafe of Boston insignia embroidered on the back! The 98 percent cotton, two percent polyurethane green stone-wash stretch slax with elastic waist and pleat lining are part of the "New York, Los Angeles and Fashion Venice" line from Studebaker of Hong Kong, available at Wings of Manhattan on Broadway for \$39.98. Capez o' knock-offs by Pay-Less. Black eye by Joey.

▶ Live In Large

In between shifts, Joey relaxes with his young friend Amy at the "Jacuzzi." Her pink windbreaker by Zany of Hong Kong has a 100 percent nylon shell, 100 percent nylon lining and 100 percent nylon sleeves, black trim, a yellow flap concealing the kangaroo pouch and unique zipper up the right side, from waist to armpit, for easy entry and exit. Pre-Ten and Pre-Worn stone wash skirt by Qui Jeans, peach sandals by Slide-Lite. His black and white, shrinkage controlled faux leopard skin pretzel nugget bikini briefs by Hang Ten for \$8.96 a five-pack. King Size Can of Lite Beer by Miller Brewing Company.

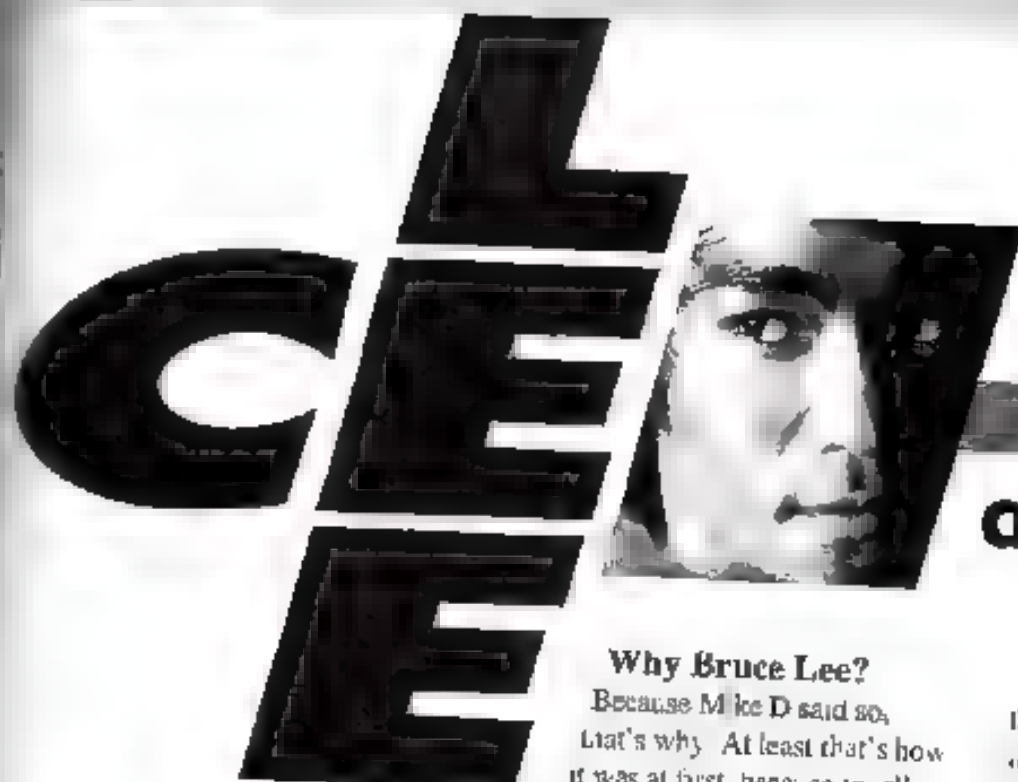




BRU

November 27, 1940. Born, San Francisco. Technically his name is Lee Jun Fan ("to go back"), but renamed Bruce by nurse. Eventually will acquire the nicknames "Little Dragon" and "Never Sits Still."

1941, San Francisco: Appears in first film, age two months. A sickly child, he's dressed as girl to fool evil scents.



still dope after

by Bob Maerz

all these years

Why Bruce Lee?

Because Mike D said so. That's why. At least that's how it was at first, because to tell you the truth I had no idea why Mike was so keen to put Bruce

on the cover of the first issue. It certainly wasn't because any of us are into the martial arts. Maybe it was because Grandmaster Flash took his name from a Bruce Nicks, or because Lee Perry had a picture of Bruce adorning his mixing board at Black Ark Studios. At any rate I didn't have any better ideas, and Keyboard Money Mark said he was friends with a friend of Bruce's son, Brandon. So I figured if I re-read Marc Jacobson's famous *Village Voice* article "Paranoid Notes On The Strange Death of Bruce Lee" we'd be off to the races.

Next thing I know Brandon was dead, other writers were telling me the story was cursed and Mike was thinking of dropping the idea altogether because there was also a Bruce movie and it'd be out soon.

No way I said. The movie, I believe, I don't know, haven't seen it and he didn't die wack. It was written by former *Evening* columnist Bruce Thomas and has been delayed indefinitely by St. Martin's Press. And besides, by then I'd figured out why Mike wanted Bruce on the cover in the first place: *Bruce Lee is on the cover because Bruce Lee is dope*.

And the dopey thing about him is or was his sense of style.

Bruce Lee was not just a movie star, he was a Star. That's why it took until this year for him to be awarded one up the Hollywood Walk of Fame. He said his style was "no style" and while that's true it's also misleading. He had more sheer style with a capital S than anyone since Jimmy Dean or Marilyn.

Consequently he was compared to many other stars. To one critic he was the Sean Connery of the East, and to another he was "the first great physical star since Burt Lancaster's swashbuckling period." Still another claimed that he leaped and pirouetted with the agility of a Barabashkov. His disciple Don Inosanto likened him to no less than Genghis Khan, Houdini, Edison, Jackie Robinson, Muhammad Ali, Winston Churchill and Alexander The Great. (Not that I should laugh. I once compared Adrock to Alexander too.)

But personally Bruce reminds me of Bob Marley. His charisma bordered on the supernatural, what Kenneth Turan called "inhuman magnetism." In fact, just like Bob, Bruce seriously wrestled with his demons, what Marley called duppies, as in his famous Lee Perry produced song "Duppy Conqueror." Robert Clouse, director of *Enter The Dragon*, recalls in his biography of Bruce that when he was young:

"A ghost appeared as a black shadow and Bruce told of being held down for several minutes, drenched in sweat by the time he was finally released. This is probably one of the few times Bruce had been physically defeated."

It's also eerily similar to a story about Bob Marley which I'd quote but it's from the biography written by that editor of *Rolling Stone* who once dined the Beastie Boys and who wears a bow tie.

Bruce Lee would never wear a bow tie. Actually that's not true. In *The Green Hornet* Lee played Kato, mild-mannered manservant of millionaire Britt Reid. As a manservant Kato wore a white smoking jacket and wack black bow tie. Fortunately nobody remembers him that way, and it's the Kato as kam kaze karate-kicking, wack-decked out in a black mask and cap that we all know and love. I remember he tried to kill Kato was no gung ho schmeer like the Boy Wonder. More like the Eighth Wonder. And he hardly said a word. Didn't have to. The stare (made all the more menacing by his mask) said it all.

In turn, the stare began his rule.

He could stare holes in rocks," says Clouse. "Would that we could at once stroke with the eyes." Bruce himself examined. But when Bruce stared he wasn't just giving you the evil eye. He was a master of comic nuzzling and other facial expressions: the raised eyebrow of amusement, the smirk of contempt, the smug smile of arrogance, the poker face of calm before the storm. You don't even need to read the English subtitles in his first two films. Just watch his face and you'll understand what he's saying.

Not that Bruce couldn't talk, he got the *Green Hornet* gig because he could pronounce "Britt Reid," and by *Enter The Dragon* he was cultivating considerable microphone skills. And not that he couldn't act. "The thing about



1953, Age 14: Enters La Salle College, a high school, comes under wing of Brother Henry. Is poor student but has keen mind. Favorite after school activity is beating up British boys.

1958, Age 18: Crowned Cha Cha King of Hong Kong.



1959, San Francisco: Teaches Cha Cha on voyage from Hong Kong but still unexplained problems force him to leave S.F. for Seattle.

CHINESE GUNG FU

The philosophical art of self-defense



基本中國拳法

1963, Seattle: Enrolls Univ. of Washington, meets 17-year-old Linda Emery, but does not get a BA and MA in philosophy as Senior Scholastic once mislabeled his student readers. In fact, according to a former secretary in the U of W philosophy department, he is a poor student who soon drops out. He is, however, ringleader of many bull

sessions and publishes his first book, *Chinese Gung Fu, The Philosophical Art of Self-Defense*.

1966, Hong Kong: Concisely appears in first film, *The Beginning of a Boy*, at age six. Will eventually appear in over 20 films as child actor.

1964: Takes up Wing Chun style of Kung Fu taught by Yip Man. Has first run-in with Tracts. The Chinese mafia later suspected of aiding him.

1968, Hong Kong: After expulsion from LaSalle and one too many street fights, Bruce's exasperated father sends him to California, "where all the kids are impossible."

1969, Seattle: Soon after arrival, meets group of young toughs who become his first disciples after witnessing his exhibitions of Gung Fu, or "The Art."



BRUCE LEE

Bruce," screenwriter Stirling Silliphant understood, "was his real ability to entertain and come alive in front of people. Most stars can't entertain."

Bruce, by contrast, was a born entertainer. His father was an opera-singing comic in the Chinese Opera, and Bruce himself started in dozens of films as a child actor. By 1958, at the age of 18, he had been crowned Cha Cha King of Hong Kong and already possessed what most people never develop: flavor. According to Clouse,

"Bruce was good looking, a great dancer and dressed in the mode of the day. For many hours he stood before mirrors, combing his hair and preening. When he took to the street, he was ready for any encounter, from a new girl to an old fight, a steel chain wrapped around his waist."

In 1958, Bruce left Hong Kong and after a brief stop in San Francisco, moved to Seattle, where he stayed till 1963. During his stay in Seattle, Bruce looked like a "Mormon missionary" who seemed about "as dangerous as Don Knotts" in the words of one of his students. His widow Linda had a better view:

"He was 23 and gorgeous. He would wear a black, Italian, Hong Kong (tailored) suit, a purple shirt, a skinny black silk tie and his hair slicked back with a curl kind of coming around his forehead. Even the lining of his jacket was purple silk. He looked like he had just walked out of West Side Story, which was playing then. He was suave and debonair and big city."

Bruce, who ironed his own clothes, would continue to kick the fly dude till the day he died (though unfortunately he passed away before he could drive his \$60,000 gold Rolls Royce Corniche convertible with built-in bar, fridge and plaque reading: "Specifically Built For Bruce Lee"). He did, however find time to wear zip-up, ankle-length Bearle boots, double-breasted leisure suits with baby elephant collars, see-through Peter Fonda-shaped shades, a post-mop top, Vidalis Dry Look hair do, velvet pants, a leather-trimmed, double-buckled cardigan, faded bel-bottom jeans with exposed buttons from crotch to navel, silk shirts, corduroy blazers, platform stomps, black turtle-necks and cat burglar suits, tank tops, beaded necklaces, and even those funny, embroidered barber's shirts that Puerto Ricans like, not to mention his two best get-ups ever: *The Green Hornet* garb and the yellow motorcycle jumpsuit with Asia's Tigers-combo (or were those Thom McAnn Jox's) that he sports during the ball-out battle with Kareem Abdul Jabbar in his last film, *Game of Death*.



...a student of Jeet Kune Do, at the time of his death, was a student of Jeet Kune Do.

Of Death. (By the way, Bruce was the first "Asian Athlete," and always wore the O.G., white leather Tigers with ridged soles and red and blue stripes that Ba Jazsar Getty once made fun of me for wearing.) Bruce's obsession for the best bordered on the absurd. When someone once offered him a gold watch, he said: "Is it absolutely the best? It can't be the best. Bring me a platinum watch. Everyone knows platinum's better than gold."

Of course there are lots of charismatic clotheshorses, but Bruce wasn't just an exceptional screen presence with good taste in threads. He was more than an actor with attitude. He was an artist. A martial artist, but an artist nonetheless.

Unlike David Carradine, who didn't know fuck all about kung fu, Bruce revolutionized martial arts by creating his own Style (that was no Style), which he called Jeet Kune Do, or "way of the intercepting fist." (Rather than block a punch and hit back with two distinct motions, Bruce sought to intercept and hit in one, fluid stroke).

Fluidity was the ideal. "Try and obtain a nicely-tied package of water," Bruce would laugh. "Just like water, we must keep moving on." Inosanto reiterates, "For once water stops, it becomes stagnant."

Bruce dissected rigid classical disciplines and rebuilt them with fluid, go-mo improvements. "It's good but it needs restructuring," he would say. Classical techniques did not take into account the reality of street fighting. Jeet Kune Do did. It was pragmatic, reality-based, empirical—not a bunch of stances, postures and mumbo jumbo handed down from antiquity. Bruce utilized all ways but was bound by none. "Efficiency is anything that scores."

"You see," Bruce once said, "many people come to instructors and say, 'Like man, like what is the truth? Hand it over to me. So therefore the guy would say, 'I'll give you my Japanese way of doing it.' And another guy would say 'I'll give you the Chinese way of doing it.' But if you only have two hands and two legs, nationalities don't mean anything. When you go with a particular style, you're expressing that style. You are not expressing yourself."

As it happens, Bruce's outlook was remarkably similar to that of modern day rap artists: "I don't care where it comes from, he would insist. "If it is usable, it belongs to no one; it is yours." The similarities to music don't end there. Dan Inosanto says that Jeet Kune Do is "spontaneous and unpredictable like a free form jazz solo, designed to prepare the student for the uncertainties he was sure to encounter in actual combat."

Bruce backed up his theories with knowledge. He borrowed from all types of martial arts and all western forms of combat as well, including fencing, wrestling, boxing and many others. He went so far as to watch films of Muhammad Ali in a mirror so that he could shadow box

1961, Long Beach: An Ed Parker's invitation, gives kung fu exhibition filmed by Jay Sebring, the hairstylist for Batman producer William Dozier and Sharon Tate (whom Sebring is later murdered with by the Maniacs). Sebring shows film to Dozier, who is looking to fill part in TV pilot, *Number One Son*. The show never airs.

1964, Oakland: Soon after opening school, challenged by Wong Jack Man from S.F. Though Bruce wins fight, he's annoyed at how long it takes and re-examines approach to martial arts.

1964, Summer: Moves to Oakland and opens Jeet Kune Do school after marrying Linda despite parents' protests. "I want to marry your daughter. We are leaving on Monday. I'm not leaving by the way."

1965, Los Angeles: Dozier pays Bruce \$1,000 retainer to wait a year for *The Green Hornet* to begin. Brandon Lee born and soon becomes, according to his mother "the Number One spoiled child you've ever come across."



Linda smacking Bruce around in '66.

1966, September: Bruce debuts in *The Green Hornet* as Hornet's (later) sidekick, Kato. Receives ton of fan mail and teen zine coverage but show cancelled after first season.

1967, Los Angeles: Meets Fred Weinraub to develop TV show *Kung Fu*. Role is perfect for Bruce but given to David Carradine. Dozier comes in *Mart Helm*, and beside and trains other actors at \$250 per hour. "All of them would come and say 'Hey man, how do you do that?'" Students include Steve McQueen, James Coburn, Kareem Jabbar and screenwriter Stirling "Shaft in Africa" Silliphant, who helps Bruce with script ideas.

1968, Los Angeles: Begins formulating philosophy of Jeet Kune Do, or "Way of the Intercepting Fist." Instead of blocking and then hitting, Jeet Kune Do, like fencing, focuses on intercepting and hitting in one motion.

1968, Fall: Silliphant writes hour pilot for *Longstreet*, a crime drama about a blind private dick. Reviews of the pilot (described by Silliphant as an hour lesson in Jeet Kune Do) are mixed but concede that Bruce is highlight.

1968-69: McQueen and Coburn help land him occasional hits but racism and his abrasive personality hold Bruce back. Spends time by driving his Porsche on Mulholland with McQueen.

1969-70: Gives Silliphant outline for a script based on his dreams which would star McQueen and feature himself in several roles, including a panther and monkey. McQueen balks, saying, "I'm not going to carry you on my back." Bruce literally shakes his fist and says: "Someday I'm going to be a bigger star than he is!"

along with The Champ. (Bruce, too, thought Ali was The Greatest and that he could never win a fight with him. "Look at my hand. That's a little Chinese hand—he'd kill me").

He was, as Clouse notes, one of the few conceptual martial artists ever. So conceptual that through fighting he hoped to find freedom. He wrote several books replete with detailed drawings of exercises, fighting methods and proposed inventions for new weapons. These drawings are the spunkiest of all. The only thing you can compare them to—as Dan Inosanto does—are Leonardo's sketches.

OK, OK, so we're gettin' a little carried away. Bruce Lee was no Leonardo. As for his philosophy, his best friends used to say that he only talked about it when girls were around (and one of those ex-girlfriends says that he "spouted a great deal of Oriental wisdom that he did not follow himself"). In fact, one could make the case that he was nothing but a glorified street thug. It's certainly true that the guy was kind of a dick. Or, as his widow puts it, "so plaster saint." Clouse recalls that:

"The first time he met you, you'd expect him to shake hands but instead he'd step back and flick out his foot so fast you could feel the air move right at the tip of your nose. Then he'd take your hand and place it on his stomach. It was kind of his calling card."

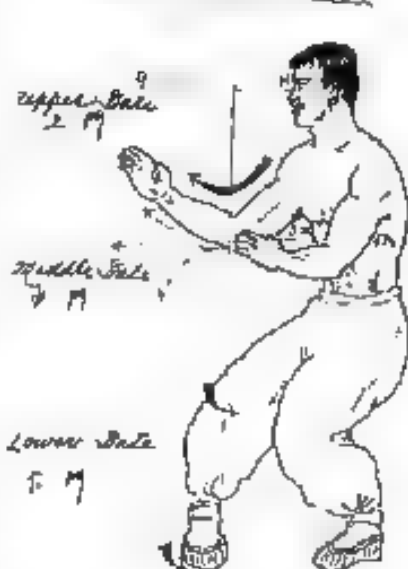
My favorite example of Bruce's colorful rudeness has got to be the time he dished the Greek playboy, Taki, in a Gstaad chalet. "Who's your sensei?" Bruce asked. When Taki, who fashions himself a tough guy, tried to reply, Bruce cut him off: "I know of him. He's no good."

Harsh but hey, most leaders are bullies anyway, and Bruce was certainly a unique, potentially galvanizing leader who meant many things to many races. To his own Chinese, he was a national hero who urged his countrymen to shake off the shackles of a centuries-old inferiority complex. To the inner city Black and Puerto Rican youths who were the first Americans to flock to his films, he provided secret powers that could be used to kick Whitey's ass. And to Whitey himself, Bruce was an updated Charles Atlas for vengeful nerds.

To be sure, this last has resulted in America becoming a nation of time bombs. Not just bouncers break your jaw at the drop of a hat anymore. It could be anyone. President Clinton, for example, knows the Kwon do.

As if that's not scary enough, Bruce can also be blamed for such diverse and deplorable cultural phenomena as *The Karate Kid*, *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*, Chuck Norris's Right Guard commercial and that bootleg porn film of Jayne Kennedy which is known in some circles as "Fist of Fury." Hopefully, however, the good that Bruce Lee does for Asians and other minorities will someday outweigh the self-justification he's given to a bunch of white geeks.

The Ready Position (Jeet Kune Do)



who still have a chip on their shoulder because they didn't get picked for the kickball team. (Indeed, things are looking up already with the recent collaboration of goofy European movie-head Jean Claude Van Damme with ultra-dope Hong Kong director John Woo).

But enough of my babbling. There are lots of sidehairs and other goodies that aren't as boring and long-winded as my shit, so let's get to it. If by the end of all that you still haven't got the point then you might as well just forget it and hurry off to the nearest Soul Asylum concert.

One hint: The point about Bruce is NOT that he died under strange circumstances. The circumstances were no stranger than those surrounding the recent death of basketball star, Reggie Lewis, who died of a heart attack in a pickup game on 7 months after he collapsed during the regular season. Similarly, Bruce died of a brain aneurysm after having collapsed from the same thing only two

months before. And it's more likely that he got that aneurysm from being kicked in the head his whole life than from, say, the Grand Masters placing The Iron Fist, Vibrating Palm or Big Bozack his shoulder.

True, Bruce was a prophet and his life was touched by an inordinate number of coincidences. When his father died at age 64, Bruce had a premonition that he himself would live only half that long. Sure enough, Bruce died at 32, which in turn, is almost 33—you know, Christ's age when He died (not to mention the number Kareem wore throughout his career). Also, that Brandon Lee died at all, let alone on the eve of his own stardom and on the anniversary of his dad's death, only makes the desire to suspect foul play or divine intervention that much more tempting.

But let's face it: If God, or Jah Jah, or some type of spiritual forces are running shit, there's nothing we can do anyway. And if the Forces of Wack really did bump Bruce off, we do nothing but help their cause by dwelling on it. For all the fate that shrouded Bruce Lee's life, it's the triumph of his will which is most impressive and important. After all, Jeet Kune Do is a way of life, not death. Dan Inosanto reminds us:

"Jeet Kune Do was really intended as a means of self-discovery or enlightenment. In the liner notes of his album, Taubad, saxophonist Pharoah Sanders describes the process of self-discovery: 'I don't see the horn anymore. I'm trying to see myself. If you have the discipline, you can do whatever you want to. You yourself are the key to yourself.'"



1972, Hong Kong: Bruce rejects Lo Wei and Chow's script, *Sham Faced Tiger*, in favor of his own idea. Enter *The Dragon*. This film becomes his third and worst film, *Return Of The Dragon*, which includes Bruce's fight with Chuck Norris in the Roman Colosseum.

1972, Hong Kong: Bruce announces his next project will be called *Game of Death*. Mentioning "death" in the title is bad luck (or bad feng shui). The \$700,000 house he buys in Kowloon also has bad feng shui.

1972, Hollywood: Before *Game of Death* can be made, Bruce signs big deal with Warners, and upon his return to L.A., tells McQueen the good news. McQueen responds by sending Bruce autographed photo: "To Bruce Lee, My Greatest Fan, Steve McQueen."

1973, January: Production on *Enter The Dragon* begins in Hong Kong, despite Bruce's feud with screenwriter Michael Alin and producers Fred Weintraub and Paul Heller. Bruce is now mobbed in public, forcing him to don disguises. He also receives challenges—even by mail and phone—from scores of tough guys. Too often Bruce accepts the challenges.

1971, Hong Kong: The Green Hornet's continuing popularity in Hong Kong compels producer Raymond Chow to offer Bruce the lead in the film, *The Big Boss*.

1971, October: Made for \$100,000 in Bangkok, *The Big Boss* (later known in America as *Fist of Fury*), opens in Hong Kong to ecstatic response and grosses 3.2 million in first run.

1970: Coburn expresses interest and Warners picks up script, now titled *The Silent Flute* (f.e. a call of the soul). Coburn, Siliphan and Bruce go to India intent on filming, but trip ends in disaster when Coburn screams at Bruce for constantly humming along to pop songs. Crushed, Bruce again shakes his fist and vows revenge, but *The Silent Flute* is abandoned. Re-titled *Circle of Iron*, it is released in 1978, starring David Carradine, who declares that "when Bruce died, his spirit went into me. I'm possessed".

1972, Hong Kong: *Fist of Fury*, Bruce's second film, later known here as *Chinese Connection*, is made for \$200,000 and breaks all records set by a first film. In Singapore, \$2 tickets fetch \$45, and the film is withdrawn to ease traffic jams. In the Philippines it's closed to give domestic films a chance. Eventually first two films grossed over \$20 million. The second film, though, is too similar to the first (what Chinese call "warming over yesterday's rice"), and Bruce begins feud with director Lo Wei ("No way, Lo Wei")

A Visit To The Grave

The Lakeview Cemetery is located towards the north end of 15th Ave. It adjoins Volunteer Park in the "uptown" Capitol Hill section of Seattle. It is probably one of Seattle's best known graveyards simply because Bruce



Authentic tombstone nothing for identity tags adjacent to the Robin, cemetery grounds Grand Royal Hall of Fame.

Lee is buried there. Bruce Lee was the reason why I had come out to the cemetery on that warm Monday afternoon. A few weeks earlier I had been given the task of finding any information on unusual goings-on at Lee's grave. Maybe find some kung fu guys practicing in front of his tombstone like they supposedly used to in the old days. It sounded like an easy job. Read a few issues of the *Times*. Talk to the caretaker. Something was bound to come out. But it seemed the harder I looked the less I found. The old issues of the *Times* turned up nothing of interest and the manager of the cemetery was less than helpful. "The Lee family doesn't want us to comment on the gravesite," he explained. "Have a good day." And so there I was.

I hoped that my visit would turn up something. Entering the graveyard I wasn't sure where Lee was buried so I drove slowly across the grounds. I hailed a grounds-

by Carls
The Intern

keeper and he walked towards me. Before I could say anything, he

pointed to a nearby hill. "See that tree up there? It's there." "Bruce Lee's grave?" I asked. "Yep," he replied and went back to his work.

Lee's grave isn't as big as I expected. It's an average sized tombstone with an engraved portrait of him at the top. At the base of the stone is a sculpture of an open book. One side is an engraved ying/yang symbol. The other side read "Your Inspiration is Our Guide To Our Personal Liberation." Flowers were placed all around the site and some people had even left dimes and pennies on top of the book. On the right side of the grave was Brandon Lee's. It was a simple stone with his name and the year of his birth and death on it. A few people had left flowers on the stone also. I looked a while and thought there was something strange about this place. Nothing you could put your finger on but strange nonetheless. Quietly I turned back to my car.

Depressed that I had nothing to

report back, I spent the night drinking with some friends at Tom Prince's "Men's Lounge." Tom has been around for a while, so I asked him if he had any stories about Bruce Lee's grave. "Yeah," he replied. "There was this one time me and some friends were on acid. It was really late, about 5 a.m. so we decided to go out to the graveyard. This was in the middle of the winter and the ground had about an inch of snow on it. When we came across Lee's grave it had three roses laid on top of it. And there were three sets of fresh footprints by it. All of the footprints were from a different direction. One from the south, one from the east and one from the north. After leaving the roses the footprints had left by the way they came." Pausing Tom added, "It's a strange place."

PS- Tom Price is famous in Seattle for being now in Gas Huffer (then L-Men).

Carls is Seattle-based publicist Jenny Boddy's intern. ✓

THE WTF...

Bruce loved raunchy jokes and bad puns. Here's one of his jokes. "Four gweilo (foreign devils) were sleeping in the same bed when one woke up, needing to spit. Instead of disturbing the others by getting out of bed, the gweilo spat up at the ceiling and the phlegm stuck to it. Later he had to spit again, but this time the phlegm bounced off the ceiling and into the open mouth of another gweilo. Everybody woke up as the offended gweilo yelled at the spitting gweilo. The spitting gweilo said it wasn't his fault, and the other three made a suggestion: 'next time you have to spit, yell and we'll know what to do.' They all went back to sleep but eventually the spitting gweilo shouted a warning and the other three quickly pulled the covers over their heads. Only this time the man didn't spit, he farted!"

...AND WISDOM OF BRUCE LEE

He who knows not and knows not he knows not, He is a fool—Shun him. He who knows not and knows he knows not, He is simple—Teach him. He who knows and knows not he knows, He is asleep—Awaken him. He who knows and knows that he knows, He is wise—Follow him."

Quoted from Bruce Lee: The Biography, by Robert Glass, and Jeet Kune Do: The Art and Philosophy of Bruce Lee by Dan Inosanto. ✓



Bruce with drink, Angela Mao-Ying and Chuck Norris.

1973, Winter: Bruce injured several times during shooting. Said to look alternately pale and dark. On the set he hangs out with stuntmen from rival rat gangs. The staged fights with 400 extras "degenerated into a veritable brawl." Bruce said, "It's to his buddies that at the end of our fight scene, I'm going to kill (co-star) Bob Wall. He is later talked out of it."

1973, May 10: During final edit session for *Dragon*, Bruce collapses, convulses, loses consciousness. Hong Kong doctors prescribe drugs to reduce the brain swelling they detect, but doctors at UCLA later find no trouble after series of tests. Bruce reportedly drinking as many as 20 shots a night.

1973, July 20: Raymond Chow and Bruce meet at apartment of actress Betty Ting-Pei to go over new *Game of Death* script. Bruce complains of headache, Betty gives him a prescription headache pill called Equagesec, he lies down and hours later is dead of a cerebral edema, or massive swelling of the brain. Attempt to move body from Betty to Bruce's house exposed by Hong Kong critic Mel Tobias and fuels speculation of foul play. Original cause of death listed as "marijuana poisoning," later changed to "death by misadventure." An estimated 20,000 people attend his funeral in Hong Kong. Normally restrained Chinese weep in public.



1973, Summer: Rumor-silly he died while making love to Betty, he died because his house had bad feng shui, he died from the "Iron Palm" or "Vibrating Palm," a killing technique certain Kung Fu Grand Masters allegedly possess which channels all their energy into a single touch. In this last scenario, a Master put his hand on Bruce's shoulder purportedly because he had revealed too many martial arts secrets to Westerners.

1973, August: *Enter The Dragon* premieres. Rob Cohen, who would later direct the movie about Bruce's life, is at the American opening: "It was the first time I'd ever seen an audience respond to an actor as if he were part of a live sporting event. Cheering, screaming, applauding—I'd never seen anything like that before. Not here I since." Though released in August, *Dragon* outgrosses all other films that year except *The Exorcist*. Made for \$500,000, it has grossed over \$150 million so far.

1976, Fall: *Game of Death* is finally released, featuring only 20 minutes of Bruce footage (the rest is filmed with stand-ins).

ACKNOWLEDGMENT: We stole a lot of the pictures and much of the information in this section from Bruce Lee: The Biography by Robert Glass (Unique Publications) and Jeet Kune Do: Tap Art and Philosophy of Bruce Lee by Dan Inosanto (Know How). Suggests further reading: The Legend of Bruce Lee by Alex Benn Block (Delt) and the Tao of Jeet Kune Do by

THE ONE AND ONLY BIZ MARKIE'S GUIDE TO KUNG FU BEATS

The Biz can find beats anywhere. cartoons, commercials, video games the little cardboard records that come on cereal boxes. He could probably even find a beat on a desert island. But one of Biz's favorite places to search for beats is in old kung fu movies of which he has about 1500. We asked him if he would be so kind as to peruse his collection and put together a list of his Top 10 Chop Socky Grooves. And this is what he said... "I know that *Master Strike's* got one. I've been trying to look through 'em all. I've got 450, no 1500 tapes."

- 1) *Godzilla vs Megalon*
- 2) *Dolemite, The Human Tornado*
- 3) *High Up In Harlem*—"Ice T used that one."
- 4) *Block Caesar*—"That's what Dan EFX use."
- 5) *Fish by Abe Vigoda*—"Funky guaranteed, that's where I got 'Nobody Beats The Biz' from."
- 6) *Master Strike*—"That's the karate movie."
- 7) *Secret Fights*—"That's a black cartoon." ✓



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BRUCE LEE

Van Williams played *The Green Hornet* on TV and today runs a cellular phone business in Santa Monica. For more info about the show, see the other sidebar

THE GREEN HORNET WAS SUPPOSEDLY CANCELLED WHEN THE PRODUCER DEMANDED AN HOUR TIME SLOT. WE'D LIKE TO BELIEVE IT WAS SOMETHING MORE SINISTER...

I don't know if I can help you on that, because that's what I found out. The show was costing an absolute fortune. It was costing almost as much for a half hour of *The Green Hornet* as a one hour segment of *Banana*. The special effects, the color, the amount of production that went into it. The cost was draining William Dozier. Everything he was making off *Batman* was going into *The Green Hornet*, and it wasn't working. **THE RATINGS DIDN'T MATCH UP?** The ratings were not a factor. We were on Friday night, and winning our time slot, but Friday night at that particular time of the, you know, the '60s, was the least watched night of all television.

BECAUSE EVERYONE WAS OUT ON THE TOWN?

Yeah, yeah. So it put our overall way down in the '30s and '40s, though we were beating our time slot. I bitched about it, everybody bitched about it. We did two or three hour long shows to prove that we needed it to get the scope. Dozier went back and said, 'We're gonna do it this way or we're not gonna do it.' ABC said 'screw you.' And that's where it was left. I don't know if that was true or not. **SO TH—**

Now another thing that happened that you might wanna know is there's a little mystery in it. There was an audit done on the show afterwards and they found that there were double and triple charges being charged to *The Green Hornet* that were not supposed to be.

SO THE SHOW COSTING A FORTUNE MAY HAVE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THESE PADDED CHARGES?

See, it was a 20th Century Fox show but the production company was Dozier's Greenway, who also did *Banana*. Either they had better control on *Batman* or weren't looking at what was going on—but the cost was killing them. Because the show, if I can remember right, was budgeted for either 75 or \$100,000, and the average show was costing \$143,000. So every show was in a negative cash flow situation of \$43,000, and that adds up pretty quick when you multiply it times 26.

DID THE OVERCHARGES COME TO THAT MUCH?

Maybe some but not all. I just know that they'd call me into the fricken lot at 4 a.m. and wouldn't let me go till 11:00 p.m. They were paying me overtime and double charges and all this other crap they get into. Plus our show, the stunts and stuff, were a lot more sophisticated, a lot more coordinated than they were on *Batman*.

THE HORNET WAS COOLER THAN BATMAN.

I run into all these people who go, 'you were our favorite and *Batman* was a joke. We liked the *Hornet* because it was real.' *Batman* caught on with college kids—the 'Whum!' 'Bam!' all those top name people doing it, and a lot of humor and foldover. But I think we had a lot more sophisticated and loyal watchers than *Batman*.

WERE YOU AND BRUCE FRIENDS OFF THE SET?

Well, as much as you could be. We were working our ass off on that show. We had to teach Bruce how to work with the camera because he really didn't know. He learned how to expose Jet Kune Do to the two dimensional world of the camera, you know, and not work in real close and hurt people, which he did a lot. **HE DID?**

Well, yeah, but not intentionally. He was used to working with people who knew how to give way when those slaps and backhands took effect. The guys working on the *Hornet* didn't know how to protect themselves. A lot of

ENTER THE HORNET

Van Williams Sets The Record Straight



Van Williams, at left, receives a pointer from Bruce "Love Handles" Lee during a rehearsal for the *Green Hornet*.

could do your wackety-wack over the shoulder and be three feet apart. We'd go had to show him down—it was a joke! He would go into a room, and all you'd hear because of the lighting, was all this yelling and people flying around. We'd replay the scenes later and people would laugh and that really got him upset. He did NOT want to be laughed at.

DID YOU GUYS HAVE ANY FREE TIME OFF CAMERA?

Bruce was a good friend. Everybody was good friends on that show because we tried to do something we thought was right. He'd come to our house with Linda and Brandon, bring all his paraphernalia, and have Brandon do his kicks—I mean he was two years old. He'd have Linda showing off and doing her stunts. Linda was always very, very VERY quiet. She has changed considerably since those days. But he was so wrapped up in his Jet Kune Do that really the only other thing he was interested in was exotic Chinese food. He'd invite us all down to Chinatown, this old Chinese restaurant, go talk to the cooks and order all these like 1,000 year-old duck eggs that were absolutely unbearable. We'd have him write us his list of what to do, and we'd go the Chinese restaurants out here on the west end, and they couldn't decipher his writing—didn't know what the hell he was talking about.

IT REALLY WAS A CASE WHERE HE WAS SO FOCUSED ON THE ONE THING THAT HE DIDN'T HAVE MANY HOBBIES?

He didn't care anything about acting. He didn't care about trying to get rid of his real, heavy Chinese accent.

DIDN'T HE JOKE THAT HE GOT THE PART BECAUSE HE COULD SAY "BRITT REID"?

Yeah he could say 'Britt Reid.' Otherwise he had this heavy, heavy Chinese accent that was very, very hard to understand.

BOTH BRUCE AND BRANDON DIED UNDER STRANGE OR ACCIDENTAL CIRCUMSTANCES. WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS ON ALL THAT?

The only time I ever got anything was three or four weeks before he died. He was over and kinda joked about how the Tong—or whatever it was, the Chinese mafia—had tried to move in on his production company. He was just joking about it, and thought it was a bunch of bull. He said he could handle it. A friend of mine later got information out of Hong Kong that he thought the Tong was involved in his death and there was some suspicious thing about it. So I contacted some people I know over there in government circles and got a copy of the coroner's report—

IS IT TRUE THAT THE ORIGINAL CAUSE OF DEATH WAS LISTED AS "MARIJUANA POISONING"?

No. When it's an accidental death at your hand, the British explanation is "Death by Misadventure." But as far as I can gather from what people have told me—including Linda's story—he developed one of his migraines. Supposedly it was some punched nerve on his neck from doing all his stuff that was giving him the headaches. He and Chow were at the actress's house, and she said, 'well I've got just the thing for you.' She got some kind of a Chinese herbalist pill. He took it, laid down, and after 30-45 minutes, they couldn't wake him up. By the time they got him to the hospital, his brain had ceased to function because he had edema of the brain, which was an allergic reaction supposedly to an opium. She had gotten, which you can do over there without prescription, these pills that were basically opium.

NOW HE WAS NEVER MUCH OF A PARTIER THOUGH.

He wasn't here. But I'd heard rumors, which I couldn't believe because he was very into keeping himself in shape and eating the right food. He didn't drink alcohol, didn't smoke pot, or this that 'n' the other. But I heard rumors that he had got involved with pot smoking, for the pressures and stuff.

OH REALLY?

I didn't know whether that was a fact or not. I just heard that he'd been mentioned with drugs and that I could have been an overreacher. But I wasn't involved.

hat. You know, rumours were flying all over when he died. But when he was here he did not smoke cigarettes. He couldn't stand to be around people who did. He never took a drink that I ever saw. He took himself physically, very, very seriously because that was his **WHOLE THING...**

That was his whole deal.

CAN YOU REMEMBER ANY FUNNY STORIES ABOUT BRUCE, OR RECALL ANY OF HIS RAUNCHY JOKES?

Bruce drove everybody nuts around the set doing his Jeet Kune Do.

Everybody'd be standing around, and suddenly you'd feel something tick your

ear like a bug hit it or something. You'd turn around and realize that Bruce had just jumped in the air, kicked out and hit the lobe of your ear. You knew it was in fun, and he did have a sense of humor, but he was ALWAYS doing this stuff. He'd tap you on the shoulder, you'd turn around and all of a sudden he'd kick out at your groin. And of course you'd fold up, fall down, back up into furniture —and he just thought that that was hilarious! Just pitting everybody to a disadvantage. Then one day he did that and at the same time the guy looked over to his right. Bruce hit him and dislocated his jaw. That ended that party! People were impressed with it at first. But after a while it got to be, "Oh God he's at it again..." ✓

The Green Hornet was what *Batman* might have been if *Batman* wasn't wacky; i.e., the coolest action series of the '60s, down to and including the theme music, a Cafe Au Go Go version of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Flight of the Bumblebee" by A. Hart. And this despite the fact that the Hornet himself, Britt Reid — crusading editor of the *Daffy Sentinel*, pillar of the community and ladies man — was a major weenie. To be sure, Britt Reid was cooler than Bruce Wayne, if only because his crime fighting costume was a sensible after-6 topcoat and reporter's fedora, not some silly tights and dadaist mufli. Even so, it wasn't the Hornet himself that made the show, but his car, Black Beauty, and his kung-fu-fighting sidekick, Kato, played by Bruce Lee.

Black Beauty was a \$50,000 customized Mike Jeffries creation outfitted, unlike the bogus Batmobile, with truly rad shit like gas guns, flares, tire knives, a telescopic sting gun, and bullet-firing headlights. The car was docked on the underside of a rotating garage platform, and the outside wall of the garage had a breath mint advertisement featuring a vaguely oriental couple kissing. When Britt Reid pulled the right book from his library shelf, the fireplace, with hearth still blazing, gave way to a control panel. A touch of the button, and the garage platform rotated, clamps released the car, the breath mint ad popped at the lips, and Kato and the Hornet soda off into the night.

Ah, Kato. Manservant, bodyguard, chauffeur, Confucian oracle, superbabe. Just as wise and handy as Alfred the butler and never lame like Robin the Boy Wonder. While Britt Reid gives self-righteous speeches, as befits a crusading publisher, Kato quietly keeps the duo out of harm's way. Reid has green trim and cute little darts with the Hornet logo on his topeque. Such touches on Kato would be absurd. As Reid's manservant, he wears a white dinner jacket with black bowtie; as the Hornet's chauffeur, he wears a black uniform, cap, mask and gloves. Reid is a dilettante. Kato is a weapon. (Which is why he is frequently viewed through the windshield, emphasizing the menace of his hands.)

"FASTER, KATO!"

Remembering *The Green Hornet*
by Aaron "Hatch" Haspel



Bruce Lee as Kato: Kids loved it, but *The Forces of Evil* didn't.

Kato's fighting style, too, is no nonsense — barely hinting at the dervish moves of Bruce's later films. He dispatches each villain with a single blow, at most two. No nunchuks, and definitely no firearms. Kato's efficiency is to the Hornet's as Spock's is to Captain Kirk's.

The one line from the show that everyone remembers, regrettably, is "Faster, Kato!", which is just like the Lone Ranger's trademark cry, "Hi-o Silver!" (In fact, the *Green Hornet* was originally introduced to radio listeners as Britt Reid, son of Dan Reid, the Lone Ranger's nephew, while Kato was originally Japanese but became Philippino during WW II). As it happens, Kato rarely needs to be told to go faster, or slower, or to do anything at all. He generally acts on his own account, and the occasional orders from his boss are never acknowledged but instantly executed. When Kato does question an order he is usually ignored but always right. In one episode, Kato warns Reid against an obvious ambush, which the trust fund superhero blithely strolls into anyway. Kato bails him out by driving Black Beauty through a wall and distracting the bad guys just as they have the Hornet in their grasp. Later, as they drive off, the Hornet says, "perfect timing, Kato." Kato doesn't even crack a smile.

After 26 episodes that ran from September 9, 1966 to July 14, 1967, *The Green Hornet* was

cancelled, ostensibly because producer George Treadle had demanded a full hour for character development and the network nixed him. This, of course, is bullshit. As every little (as opposed to college) kid in the country knew, the Hornet was way cooler than the campy Batman. As a result, like Lee himself, the show was too good to last and had to be offed.

[Post Script: In the spirit of DJ Hurricane, we wanted to find out what was really going on, so we talked to Van Williams, who played the Hornet. See the other sidebar].

Hatch Haspel, among other things, was the premier fantasy baseball player in America during 1992. ✓

BRUCE'S FAVORITE FOODS

A Chinese scholar was once asked what it is Chinese like most: sex, gambling or food? "That's a difficult question," he said, "it's hard to say if it's gambling or food."

Bruce was no exception and, like James Brown, he used to eat some pretty tasty stuff. In Robert Choue's bio of Bruce we found the following.

—see's brother, Robert, remembers how the two used to eat orange-colored chicken claws, pig intestines and sea urchins found on the streets of Hong Kong.

Bruce used all the Chinese herbs and roots, chrysanthemum and ginseng being his favorites. He used ginseng for its cleansing and aphrodisiac qualities. Bruce also



believed in the medicinal qualities of golden bee honey.

His wife Linda remembers him eating hot and spicy Korean food, gorging himself through dish after dish, drenched in perspiration.

High on his list of favorite dishes were noodles and barbecued pork, raw squid and bird's nest soup. Bruce also liked Japanese food, particularly sashimi.

According to Van Williams, who played *The Green Hornet*, Bruce loved exotic Chinese food.

Having said all that, Dan Inouye counters that oyster beef, beef rice and root beer were Bruce Lee's favorite foods.

You figure it out. ✓



BRUCE LEE

All-time NBA scoring leader and Lays Potato Chip pitchman Kareem Abdul Jabbar was a friend and student of Bruce Lee's. Kareem also played one of the villains that Bruce has to fight in his last film, *Game of Death*. After promising Kareem's agent that we would hook Kareem and his 12-year-old son, Amir, up with some X-Box Large gear, a noticeably nervous Mike landed this exclusive interview with the soft-spoken living legend.



A CONVERSATION WITH KAREEM

Thoughts On His Friend and Sensei, Bruce Lee. By Michael Diamond

KAREEM ABDUL JABBAR: Hello?

MICHAEL DIAMOND: Hey! How you doing?

KAJ: Fine, thanks.

MD: Alright. Now you studied with Bruce, right?

KAJ: Yeah. I studied with him for four years.

MD: Were you into martial arts previous to that?

KAJ: Yeah.

MD: So how did you end up hooking up with uh...

KAJ: I was referred to him by one of the editors of *Black Belt* magazine.

MD: Uh-huh. So you were already pretty established then?

KAJ: Not really. I hadn't even taken my first exam. But I had you know, worked all summer in New York, and I wanted to continue before basketball started in the fall. So, somebody referred me to Bruce, and that's how we got hooked up.

MD: Right. Now I know also that he had other, more celebrity-oriented students like James Coburn and Steve McQueen.

Was there a social group revolving around that or?

KAJ: No, there wasn't.

MD: Uh-huh. You guys were just students?... But uh. Cool. What do you think of uh, the movie *The Dragon*, I mean, I don't know if you've seen...

KAJ: I haven't seen it.

MD: Oh, you haven't seen it. OK.

KAJ: Linda seemed to feel good about it. So, you know, as long as she feels good about it, it's about her family.

MD: Now how'd you get involved in the film *Game of Death*? You'd already been studying with him?

KAJ: Yeah. I'd been studying with him for three years, and he finally got the opportunity to make films over in Hong Kong. So he wanted some of the people that he had worked with who could handle the acting and the martial arts.

MD: I know that on the *Enter The Dragon* set it got kinda

hectic and some of the fight scenes broke out into real fights. Did that ever happen during *Game of Death*?

KAJ: No. Bruce and I were friends. I didn't have anything to prove. You know, some people, though they had something to prove—that they could go the best of Bruce in a vulnerable moment, or do stupid things like that.

MD: Right. Now I know you have a very serious interest in jazz and music. Was Bruce interested as well? Did you guys go check out shows?

KAJ: No, no. He was more interested in philosophy than he was in music.

MD: Yeah, now that's interesting because I did see the movie and one of the things that I didn't bring to—ugh, was the philosophy. Was that something you guys shared?

KAJ: We talked about it, and he was at the point where he focused on that. Music was a lot more important to me. My dad is a musician, and jazz music has always been very important in my household. So it was just a totally different background.

MD: Yeah, cos this was like the early '70s. What was out then? Ahmad Jamal. Pharoah Sanders?

KAJ: Well, a lot of people. Miles Davis was alive. John Coltrane.

MD: Yeah. Miles had that great band then. Max Roach and all them.

KAJ: Well, at that point it was Tony Williams, Herbie, Wayne, Ron Carter.

MD: Yep. That was the group right there. When '73 was here, any like real great story or anecdote you can recall about Bruce?

KAJ: You know, just good moments with him. He didn't have a lot of friends that were friends. He had a lot of people that uh...were professionally interested in him. And he had a lot of people that idolized him. But real friends became harder for him to acquire as he started

gaining notoriety.

MD: What is it that we should remember about Bruce and what he brought to the world?

KAJ: Well, he was a teacher. First of all. He taught philosophy and tried to spread knowledge and wisdom. That's why he took on the martial arts establishment the way he did. Because a lot of what they were talking about was hypocrisy and really just something that gave them the

ability to scam people who wanted to learn martial arts. He tried to make the martial arts more pragmatic. It was definitely a move toward the 21st century.

MD: Along with the movie about his life and his finally receiving a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame, there's also the 20th anniversary of his death and the recent death of his son Brandon...

KAJ: A lot of his enemies, their way of taking advantage of his death was to start making, start whispering about why he died and how he died. But I think it's just their attempt to finally win an argument with him.

MD: Right. To get the last word.

KAJ: Yeah.

MD: I hear that. Alright, are there any last thoughts?

KAJ: Your readers should know that Jeet Kune Do is an American art. It evolved here and took on a lot of American ideas and philosophy—you know, like let the best thing work. That's a very American thing. That's American pragmatism and can-do, the whole thing of adaptability and innovation. I think those are very American values that Bruce incorporated into the philosophy of his art, and that's one of the things that made his art successful. And I think that's the legacy that he gave us here in America. We should be proud of it, cherish it and make it to continue to grow.

MD: Great. Well, thanks a lot for your time.

KAJ: Well, good luck with your magazine. ✓





**BRUCE
LEE**

REVIEWING THE DRAGON

by tamra davis

FISTS OF FURY

This was Bruce's first film and it feels like it. It's a good film that has a kind of working class, blue-collar sensibility. As in most Bruce Lee films, it starts out with Bruce promising never to fight again (and being put to the test when a young lady is in danger). The young lady turns out to be his cousin and innocent love interest. Bruce as a shy guy. Does this make him more accessible to the women in the audience or does it make him anti? Either way, he ends up fighting in this film, but not just one gang of guys. If you want to see action, Bruce probably fights over 200 dudes. Lots of overhead shots of him, him surrounded by 20 or 30 people, with Bruce in the middle and giving on early versions of his trademark battle cry which at this point sounds either like a cat in heat or Conky from The Three Stooges. There are some pretty good moralistic scenes in this movie with a worker versus the Big Boss gangsters who are hiding drugs and women's bodies in the boiler room factory where Bruce works. Kind of reminded me of *On The Waterfront*. This movie also has four funky beats, and a scene where Bruce kicks two guys in the balls while munching pork rinds, which is similar to when Dirty Harry asked, "what's it gonna be, punk?" to that guy while munching a hot dog.

THE CHINESE CONNECTION

This is a good film made soon after the first with better production values. The interesting thing about this film is the Japanese or Chinese racism. Bruce defends the Chinese against the Japanese. I like how he approaches his theme because it can be taken to represent all kinds of racism. In one scene Bruce wants to enter a park but a guard stops him and points to a sign that says, "No Dogs And No Chinese Allowed." Then a group of Japanese youths hunt Bruce, and of course he goes out and proves that no one can fuck with him or the Chinese. The end shot is a classic. Bruce has just agreed to turn himself over to the cops and is being led away. When he sees that he's actually being turned over to a firing squad, he starts running at them, reaps in the air and screams. They freeze the frame while he is in mid-air and you hear several gunshots while he credits roll. The ending is like another cool film *Vanishing Point* (71), in which a guy bets he can drive his Dodge Challenger from Denver to San Francisco in 15 hours. He barrels up at speed and listens to Cleavon Little on the radio until they finally catch him with a massive roadblock. He just speeds forward. It's a great metaphor for the life of Bruce Lee. First Life, Fast Death.

RETURN OF THE DRAGON

I watched this first, before *Enter The Dragon*, but there are no flashbacks so I was OK. *Return* is the only one that takes place in Rome, where Bruce fights with Chuck Norris in the Colosseum. This is not a very good film, although there are some definite reasons to check it out. First the sets are way groovy. Mod style (good decoration advice). But I think my favorite thing was the bad guys, a group of '70s dudes with wild clothing. Check out the black dudes with their dubbed black dude voices Robert Townsend from *Hollywood Shuffle*. The fight with Chuck Norris is great for its zooms and slow motion, although it's a bit over-the-top with a fifteen and, best of all, the contrast between Chuck Norris's hairy chest and Bruce's smoothness. Bruce even makes a point of grabbing a hand full of Norris's chest hair and (literally) blowing it away out of the palm of his hand, as he does away with Chuck in yet another victory for Bruce Lee, the conqueror.

ENTER THE DRAGON

If you want to see a Bruce Lee film, this is the one to see. The filmmaking is first class and features Bruce fighting and acting his best. *Enter* has all these characters (fighters), coming to an island for a tournament, but Bruce has other plans and eventually disses the organizer of the tournament who is a really bad guy. There is a series of great flashback sequences in the beginning, in particular one that features a super sexy black woman in a golf cart on the cellular. Lots of opium and sexy, white slave trade girls when they get to the island. Even a few dope beats and only half wack wah-wah. Bruce fights everyone on the island and wins.

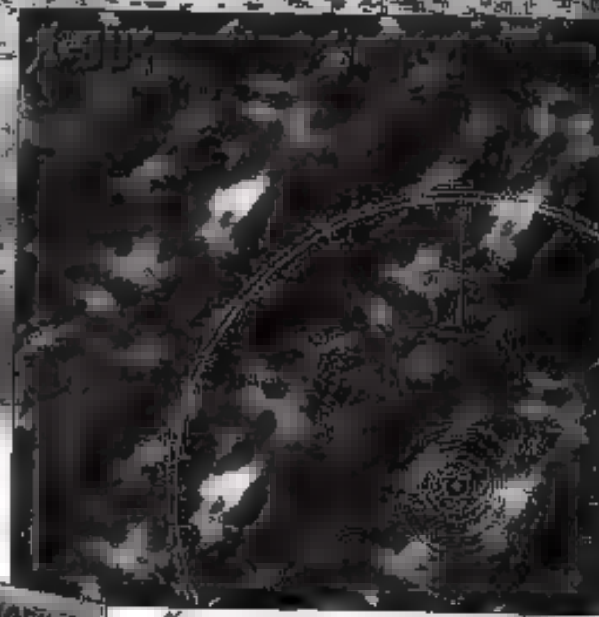
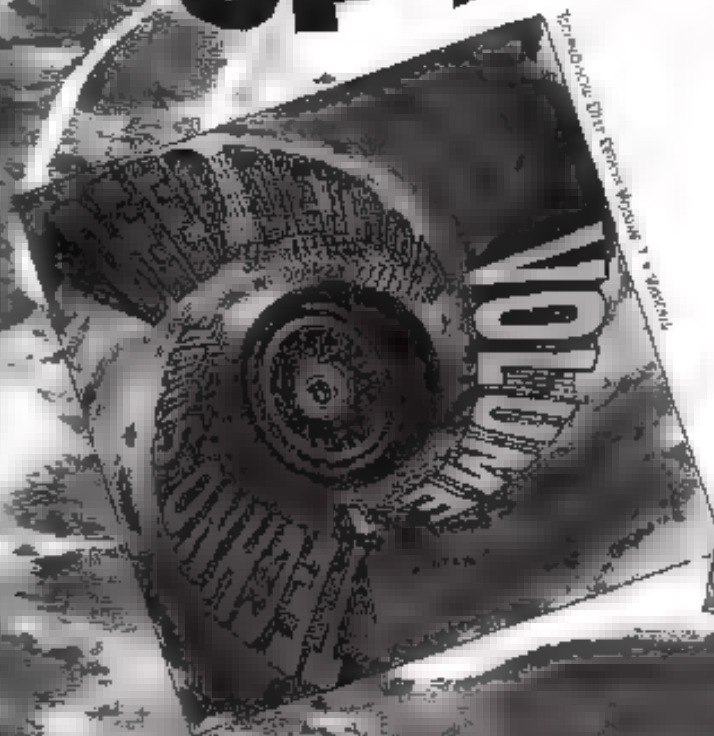
GAME OF DEATH

I watched this one in fast forward mode preparing for my interview with Lee's co-star in the film, Kareem Abdul Jabbar, but I've got to say it was just as well. This was Lee's final film, released posthumously in 1978, five years after his death. Only twenty minutes of fight scenes with Lee were salvaged, the rest is comprised of footage shot with two look-alikes in Bruce Lee wigs. Overall, the acting, story and action are weak. Aesthetically the movie comes off like a bad version of the TV show, *The Equalizer*. The highlight is the fight scene between Lee and former pupil Jabbar. Kareem sports a modest afro, black power shades, and the real short, '70s-style gym shorts (it looks like he's doing battle in Fruit Of The Looms). The battle's cool because of the radical difference in height between Lee and Jabbar and is ultimately decided by a mortal blow to Kareem's nut-sack. Also, this movie didn't contain one single beat or groove, so you're better off hitting the mute button and using Dennis Coffey's *Son of Scorpio* as a substitute soundtrack. — Mike D

THE BRUCE LEE DOCUMENTARY

This is a must-see. It starts out with Bruce Lee's baby pictures. Did you know that his father was an actor? That Bruce was born in San Francisco? That he was a kid actor who did a bunch of Hong Kong youth rebellion films when he was 10-14 which feature cool old footage where you pick up on early character and physical traits? He then came back to America, went to school, got married, had a kid and tried to get back into acting in American films. This is where the documentary gets better. He had an early screen test and some bit parts but Bruce Lee was not making it in Hollywood. (This was when he had the karate classes and there's the class photo with Kareem.) So Bruce flew back to Hong Kong and hooked up with Raymond Chow from Golden Harvest. Bruce knew how to play the game. He asked Raymond Chow, who had just produced the largest box office hit in Hong Kong—*Is that the best you can do?* Bruce said he could do it better. MACK. Mr. Chow gave him the chance and Bruce went to Thailand to make *Fist Of Fury*. It broke a 10 previous record. It reveals that Bruce did something new with his film. No one had seen anything like him: his speed, his strength etc. He created a new style. I would compare it to what John Woo did in Hong Kong ten years later. Next you get all the best clips from his movies and explanations about the opponents in his films. He would hire all these experts from all over the world and then beat them up in his films. DOPE. When you get your own film, you can beat me up. There are a lot of cool old photos of Bruce from this time in '70s, fashions surrounded by cute girls and also, though, interesting similarities between Bruce Lee the man and Bruce Lee the star. Like how he relates to women (shy), alcohol (doesn't) and being a stranger in a new town. Then comes heavy karate footage that's great for anybody into the physical aspect of Bruce Lee. It picks back up again with his death, which was sudden and mysterious. Lots of old funeral footage. He died in an actress's bed after she gave him some medication for a headache. The documentary winds up with how they completed *The Game of Death*, the movie that he had only finished a third of. I guess this is twice as strange considering the producers of *The Crow* are in a similar situation now that Brandon is dead.

TRAVEL TO THE OUTER LIMITS OF DETROIT



MOTHER HEAD BUG

MARCHING TO "ZAMBODIA"

- A ROLLING STONE HOT PICK: "THE SEMINAL BAND FOR 1994"
- THE NEW YORK TIMES: "A MOTLEY SWARM"
- ALTERNATIVE PRESS: "SOPHISTICATED DEMENTIA"



OUT ON

POW WOW

First **KISS** of the Day

“What’s your shirt say? Real Fucking Last? What’s that?” asks Gene Simmons

in the direction of my T-shirt. Waving around a forkful of Egg Beaters, the bass player for Kiss screws up his eyes in an effort to focus across the table.

“That’s *Dead Fucking Last*, Gene. His shirt says *Dead Fucking Last*,” corrects Paul “I’ll-Always-Have-Stars-In-My-Eyes” Stanley. **Interview by Dino Dinoo**

“Ah—that’s Adam Horowitz’s band isn’t it?” Gene says, snapping to. “They opened for uh... what’s that band called... in mm... was it’s... uh... Fugazi. That’s it! Fugazi. Yeah they opened for Fugazi at the Palladium. I heard that the moshing got out of hand. Simmons scores one D.F.L. point there. And who would’ve guessed it? I thought that met heads were strictly all headbanging and tight leather pants. Well, actually, Gene was wearing what could’ve been a pair of cowhide pantyhose, but somehow Kiss manage to transcend the very same stereotype that they helped to create.

Over lunch at a newish diner in Hollywood (where Mike D was spotted in the corner eating something green), I experienced a time warp of sorts with the members of Kiss, now celebrating their second decade in the world of rock and roll with the release of *Alive III*.

At five years old, my musical nurturing was initiated with the 1975 release of *Dressed To Kill*, and what was my mother to think as I jumped up and down on the bed screaming “I wanna rock and roll all night...and party every day”? This was rapidly followed by my purchase of the *Destroyer* album and songbook, as well as my demands to dress like Gene Simmons for Halloween. And what second-grader didn’t feel a chill when he heard the rumor that K.I.S.S. was actually an acronym for Kids In Satanic Service? I just figured that it was only a matter of years before I too could breathe fire. I found that smoking a cigarette didn’t even come close.

As I got older, though, something changed. Wasn’t Kiss? Was it me? I know that I couldn’t have sat any closer to the TV when NBC aired *Kiss Meets the Phantom of the Park*. But, after a couple of spins on my Sears Wildcat turntable, the *Dynasty* album just wasn’t doing it for me anymore, and I took my Kiss Army posters down from my bedroom walls. Punk rock was the new sh— and the guys who’d listened to Kiss 100 bag, scary acne, drove pick-up trucks with gun racks, and chewed Skoal.

At lunch, I found myself letting Kiss talk amongst themselves in order to eavesdrop a little better. There was a very heated discussion about the film, *Jurassic Park*. Bruce Kulick, the band’s latest guitar slinger, thought the film was really scary while Gene saw it twice and, though amazed by the effects, was disappointed by the story. The band passed around a bunch of compact discs which they adorned with their signatures before Kim, their publicist (who saw

the movie in Van Nuys and thought it was “soooo scary”), oversaw their delivery to somewhere in Australia. There was extensive talk about transvestites, about which Gene stated “I just don’t want to

see it. How times have changed, Gene. Next a little talk concerning Beavis and Butt-head, even less talk about blowjobs, and then Paul explained how his brother just found him a never-used Kiss pinball machine. (My father had the same machine in his tavern, and I played it everyday after school in third grade. Gene flipped through a Kiss memorabilia magazine put out by Sterling Publishing, and drummer Eric Singer (who joined in ’99) passed around his new phone number and decided that he really did like his most recent haircut.

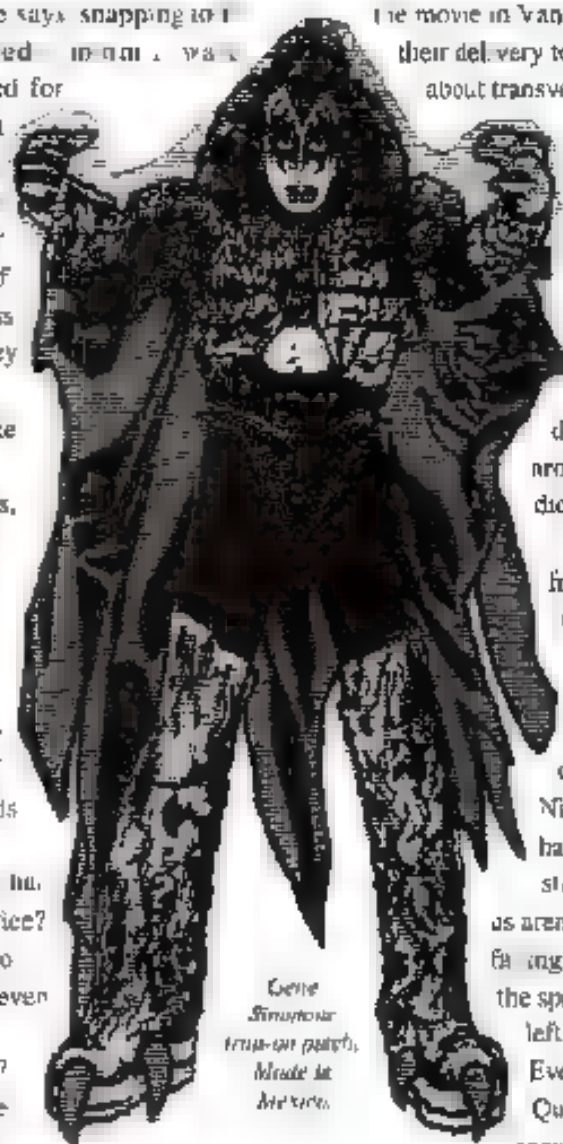
I listened to *Kiss Alive III* with a mixture of glee and frustration and wondered if any compilation by a twenty-year-old band could be successful. I found the words to songs like “Deuce” (1973) and “Detroit Rock City” (1975, coming out my mouth from some rusty region of my mind. These songs were, and still are, like candy (if there is such a thing as “King of the Nightmare World” candy), but the more recent tracks are hard to embrace. Because no matter how sappy and stupid they are, we all fall prey to nostalgia at times. Some of us aren’t wrapped up in all of this ’70s retro-shit (tripping and falling in the same bell-bottom jeans that always got caught in the sprockets of our Huffy bicycles, with a banana seat that left a series of greasy holes somewhere near the hem). Even so I put stake in what I knew and asked the Big Question: If Kiss had an “old school” element, his answer would prove it.

“Okay, Paul,” I began. “I’m going to test your memory. Tell me what super power each member of Kiss had in *Kiss Meets the Phantom of the Park*, and what were those silver things which contained the powers that looked like ZZ-Top’s key rings?”

“The movie,” Paul said. “That is going quite a while back. Well, first of all, the silver things were the *talismans* that held the powers. And Gene, he could breathe fire. Ace could fly. Peter, hum, What was Peter’s power?” Paul stops to think and plays with his fox-scrambled eggs. “Oh! Peter had nine lives. You know, like a cat. And I had laser beam vision.”

“In both eyes?” I asked.

“No. Just in the eye with the star.”



Gene Simmons
trunk-on pants,
Made in
Mexico



Peter’s power?” Paul stops to think and plays with his fox-scrambled eggs. “Oh! Peter had nine lives. You know, like a cat. And I had laser beam vision.”

UO

URGE OVERKILL
SATURATION

On Tour With Luscious Jackson

UO

THE 7th ANNUAL KISS KONVENTION

By Marisa Fox

Sunday, April 25

0 a.m.: After tossing and turning for the past hour, Michael wakes up singing "One more hour til the Kiss Convention, One more hour til the Kiss Convention!"

10:15: Michael finally wakes me up by repeating his new refrain—"The Kiss Convention! The Kiss Convention!"—like 100 times. I get the hint. The convention is out in Hackensack, NJ, and that's at least an hour out of the city.

10:30: Michael's up and ready to go, studying the program guide as I gravitate towards the shower. It's the 7th Annual New York Kiss Convention, the world's largest gathering of Kiss Kollectors, Kiss insiders, Kiss fans, Kiss Kover bands and even your proverbial hot dog and pretzel man. Why should you join the Kiss Army in '93? Maybe because everyone from Garth Brooks to Anthrax to Soundgarden to Skid Row are working on a Kiss tribute album. Maybe because aside from the Beatles and Yes, no band can boast of having its own convention, let alone one going on its eighth year. Maybe because this homeless guy serenades Michael and I with Kiss songs everytime he sees us. Maybe because this same homeless man swears his babysitter was related to some Kiss manager and that she took him backstage back in the day. Maybe because Gene Simmons' costume was on loan at The Smithsonian for a world tour called "American Art" in '78. Maybe because Tone Loc sampled "Christine Sixteen" in "Funky Cold Medina." Maybe because Redd Kross have been covering "Deuce" for years. Maybe because Kiss have a new 25th album out, *Alive III*. Maybe because Kiss are celebrating their 20th Anniversary and still kicking buttsteak. Maybe because Gene Simmons once told Thurston Moore that Thurston was a "cockswain." Maybe because when asked how many women he's slept with, Gene says, "It's like the price of a dress at K-Mart, around 33.50." Maybe because even The King A-rock saw Kiss at the Garden on his first date back in the fifth grade. Maybe because, face it, Kiss are living legends.

11:00: I try to figure out what to wear. I could never look as cool as Michael, with his Kiss belt buckle and Kap. My old gey Pop "Raw Power" T-shirt all frayed from decades of use, is the closest I come to a loud, hard, "70s rock n' roll T-shirt. I never get cool rock T-shirts anymore, so if you see out there, do send 160 E. 8th St. NY NY 10003. Anyways, I pull my Transworld Skateboarding sweatshirt on and I'm set.

11:30: Shit! Michael realizes that the Kiss Konvention already started half an hour ago. We tank up on coffee and head for subway hell.

12:00: We get to Penn Station and buy two round-trip tickets at the NJ Trans: booth for the bus to Hackensack. We need to get to The Rothman Center, and Michael's been told that the bus takes us practically door to door. Psych.

1:00: We drive past the Meadowlands Arena, which Michael has never seen. "That's where I saw Metallica last summer," I point out. He's not impressed. He's dreaming of Ace Frehley.

1:20: We go through quiet, tree-lined suburban streets, and Michael starts getting suspicious. "Maybe we should ask the driver if we're there yet." So I do. Not yet. The driver finally stops, opens the door and lets us out at a gas station in the middle of nowhere. "Where's the Rothman Center?" we yell. By then, however, the doors have whooshed shut and the bus is pulling away. We start

pace back and forth, flagging down cars. Boy do we feel cheesy. Finally this woman stops and goes, "The Rothman Center? Wow, that's on the other end of Hackensack, you'll never get there by foot. Well, see ya." No, see you, bitch. We call a cab.

1:45: We pile in the cab and waste nearly \$10 on car service going to The Rothman Center. But fifteen minutes later, we're THERE!!

2:00: Nestled behind a McDonald's is... The Rothman Center. We're greeted by a posse of Beavis and Buttheads sporting winged and rat-tailed hair, stone wash jeans, black t-shirts and other stoner paraphernalia. They're all hanging out, smoking, showing off each other's stoner gear and blasting Kiss *Alive* on their boom boxes. Michael's smoked his face turns pale, which it does when he's either really excited or really disgusted. We enter the sacred grounds, go up to the press booth and announce ourselves. Michael's called some publicist named Richie who's put us down on the press list and supplied us with limos. We notice that The Rothman Center is a giant concrete dome with no windows or air-conditioning.



2:15: It's a hot day and the air is thick with the sounds of Kiss Kover bands and the putrid smell of hot dogs. After sorting out our credentials, we enter and there's a group of people breaking up what looks like a mini-conference to the far left. We glance at our program guide and realize we've just missed the "Panel of Kiss Insiders From the '70s." The assorted "insiders" were B.I. Aucopin, their manager who signed them in August '73, Eddie Kramer, a former Hendrix and Zep producer who "manned the controls" for Kiss' *Rock n' Roll Over*, *Love Gun* and *Alive II & III*, and Ron Johnson, the Electric Lady producer who put pre-Kiss band Wicked Lester in the studio and eventually co-produced the Kiss demo that got them a deal with Casablanca Records. The rest of the "insiders" were glammed-out studio musicians who at one point claimed to have played with Kiss or Kiss offshoots like Ace Frehley's Comet. Oh yeah, there was also former Kiss publicist Carol Ross, who came up with all sorts of Spinal Tap-like publicity stunts back in the '70s, such as having Kiss use their real blood as part of the printing ink for their Marvel Comics book.

2:30: By the time Michael and I saunter up to the "insiders," there's nothing but a line of acne-ridden fans waiting for autographs. The two session musicians toss their long, publicist-like hair in between autographs. How lame.

We decide this could be the James Kiss Konvention in years, since Ace Frehley performed here last year and Peter Criss rocked the house two years ago. This year we get Fractured Mirror, a cover band who doesn't even wear Kiss costumes (and who probably also do Wings covers). As they gear up to play Michael and I head back to the man booth. No cool sightings so far.

2:45 Bathroom break. I haven't seen so many bleached blonde perms since Concrete Foundations. This place reminds me of a Britny Fox party, except there aren't a ton of retarded new bands passing out flyers. Anyway, as I try to wash my hands, I realize I'm getting asphyxiated from all the hair spray fumes. "You look green," Michael says, when I return. We try to get some air but there are no windows, so we temporarily hover by the back door, gasping. The vapors.

3:00: Though we've already spent a wad on the cab, we check out the cool merch and see if we can't afford a little something. There are tables of loot and Michael eyes bulge as we sort through everything from Kiss Keychains to vintage backstage minutes to T-shirts to Kiss dolls to posters to old copies of *Circus* and *Cream* that have Kiss features in them. Somewhere in between the Kiss Albums Kollector and the Kiss Decal and Patches Man, I lose Michael. When I realize I'm in a sea of strangers, of Teenage Mutant Kiss Fans, I start to panic. I look from side to side, only to see guys with your classic Jersey mullet, the pouff of frizz piled up high with long strands cascading down the back. Two guys with Kiss make-up on their faces walk by. It's so hot that the thick creme foundation is dripping off their chins in moist, greasy glops. The jagged lines

that once separated the black and white on their faces are all blending together which makes me wonder: How did Gene Simmons keep his makeup from dissolving into an oily mess while he was breathing fire? (He didn't—ed.)

3:30: I stare at the floor deep in thought and suddenly realize that Michael's been crouching down there the whole time. No, it's not what you think. He's been sorting through back issues of rock magazines to find cool pictures of Kiss. "Look!" he says. "On one side there's an ad for *Destroyer* and on the other side, there's an ad for the Mothership!" (Remember, two of the earliest bands of the '70s, Kiss and Pearl Jam, were both on Casablanca Records). We strike a good deal with the vendor and move on.

4:00: By this time, we've wandered through three aisles of merch and rummaged through Kiss picks, combs, scarves and other leftover fan club wearables. We see a real, cool belt buckle different than Michael's, so we check it out. Michael flips it around in his hand, examining it from all angles, then says almost triumphantly, "look, it says Aerosmith on the back! It must be a fake." No thanks, please.

4:30: We make our way to the back table, which has a cardboard sign that says "Kiss Museum" written on it in magic marker. We see Ace Frehley's small,

silver, knee-high platform boots, some mannequins with Kiss costumes on, a Siouxsie Sioux T-shirt hung on a cheap hanger here, a Hendrix banner there. What, Siouxsie and Hendrix in the Kiss Museum? Is someone on the pipe? Michael figures the stuff must have belonged to one of the band members, but we're still a little disappointed. The Kiss Museum looks more like the gift rack at a Salvation Army thrift store.

5:00: We make the rounds one more time and find some super cool mylar posters. One of them is even framed and autographed, "To Vinnie, my buddy Ace Frehley." Michael's the ultimate Ace fan so I figure this would be a great purchase especially since his father's name is also Vinnie. "You could tell everyone that Ace was pals with your dad," I suggest and Michael laughs. We stop laughing when we realize the poster's going for almost \$100. But a few vendors down the aisle we see the coolest black light felt posters emblazoned with the band member's faces in day-glo green, orange and blue. That's it! For eight bucks, it's the best buy we're gonna find today.

5:15: Michael, who makes paintings based on Kiss (see other article), checks out the other "artists" there. He sighs with relief when we see that most of them essentially do fan art on pieces of plexiglass that are propped up on stands. No competition here. Still, for the fans—many of whom are new generation—the plexiglass masterpieces provide good high-school bedroom decor as either a wall hanging or stash way (at least that's what we would have used them for).

5:30: By this point, we've looked over everything a dozen times, and I feel weak in the thought of waiting another hour to see another cover band, even though it's Strutter—who actually do wear Kiss costumes. "Let's get out of here," Michael says. "Do you really want to go," I ask, knowing that Michael's been looking forward to this event for years. "Yeah. It's either now or never, man, I could stay here till midnight tonight, but..." Guilt. So I try to sound convincing when I say "Let's stay. I'm sure there are more things to do." But even Michael laughs at that one. "Nah, there isn't anything to do but hang out and watch Strutter, and that won't be for a while. Plus, it's way too hot and claustrophobic. So, as we finally leave The Rothman Center, we see more kids in the parking lot, listening to the rare bootlegs they've just purchased, sucking on Camel's and holding big bags stuffed with booty. Some of them have bought those plexiglass paintings-slash-stash trays, which now stand exposed in the sun. We cross the lot and try to find the nearest bus. Finally one comes and we board. In the back of our minds, Gene was eating fire and Ace was rocking on his smoking guitar as we headed back to NYC.

Post Script:

The next day basking in our black light poster glory, we find out that while we were at the Konvention, Ace Frehley was exhibiting his brand-spankin' new computer-generated images at some gallery in a neighboring New Jersey town, only 10 minutes from Hackensack. Rumor also had it that the rest of Kiss showed up and did a surprise jam—yeah, right. Still, we were bummed, seeing as Ace was supposed to show his art work at CBGB's gallery but eventually canceled, or at least indefinitely postponed.

Two weeks later, we go see Ace Frehley and his AJ Stars at the Ritz. I manage to score us backstage passes, but Michael doesn't want to go. And who would when Ace was on stage, mesmerizing the crowd? "Rocket Ride" and "New York Groove" never sounded so good and the Ritz was surprisingly packed. Whoever says Kiss is history, has got to learn their Kiss story.

A month or so later, we go see Anthrax at the Grand. As we enter, Michael tugs at my sleeve. "There's Gene Simmons." It's gonna be a big night. We go straight to the VIP section where we can at least breathe—there's no AC at the club, though they advertised there would be some—and suddenly, Michael realizes that we're within spitting distance of Gene, who's talking to Sebastian Bach. I wonder if I should actually test whether or not I'm also within spitting

distance of Sebastian, who looks like a total mutant (boy the magic of airbrushing), but instead I nudge Michael, "G-G-Go say something," I stutter, butterflies fluttering in my stomach. Michael's even wearing his Kiss belt buckle and has his new "Kistory" Kards at the ready. Finally, he goes over and says "Hey, dickwad"—no, really—"Hey Gene. I've been doing these paintings based on Kiss..." Gene looked as suspicious as Michael sounded. Still, Michael gave Gene his card before Rakki Rachman jumped in and talked Michael's ear off. Meanwhile, Gene slithered away, only to join Anthrax onstage during "She." We're so excited as we leave the gig that we safely hand right in the hands of our favorite homeless Kiss fan, whom we tell our stories to. We give him a dollar and he says "You guys are the greatest. You know a few weeks ago I ran into Ace Frehley and the son-of-a-bitch wouldn't give me a dime. Tacky, right?"

Two weeks after the Anthrax gig, we're watching "Headbangers Ball" and there's Kiss, talking about the Anthrax show with Rakki. Michael and I perk up our ears to see if they're gonna talk about that strange dude they met with the Kistory Kard, but no—or at least not yet. By the way, what's



Gold Simmons dummy, made in America. Gene Simmons Fan, and even bigger dummy, made in the States.

up with Paul Stanley's eyebrows?

Anyway, every day since he met Gene, Michael checks the phone machine to see if there's any word from him. One night, we get a fax and Michael rushes over to see who it's from. It reads: "To Michael, I remember meeting you but don't remember exactly what you said. Can you tell me some more about Kistory?" Signed, summons. "Just 'simmons' and lower fuckin' case, too!" The fire-cater must have typed it out himself on his manual typewriter—at least that's what it looked like. Michael shrieked and jumped up and down, "From his hands to yours," I tell him. "Yeah." So Michael stayed up all night and faxed Gene back a seven-page thesis, complete with charts, Rimbaud quotes and Joseph Beuys diagrams. We never heard from Gene again.

Not so fast, summons finally faxed Marisa and Michael back, asking "to see the Kistory stuff you mentioned. Gotta understand, there's a lot going on and I may or may not have seen what you were talking about. I dunno." This time it was signed Simmons. Michael also tells us that "Stone Temple Pilots came out wearing Kiss make-up and played the whole show with it on!! And this fax was faxed to me on my B-Day, 7-15-93!" Upon hearing this, a defeated Mike Q shook his head and muttered, "I can't believe the Stone Temple Bozecks did something as cool as wear Kiss make-up for a whole show. I just can't believe it." Finally, Michael Bevil told us in early September that he and Simmons are now talking to each other over the phone. Which just goes to show that it's a lot easier to meet your heroes than you might think. —ed.

KEEP IT SIMPLE, STUPID

Asking Michael Bev Why He Is The Kiss Artist

When Michael Bev was in high school, his mom made him a yellow DEVO suit. During college you might have found him discussing the subtleties of David Sylvian. He probably even remembers The Trendy Days. But the one constant that's endured through all of Michael's image changes has been, of all things, Kiss. So much so that Michael—who's now a grown-up with living in the East Village, is currently basing all his work on or around Kiss. Michael usually paints but he also makes puppets, Ken Gorman likes the puppets, and after reading this you will too—that's unless you get hung up on the Joseph Beuys print. We woke Michael up one night, around 1 a.m.

MICHAEL. [Drowsily] Hellohhh?

GRAND ROYAL: NOW'S AS

GOOD A TIME AS ANY!

READY?

Yeah.

WHEN DID YOU START PAINTING?

When? It's kinda funny. The first painting I ever did was in high school, and it was a made-up record album. **A WHICH?**

We just had some stupid painting class, and we had to make something, and I made up this band. I was really into like um, whadoya call it? I was really into the Clash and ska music. So I made up this band and a fake record cover.

WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THE BAND? MONKEYFACE?

No, it was something like Up Against The Wall, and like I made up this single, and it's all, "Featuring The Hi Single. I'm: let me think..." On y The Cool People Hang Out At McDonalds.

THAT'S COOL.

Ha-Ha!

WHEN DID YOU START LISTENING TO KISS, BEFORE OR AFTER THAT?

I started listening to Kiss when I was like 11.

OK, SO WHEN DID YOU START PAINTING KISS?

Oh my god. Well, that didn't come until, let's see, about two years ago.

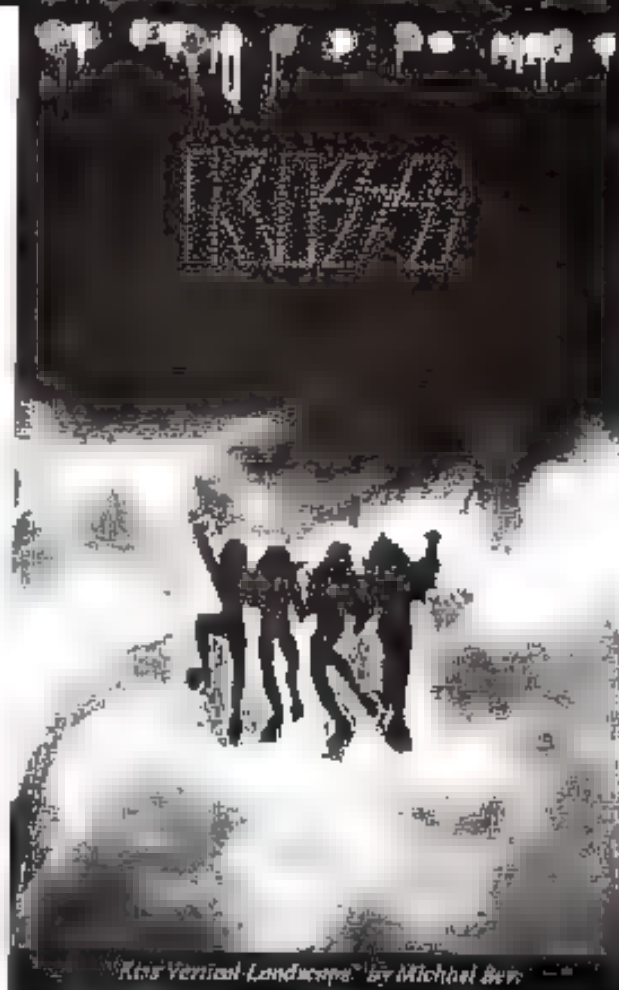
WHAT WERE YOU PAINTING BEFORE THAT?

I was painting abstract paintings. **ABSTRACT?**

Yeah.

WHAT MADE YOU SWITCH TO KISS?

I was in Koreatown, where my studio



"Kiss Vertical Landscape" by Michael Bev.

was. And all my roommates went away one weekend. I mean, my paintings were like real y nice, you know whatever. But there was something missing. I struggled with it for a long time, and when my roommates left I noticed all my crates of old albums. So I started going through them and pulled out a Kiss album, and I was just like, "Fucking-A, man, I forgot how cool this shit was!" So I was just like jamming and embracing and playing it, and before I knew it, I was cutting out stencils and stuff. And I started stenciling like Kiss imagery over these abstract paintings.

HOW MANY KISS PAINTINGS WOULD YOU SAY YOU'VE DONE TO THIS POINT?

Oh god. Maybe about 30, not including drawings. I work out ideas for paintings by doing "gwasches," which is like a thicker water color. **NOW THE STENCIL THAT YOU USE—IS IT ALWAYS THE DESTROYER SILHOUETTE?** I predominantly use the Destroyer silhouette, yeah.

WHFRE ARE YOU GONNA TAKE THIS? DO YOU WANT TO TAKE IT TO ANOTHER LEVEL, OR HAVE YOU TAKEN IT THERE ALREADY?

Well, it's kind of interesting. I didn't know which direction I was gonna go, but now I have fine tuned it to where I concentrate on them as superheroes.

I did other ones that were landscapes of the live-in-the-stage show but only two of those. Now they are all based on them as superheroes, and the palette that I use is very influenced by like '70s Art Rock. **WHEN I LOOKED AT THEM I THOUGHT OF PETER MAX. ARE YOU GONNA KILL ME FOR SAYING THAT?**

No. Not at all. **COS THERE WAS THAT KIND OF BRIGHTNESS.** Sure. Sure, Peter Max did a lot of that stuff back then. There was a time when Peter Max was very cool. It's too bad he FUCKED his

carter by being so commercial.

NOW YOU ALSO DO PILLOWS DON'T YOU? Yeah. Pillows and banners. The banners are influenced from, um, being like in catechism. We'd go to Sunday school and have to make these banners that say, "Love Jesus. Bih Blah," you know, all that bullshit. And so, it's kind of funny that they used to call Kiss, "Knights in Satan's Service." So I made these huge banners for this show I did in L.A. called Industrial Heroes. And they were these huge things, one was 17 by 10 feet of Kiss with all these like '70s flowers falling down in hot pink, yellow and green.

COOL!

And the other one I did was based on Joseph Beuys, pronounced "Boys" [Tentatively] RRRRIGHT. Which is a whole 'nother spin-off. Um, something that I should go into later. **WELL, NO, GO INTO IT NOW.** Um, Joseph Beuys. It's like this weird thing that I've kind of stumbled upon. He has four students that he claims to have been his actual students. A lot of people say "oh, I was a student of Joseph Beuys"—yeah right. But there were four guys, Walter Dahn, Im Knochel, Anselm Kieffer, whose probably the most famous, and Jörg Immendorf. And if you take these four guys and you study their style of

painting, they correspond to each member of the band Kiss. **HMM.**

Anselm Kieffer uses—I mean I just give you two examples—Anselm Kieffer uses lead in his paintings. He would correspond to Gene Simmons, Jörg Immendorf used this very "Hello Kitty" kind of style, and Im Knochel corresponds to Peter Criss. **RIGHT. "HELLO KITTY" AND PETER CRISS WAS THE CAT. OK, I GET IT.**

You know what I mean? He did these really twisted like Japanese like the fucking figures one time. AND here's also something really funny, which Beuys said one time. He said like, "yeah, it's funny, you know all my students went back to traditional canvas painting—I guess they never really got it anyway." **HMM.**

And Beuys had this whole thing about he was not really into making

objects, I thought he had to make objects to make people understand what he was talking about. He was very much into speaking loud to. I mean I've to perceive. **RIGHT.**

Which is very much like a concert. **RIGHT.**

So um, he has this whole idea for what he called, "An Energy Plan For The Western Man," where he did these tours. He went on something called his "First U.S. Tour." Quest on mark. Like what the fuck is that?

YEAH, LIKE WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?

He's like questioning himself. And he went on these tours and talked to people. His whole idea for this Energy Plan was: by having a dialogue with an audience, it creates energy. And that's basically what happens at a rock concert. **HUH...**

You know the band sings, the audience reacts and you have this cycle of energy. And Beuys had this same interesting similarity. And it's funny that a rock band, and Kiss, and how they're—all these things correspond. You know? And Kiss could almost be the clowns of Joseph Beuys in a way. I've done about five paintings based on him. I made a silhouette of Joseph Beuys. It's a very famous picture of him walking. He's wearing these big chunky boots and a funny hat, like a bowler almost. And when I do the silhouette

and put it in with the Kiss guys, it almost looks like he could BE one of these guys. It's VERY twisted. I don't know. Maybe I should tax you like what I taxed to Gene Simmons to try to explain to him what I was talking about.

YEAH MAYBE, MAYBE, MAYBE. HEH-HEH

Do you know who Joseph Beuys is? WELL, I'VE SEEN THE NAME. BUT I THOUGHT HE WAS JUST ONE OF THESE FANCY FRENCH PHILOSOPHERS.

He's German.

OH WELL, YOU KNOW, SAME THING—

AND! What is also VERY fucking funny, I'm working on getting this stamp made right now. He made this stamp, and I just found out what it meant. It's the German word for "mainstream" and he used to stamp it on everything.

HEH-HEH.

Is that fuckin' hilarious? You know, Kiss is about as mainstream as you can possibly get.

RIGHT RIGHT

So I'm gonna get like this stamp that says "K story," and stamp it on things.

THAT'S FUNNY NOW DO YOU HAVE A LOT OF KISS MEMORABILIA YOURSELF?

Yeah. You know what I have? I have a lot of pictures. That's the thing that I like to collect. Because it's gotten really expensive.

FROM ALL PERIODS? OR WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE PERIOD?

I would say my favorite period is *Destroyer*, and *Alive II*. I mean the first *Alive* album, I never really—I was into it but I REALLY got into the songs on *Alive II*. They made a lot more sense to me. Ace Frehley sang two songs on that album.

NOW ARE YOU ONE OF THE GUYS WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE BEEN IN THE PICTURE ON THE BACK OF *ALIVE I*?

Ha-ha-ha. No. Ha-ha-ha.

THAT WAS A PRETTY COOL BANNER, THOUGH, RIGHT?

Definitely not.

CHAD SMITH FROM THE CHILI PEPPERS CLAIMS TO HAVE ALMOST BEEN IN THAT PHOTO.

Well you know what the joke is?

NO, WHAT IS THE JOKE?

That's not even a picture from a Kiss concert!

[Pause] WH-WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

Did you know that?

WELL, NO. OF COURSE NOT!

The back of *Alive I* is not a Kiss concert! Those kids that were holding

that banner?

RIGHT.

Were posted on a picture of a different concert.

OH NO, YOU'RE KIDDING.

I swear to God!

COME ON!

It's a fallacy.

THAT'S FUCKED UP, OK I

FORGOT TO ASK YOU ABOUT ANY UPCOMING SHOWS YOU HAVE PLANNED.

I'm working on getting a show in New York, or in Boston. Joseph Beuys hung this felt suit in a couple of his shows. And when he hung a Kiss costume, just like Joseph Beuys

hung his suit.

AND YOU HOPE TO DO THIS WHEN?

At the time.

COOL. DID YOU KNOW KIM WANTS ONE OF YOUR PILLOWS?

What?

HEH-HEH!

Fuck off!

I THINK SHE DOES!

Really?

IN NOT SURE BUT WE'LL SEE.

Killer.

OKAY...

Post Script: Later that night the phone

rang, the fax started buzzing and out came Michael's notes on the *Energy Plan For The Western Man*. The frenzied conclusion read, "Robt. Williams work hits you right—the Kissers with all the politics, sexual issues, hi-to, the culture! Is not pretty art." The rant paused briefly for a diagram which unfortunately was cut off by the fax. Meanwhile Michael Bey's art show *Energy Plan For The Western Man, Shout It Loud!* was held in Boston in Speedway Gallery, 154 Congress Street from September 18 through October 16. For more info, contact Timothy Fitcher at 617-451-9528. ✓

Thus, the lid falls on the box of Khyser and the first MARVEL COMICS SUPER-SPECIAL starring KISS draws to a close. But before you bid us farewell and light out to become king or queen of your own nighttime world, we just gotta shout out loud:

We! Wa-a-ant! YOU!!

See, as we mentioned in our editorial, this is Marvel's very first venture into the Elysian mine fields of rock 'n' roll. But we've already got the itch to do it again. And you can be of enormous help by letting us get to know you, by helping us plan our new magazines, by (why beat around the bush?) filling us in on a few semi-intimate details about yourself, your interests, your lifestyle. And we'll even make it worth your while! One lucky respondent to this questionnaire, chosen at random, will receive a page of the original art from this landmark KISS Comics magazine! So what are you waiting for? Start scribbling!

Name Michael John Reulacova II
 Okay, okay—now your real name: Ace Reulacova
 Address 2873 Forest Hill Blvd.
 City Pacific Grove State California Zip 93950
 Age 13 How many brother and/or sisters do you have? 2 How many persons other than yourself (family or friends, for example) will read this copy of KISS? lots

How did you first learn about Marvel's KISS magazine?

☐ Radio ☐ Magazine article ☐ Magazine advertisement

☐ Marvel's Bullpen Page ☐ The grapevine ☐ Pure dumb luck

☐ Other (specify): I got a thing in the Love Gun album

Are you a regular reader of Marvel Comics? ☒ Yes ☐ No

If so, which are your favorites? Superman, Silver Surfer, Spider-Man, Captain America, etc.

Approximately how many comics did you buy last month? 5

Which of the following magazines do you read regularly?

☒ Circus ☐ Rock Scene ☒ Cream ☐ Crawdaddy

☒ Hit Parader ☐ Rolling Stone

What other publications do you read regularly?

Other than those assigned in school, what are the last three books you've read? KISS by Robert Duncan, Sugar cane Island, Amytville Horror

What are your favorite TV programs? California Fever

What are your favorite three leisure activities? Tennis, Skateboarding, and sleeping (lol)

How many record albums have you purchased in the last month? 2 How many rock concerts have you attended in the past six months? 0 Who are your three favorite groups or individual artists? KISS, B-52's, Cheap Trick

Can you put into words what you like most about KISS? I like Kiss for what they are and what they do. They give there fans their best, that's what I like about them.

Yeah, we know. That last one's difficult to explain in words. But thanks for sharing your feeling with us. When you've completed this questionnaire, please mail it to:

WE WANT YOU!
 Marvel Comics Group Sixth Floor
 575 Madison Avenue New York, NY 10022

Deadline is August 1, 1977, to be eligible for that page of KISS artwork. Our winner will be notified by mail before September 30, 1977.

THE COLUMNS

MY YEAR AS A BALL BOY FOR THE 1971-72 WORLD CHAMPION LOS ANGELES LAKERS by Mark Ramos Nishita

My dad used to take me to basketball games because I wanted to be a basketball star. But who didn't? I mean everybody did. I know Bob Mack did. I know Ricky Powell did. I know Matt Horowitz did. So when I was 12 years old, I wrote the Lakers a letter on my college-ruled paper—I was supposed to be doing my math homework—and I said: "To whom it may concern, I want to be a ball boy. How do I do that?" I really didn't think they'd respond at all.

But about a month later I got this card from Laker GM Pete Newell's secretary (see insert). So I bought some new Adidas Superstars and went to what was then called "The Fabulous Forum," or "The House That Jack Built" (as in former Laker owner/current Redskins owner Jack Kent Cooke).

I walked right through The Forum Club into Pete Newell's office, and Sam Winston was there! You know, the famous tire guy? He was good buddies with Jerry West. Then they gave me a ball boy uniform, which was like the Lakers' own warm-ups. Next came the long walk down a hallway that led right into the locker room.

I don't know how I'm gonna write this—sorry Mom—but what I saw next was Laker forward Jim MacMillan taping his penis to his thigh with some white adhesive tape. Seriously, I don't think he did this at the time, I think he just had a groin injury. And other players were taping others' shirts, like Gail Goodrich was taping up his weak knees.

That was my first impression of the locker room, but basically they were just getting ready to play the Phoenix Suns. I watched while the pros soaped their socks so they didn't get blisters, take two pairs of socks, put one on, get a fresh bar of Ivory soap, rub it all over the bottom of the first sock, then put the other sock over it and the soap will act like oil between the two socks and thus prevent blisters. They had a way to tie their shoes, too, called the "Russian Bow Tie" which never came loose.

At this point I was acting really nonchalant because like any big fan, I felt really close to the team already. So there I was, hangin' in the locker

room, trying to act cool, watching all the guys crack jokes and talk shit. incidentally, even then I noticed that one of the only players who was not dicking around but acting more serious was Pat Riley. Things didn't seem as glamorous back in the locker room as they did out on the court, either.

Eventually I was introduced to the head ball boy, who debriefed me on my duties. We went out on the court with the players for warm ups and the first thing I noticed was that even though the baskets looked kind of big, the players were fucking huge! Anyway I was supposed to hand out towels, and my mop was my best friend because I always had to be ready to wipe the sweat up off the court. Of all the players, probably Wilt Chamberlain sweated the most, but it was always sweaty under the hoop. I remember that that was like a big mess.

So during that first game against the Suns, I was wiping up some sweat near the free throw line while all the players were down at the other end of the court. I thought I had enough time, but suddenly the Suns' hairy-backed big

man Ned Walk stole the ball from somebody like Mel Counts and came barreling down the court. By the time I looked up he was right on my ass and I had to make a head-first dive for the baseline to get out of his way.

Then I heard the whistle I was interfering with the game or something. Of course I had always dreamed of someday seeing some NBA action, but this was definitely not what I had in mind. I was pretty embarrassed and turned red. You would too if 17,505 people were looking at you. I was afraid to even look up because I thought the ref had called a foul on me or something.

Even so, I actually did make it into the NBA—which is more than Bob Mack, Ricky Powell or Matt Horowitz can say!

In the end I only worked six or seven home games that year, probably because of that interference call. Who knows? Maybe Pete Newell got wind of it. Nevertheless despite some embarrassing moments, it's still one of my fondest memories. By far the biggest highlight of my experience was witnessing the classic rivalry between Chamberlain and Kareem Abdul Jabbar, who played for Milwaukee then. Just being able to see those two go at it inside was something else. It was the first time I ever saw anyone block Kareem a hook shot and I was right there, watching Chamberlain do it! He was the first and only guy to challenge the shot that would later be known as the allegedly unblockable "Sky Hook."

Of course I wouldn't be telling the truth if I didn't admit that it got kind of boring after a while, just sitting there under the basket, wiping up sweat. But the pluses definitely outweighed the minusses, it was the Lakers' greatest season (in fact the best season of any team in NBA history), and I was part of it. I also got to eat before the games at the M&M cafe near The Forum, where players like Harold "Happy" Hairston ate soul food (and where, to this day, Magic often munches). I got to meet Laker announcer Chick Hearn, definitely, who by the way still looks exactly the same. I also became buddies with one player, the great Connie Hawkins, though he never knew my name. Plus it was just cool being on the court during the game. This was before all the frills. No cheerleaders, no band, no TV timeouts, no Cable TV. Finally the players were cooler than I and security wasn't as tight around them. There was a lot of partyin' going on after each game, especially in The Forum Club bar. You could see movie stars in there like Billy Barty. You could see Wilt smoking cigarettes. But you never saw Jerry West.

In other words, it was dope, both then and now. Back then, it gave me a sense of identity, which was cool to have at school and stuff. Something that other kids couldn't front on and that I could prove. And nowadays, it's just cool to go to the games, look at the new ball boys and remember how it was. Something that I can take with me. ✓



Photo: Mark

November 10, 1972

Dear Mark,
We have been selected to be a "Laker Ball Boy" for the 1971-72 season. You will be working on November 20, Sunday.

Please report to the Laker dressing room with your own mop and bring your own white basketball shoes.

If you can sign up, please call me by calling the Laker office by Friday, November 17.

Telephone number 874-0100 - Ext. 307

Mary Lou Lachick, Secretary to
Pete Newell, Gen'l. Mgr., Los Angeles Lakers

THE KIDS WILL HAVE THEIR SAY
12 ELLIOT ST
HARVARD SQUARE
CAMBRIDGE MA
(617) 876 8937



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706 PISMO CT
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FISHING CAPS, ORTHOPEDIC SLIPPERS, FLANNELS, ECT.
AND A FEW NEW RECORDS

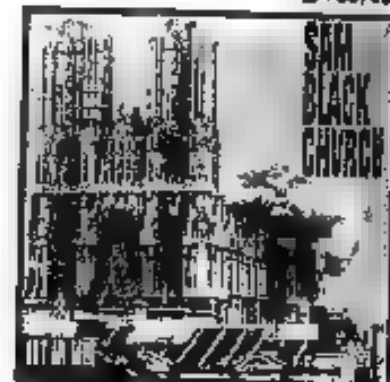
SPORE
FEAR GOD
7" single/10" picture disk/CS/CD



GODSTAR
SLEEPER
10" double gatefold/CS/CD



SAM BLACK CHURCH
LET IN LIFE
LP/CS/CD

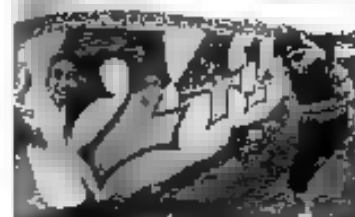


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Yauch working the outback at Tassie Lodge in Valdez, Alaska, Spring '83. Photo: Eric Bergson

HOW I SPENT MY WINTER VACATION

by Adam Yauch



something you like, and say, "drop me over there and I'll see you at the bottom." You've got to watch out for avalanches, cornices breaking off, bergschrunds and crevasses in glaciers. No one is setting off avalanche charges or testing the runs. There's no ropes up. It's just you and the people you're with, and the mountains. In regular ski areas you get used to having shit roped off or marked. In AK, you could be coming over a roller and

BAM! — there's a crevasse or 50-foot drop onto rocks. You could start going down a shoot and have no way out. Then you have to take your board off and hike out. I did that one time, on a steep face of wet snow with wet slides coming down all around. If the snow would have given way, I'd have tumbled on some rocks and I'm all trying to hurry up before a slide comes my way. It's as sick as you want. There was this one gigantic cornice there called The Berlin We, that was about a 150-foot drop. One day it broke off and there were

pieces of debris lying around as big as a trailer home. But all in all, if you just use common sense, learn about the snow and respect the mountains, it's not a problem. I was lucky to be around people who taught me a lot: Parata and the Hatchets and all of them.

SO, IN UTAH YOU LIVED IN A BIG HOUSE WITH A BUNCH OF SNOWBOARDERS?

It was just like an apartment, but there was another apartment downstairs with a bunch of friends also. Their place was a bomb shelter, but we tried to keep our shit clean.

HOW MANY WERE UPSTAIRS AND HOW MANY WERE DOWNSTAIRS?

Me and Chris and Mikey Besitch lived upstairs, and Matty Goodman, Fish, Timmy, Tara and God knows who all else were all piled in downstairs, with Matty living in the closet like a bum. He got the idea from Mike.

HOW MANY TIMES A DAY WOULD YOU GO SNOWBOARDING?

Once. All day. Everyday.

GIVE US AN EXAMPLE OF HOW THIS IMPROVED YOUR SKILLS—LIKE WHAT KIND OF TRICK OR MANEUVER WERE YOU NOT ABLE TO DO AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WINTER THAT YOU ARE ABLE TO DO NOW?

I learned some spinners and some other tricks, but the main kind of riding that I was into doing was steep, drops and deep snow in the trees and shit like that. It wasn't so much trick riding. I mostly like riding fast in

deep snow on my long board.

IN OTHER WORDS, EXTREME SNOWBOARDING?
Whatever.
RIGHT BUT DIDN'T YOU GO TO THE EXTREME

SNOWBOARDING COMPETITION IN ALASKA?

Yeah, but I didn't compete in it. It's a little over my head. Maybe next year. These guys don't fuck around. Goodwill, Farmer, Uka. Those guys are like the original Jedi masters. They don't fuck around.

BUT THEN AGAIN, NEITHER DO YOU, ADAM.

True.

DO YOU MIND IF I ASK ABOUT YOUR GETTING ARRESTED FOR GRAFFITI?

It wasn't so much that I got arrested, it was a criminal mischief charge, like a ticket. We made the mistake of going back to the scene of the crime in order to take a photograph. The owner saw us and followed us to fuckin' Taco Bell or the DL.

EXCUSE ME ONE SEC BUT I'VE WANTED TO KNOW FOR A LONG TIME. WHAT DOES "ON THE D.L." MEAN? "ON THE DISABLED LIST?"

If you don't know Bob, whatever. But it's the top secret shit. On the Down Low.

THANK YOU, ADAM.

No worries. So anyways, I'm sitting in Taco Bell, minding my own business, eating a bean and cheese burrito with my homeboys, when 5-O steps in. At least thirty young Mormon faces turn and stare at us as the officers approached, asking for D. After querying us about some supposed graffiti piece on a wall not far from there, which I denied knowing anything about (as any good fool would do), he asked to see my friends. Which, coincidentally had the same color of spray paint on them as the mural in question. Officer Attitude immediately claimed that he had witnesses who had seen me do the piece and questioned my integrity in front of everybody. He exclaimed — much to his own amazement — "YOU'RE A JARI!" Then they asked us to leave the restaurant and outside they had three cop cars and cops walking around everywhere, searching for the empty paint cans. As they had deduced that we had only finished the supposed crime moments ago.

HOW COME THERE WERE WITNESSES? DID YOU DO THE CRIME DURING THE DAY?

No Bob, the crux of the matter here is that Officer Attitude is the jar. And it had been done the night before. But on a more serious note, I thought it was a public wall, owned by the city. I wouldn't have done it if I knew it was private property. So I offered to pay for them to repaint their wall and they dropped the charges.

OH, ONE LAST QUESTION? WHAT WAS THE MURAL OF?

241, my friend Mikey's clothing company. ACTUALLY, LIKE ATTITUDE, I WAS LYING. ONE MORE QUESTION: DO YOU AT LEAST HAVE A PHOTO OF THE MURAL THAT WE COULD REPRINT TO GO ALONG WITH THIS INTERVIEW?

Mikey's got it, you can call him.

FAIR ENOUGH. ARE WE SQUARE?

Think so.

For more information and technical advice, check the recent issue of *Snowboarder Magazine* at a newsstand near you. ✓

OKAY ADAM, HOW MUCH TIME DID YOU SPEND SNOWBOARDING THIS WINTER?

All of it, except the last two weeks in December, when I went to Nepal.

COULD YOU CONCEIVABLY GO SNOWBOARDING IN NEPAL?

Conceivably.

GOOD ANSWER.

I can go into it if you want.

PLEASE DO.

Well, you would have to bring your own helicopter. And oxygen. Either the copier, or hike like a motherfucker. But I'm pretty lazy when it comes to hiking. People have done it though. Like my man Steve...what his name? Steve Matthews.

BUT HAVE YOU GONE HELI-BOARDING BEFORE?

Just this past April in Alaska was the first time. I got the grand tour from Uka and Fowl Air, the AK locals.

HOW LONG WERE YOU IN ALASKA?

For the whole month of April.

AND THE REST OF THE WINTER YOU SPENT IN UTAH?

Yes.

WHICH WAS BETTER, ALASKA OR UTAH?

The snow can be better in Utah a lot of the time, but Alaska's unreal, because it's so spread out and so sparse. You'll be up on a mountain and there will be thousands of mountains in every direction for as far as you can see — and no people anywhere. It's one of the most beautiful places I've ever been in my life. No guides, no rules, no ski patrol to save you. You just see

FUGEES FACTS



Rap is musical activism, alternative is musical activism, the marriage of these two art forms is explosive, the marriage of these two worlds is Fugees.

At a time when most of the twenty something generation is searching for their niche in life we look for meaning and truth in our music. Stated simply social or political relevance in our choice of music. When we find it the result is instant success.



The Fugees have a chokehold on our thoughts and whether they're pumpin', "Some Seek Stardom", a joint about the black exodus from the city to the suburbs or "Refugees", a cut about this country's incessant fear of Haitian persons, we're diggin the beats and literally digesting the words. Their flow is winning on all levels. First joint up Boof Baff Here come the Fugees!

THE '93 KNICKS: WERE THEY THE SHIT OR WHAT? by Ricky Powell

Ricky Powell should already be familiar to most Beastie Boys fans, particularly the females. An internationally acclaimed photographer, videographer, Cable TV personality, stand up comic, substitute teacher, herb courier and dog walker, Powell is also a grizzled veteran of Manhattan's playground basketball leagues and next to Bill Mazer, is acknowledged as the city's second leading authority on the Knicks.

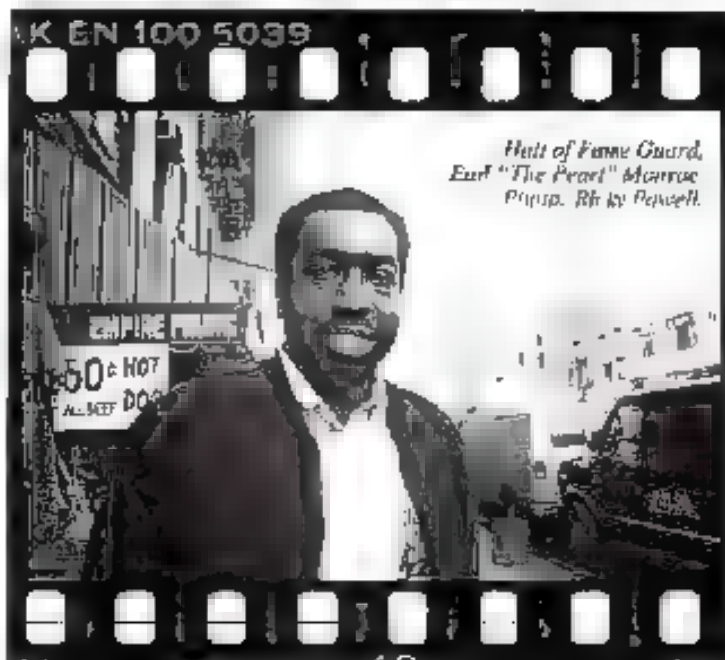
Last year the Knicks won the Atlantic Division championship by going 60-22, the second best win-loss record in the league. The last Knick ever to have 60 wins was the '72-'73 World Champion N.Y. Knicks, and it became fashionable to say that last year's squad could match up against the Dream Team of 20 years ago. However, if you dare to compare, or are bored enough to compare the '73 Knicks & the '93 Knicks, think you will find few similarities. Like the current team, but I loved the '73 team. Most of the Knick players from that year were my boyhood heroes, along with other New York sports stars like Jaws QB Joe Namath, Yankee outfielder Bobby Murcer & Mets great Cleon Jones. These were a collection of classic ballplayers on & off the court.

Check it, when you think of the '73 squad, you think of Walt "Clyde" Frazier & his personalized suede Puma sneakers which are still popular today. With his closet full of furs, fleet of Rolls Royces and smooth style of play, Clyde had an uncanny flair for "Mackin'" whether he was playing ball or just hanging out. Then there was Earl "The Pearl" Monroe, a true wizard w/ the pill & Bill "Dollar Bill Y Alf" Bradley with his retarded facial expressions, both on offense and defense. Willis Reed, Cazzie Russell, Dick "Double Kick" Barnett & others were similarly colorful ball players. What other team could boast of having a guy like Jerry Lucas, the mnemonic magician who memorized the Manhattan phone book and formulated theories on jump shot trajectory? This team not only had great stats—they were a brilliant montage of cool and interesting personalities. I personally have hung out with Frazier & Monroe (on separate occasions) & they were coooool man! "Clyde" discussed graffiti for about 20 min. (even though he had kind of a strange, west village voice), and Monroe I once caught shopping at Dave's Lee on 6th Ave. (see photo) & we talked about rap music. (He has an R&B label called "Pearl" Records).

The '93 team wasn't that funky, although Rolando Blackman for some reason still sports the kind of hot pants-style lunks that the '73 team wore. But for the most part last year's team chose to develop their own unique, tough guy persona. They committed 2,111 personal fouls during 82 regular season games and had more than their share of throwdowns (in particular the bench clearing brawl against Phoenix, where a supposedly injured Greg Anthony dressed in his Bill Cosby sweater and loafers, sucker punched Kevin Johnson).

But it was Anthony Mason, more than any other player who embraced the tough guy role and became the team's enforcer. One look at him, with his back

shithouse build, & you thought, "Damn, what is it?" (though for some reason the human graffiti Manute Bol took a Martin Lawrence-style "SHENANAE" swing at Mason once). Obviously a lot of New York fans can relate to him, and it would have been easy to imagine running in to Mason back in the 70s as he rode the A train to work at MSG dressed in a denim Lee leisure suit with creases and Pro Keds J plovers. And let's not forget about his hair-dos. In the Eastern Conference finals against Chicago, Mason had the old-style NY carved into his crew-cut, and all year long he was always careful to sport some fresh new insignia or design. Now, he's pretty dope. Plus he's in the Diamond Dee video hangin' at 34th St. Playground (possible acting career). Only



thing, though—whenever he touched the ball and thought about dribbling or shooting, he made the fans' faces look like Gilbert Gottfried's after he's sucked on a tart lemon.

Also like Doc Rivers, he's got heart and suffered a multitude of injuries while busting his ass this season. If only he could have got one good shot in on Kevin Johnson's mug in the Phoenix melee, he would've secured his place in Knick folklore forever.

John Starks was the new go-to man this year. During crunch time he had the fire to step up his game and his teammate's games as well. He's got good range, a nice handle, nasty jukes, and he takes the charge—but doesn't take shit—from anybody. In addition, once he retires, he can look forward to a long and prosperous career of head-butting opponents in the World Wrestling Federation.

As for the crowd favorite "role player" at the end of the bench who comes in at "garbage" time, there is none right now. The '73 team had the Eddie Kendricks of b-ball, Hawthorne Wingo, who was straight out of Harlem's playgrounds. I can still remember the crowd chanting, "Wing-go! Wing-go!"

Then there was Dancing Harry, Earl Monroe's buddy from Ball/Philly. He dressed like Rooster, the pimp on Barretta & would do his whammy dance next to the visiting team's bench.

Look, all I'm saying is if the '92-'93 Knicks were going to go all the way—or if next year's Knicks go all the way—great. But do it with style, a cool style. Be dope. Have rap stars sit on the bench during the games in case of a big throwdown. Just imagine DMC taking out the Chicago Bulls himself (after a few 40s). And last of all, let ME do color commentary with the Knicks' longtime play-by-play announcer Marv Albert. Marv's my boy! 🍌

MY CRISIS WITH FLANNEL

by Mike Watt

I was going to do it. I was actually going to stop wearing flannels. When the clone army adopted the flannel shirt as its armband, my heart broke. And when the marketing people rolled out their "grunge offensive," I felt both raped and castrated. The medium with which I had come to express a part of my identity—indeed the symbol of my art—had suddenly been butchered into look step fashion conformity, diluting me into nada.

I asked "What is Mike Watt without flannel? Has he no worth? Is he still a dude?" These and other questions hounded me, forcing me into a major truth search. What did flannel mean to me? Was it the means to an end (similar to the way punk music had been)? Or was it somehow a link to my earlier days (when I was the cog who is out of line but still had the hankering to make sense)? Or was it a symbolic compromise between the need to belong and the right to be free? Day after day, night after night, such questions wracked my brain and would sweat this shit out.

One of the earliest things I fell in love with about flannel shirts was their inherent nature: the idea that flannels are kind of look the same from a distance but as you get closer you realize that actually they're all different to varying degrees. Sort of like an analogy for the human condition: at once common and simple but on the other hand, complicated enough in its variety to express the uniqueness of the person wearing it. An epiphany for the dudes. Also a good metaphor for a the god damn ideas going down in my head.

Flannels also feel good. They're made of cotton, so they breathe. This is particularly important to someone such as me who like a jerk (or a glutton for punishment), enjoys wearing flannels while doing gigs. And even though flannels breathe, the bottom line is that you often have to pay for your fashion. A night operating the thunder broom in a liny pad while flying the flannel can cost you a couple of pounds and maybe even some heatstroke. But if the gig is a success, it makes the victory only sweeter, seeing as got to do it my way. Another thing is that you don't need to iron them either unless you want to (I don't).

I could go on and on about flannel. What I like about wearing flannel; What I like in a flannel; What the perfect flannel is in my eyes, etc. But what I really want to get across here is the dilemma that these times have forced me into. The age-old fight against being co-opted that probably every driven person eventually faces. The battle against those people (and the r devices) who would push us off of our own personal hamster wheels in order to herd us into a more lucrative dairy farming situation. The classic situation of THEM trying to engage the milker on those of US who are trying to piss down THE R throats.



Now because of this so-called "flanna. trend." some may claim victory. My reply: think again. How can a persona, statement that's been cookie-cuttered into a generic slogan be anything more than a bitter, cruel defeat? When and how will this betraya. end? How many blows must the spirit endure and for how long? Obviously, this is not for Walt to decide but I think you can kind of guess my position. Maybe a chameleon like Madonna could re-invent herself in such a way as to save us from this grunge. Most likely though, we're probably on our own.

tell people "if you're going to wear a flannel, wear a good one—one that speaks for you." What I mean is that you should maximize those inherent, symbolic benefits of the flannel. Remember, they're all the same but because of the infinite combinations of plaid, choice abounds. Thus, much of the human dilemma can be represented in the flannel (e.g. the struggle of the individual versus the group). Don't wear a flannel to be part of some mob. Instead do it the other way around: wear a flannel to help yourself become more you. Fight the cultural dairy farmers who just don't give a fuck about our shirts and what they mean to us.

Thinking (and writing) about these things helped resolve my crisis with flannels. I decided that I would still wear them despite everything. Hell, this is only America, where lots of our culture is nothing but facts. And like all facts, this flannel fad too will pass, leaving behind only the true dudes who will once again be able to fly their flannel in peace and without any hassle from the Fashion Police. By then the square-johns will be into rock-a-billy, hot pants or whatever comes down the pipe anyway. Justice is just us. There is no safety in numbers when it comes to real expression. (I'll go down swinging with my fist in a non-fascist salute and my flannel on. period. I will not be swayed.

One more thing: the bottom line is that a flannel is basically a work shirt. That means you do stuff while wearing it that is intense: like walding, grinding, thunderbrooming, skating, whatever. This is a shirt you are not afraid to take chances with. If it rips, hey, it's part of the territory. So please don't be spending no \$200 on a work shirt. OK? And Thurston: it's "practice," not "rehearsal"—actors rehearse, we practice. ✓

SOUND ADVICE

Ubiquitous Virge's Tips on How to Avoid Getting Carjacked. By Ubiquitous Virge

"Sneak my back, you gotta be holdin' me! I got both my eyes locked to your Infinity! Your stereo sucks that's why I'm 'bout to chuck it! Pull that stupid bitch out the buckle, fuck it! Carjack, man, you ain't never comin' back, Canada!" — "Carjack" by Holstboyz (Mickey from Ween a solo joint) forthcoming on Grand Royal



Hi, my name is Virge, but everyone calls me "Virge," which is pronounced "varga" as in "Standing On The Verge of Getting It On." I'm a lil' in the car stereo biz. I started sellin' car stereo at the age of twelve at B&M Electronics. My car was the M in B&M. He later started Advance Mobile Sound, or AMS, on Pico Boulevard in Santa Monica, which is where I work now. Back in those days, things were real different. Let's just say there was a lot of underdash eight track models to choose from. More recently, hooked up all three Beastie Boys and that pucky Englishman The Captain with their boom systems, so know what I'm talkin' about. It's the guy who sells you not only an expensive car stereo but a high end car alarm system to go with it. Then some thief foils the alarm system, tips off your stereo and/or car, and then I got you again. I love it.

So, before you go and blow a lot of dough like the big boys, you might want to pause for a moment and consider how easy, and wack, it is to get carjacked. Mickey's song, "Carjack," is rockin', and it'll make you laugh your ass off, but carjacking is for real. We're not talking about getting stuck up for your sheepskin, your Cazales, or your Nike Airs, we're talking about an epidemic. Legendary Jamaican toaster U-Roy had his BMW gaffed when he was buying some ganj down at Pico and Hoover. Legendary deal-maker manager John Silva got jacked right in Silver Lake! Grand Royal Magazine's own Dino Dince got jacked the other night in front of DFL guitarist Monte Masses's house! Even a high roller such as Russell Simmons, riding in his bullet proof Rolls Royce, could get jacked on one of his routine trips uptown to a taping of Match Game P.M.

So I'm only going to say this once: Holco Alarms of Culver City was the first maker of an anti carjacking

device which, according to the company's literature, "allows the thief and your car to get away from you and then render your car inoperable in a selectable time period. Due to the confidentiality of the system, we can not disclose in detail its operation." In other words, it lets the would-be jacker drive a safe distance before the car dies and a horn blasts. Of all the new anti-carjack devices I have tested, I like the Holco best because it also covers you when someone jacks the car while it's parked, without you in it. The thief drives

away thinking he's pulled it off, and suddenly he's stalled with nowhere to go. And there's nothing more satisfying than seeing a caged carjacker in the middle of the street in a frozen car with the horn honking out of control.

Another option, one of the newer anti-jacking devices, is called Dis-

Alarm. This new system provides the owner of a vehicle with an 800 number which, when dialed, activates a kill switch mechanism that will, once again, immobilize your treasured ride and system. Did you ever think the day would come when you could fuck someone up just by Sky-Paging your own car?

The only other related product I can think of is something called Telstrac, a stolen vehicle locator system that will actually pinpoint your car within a quarter mile of its whereabouts. A quarter mile may sound like a lot to you, but you just got your car jacked and in you're in no position to bitch. In fact it gives you time to round up your posse and punish the punk who's behind your wheel.

Be advised that these systems require a monthly service fee, which means they cost money. Be prepared to pay. Which brings up the question: are you better off paying the monthly fee, or selling your car and driving around a \$200 special like Max "Ca Worthington" Burgos?

What I say to my customers is: "I don't know." And besides, you aren't my customers. Yet. But if you give me a call at (310) 828-3858, I might, if I'm in a good mood, lay some extra advice on you. As it happens, I'm in a good mood right now, so check it. You might think that it still's gonna happen. It's gonna happen, but that's not true. Anything you do to prevent your shit from getting voked is just going to send the thief looking for another, less prepared motorist. So just make sure that other, less prepared motorist isn't you. Otherwise, "I'll see you down at my shop real soon."

Virge is the owner of Advance Mobile Sound (AMS) which has been located at 2809 Pico Boulevard in Santa Monica since 1978. The phone number (in the article and the fax number) is (310) 828-7350. ✓

The views expressed in this column are those of the Captain alone and do not necessarily reflect the views of this publication, its management or its sponsors. In fact, in most cases they don't. Please refer to "22 Automatic On My Person." Not on page two.

THE CAPTAIN'S BEefs

...And Another Thing!!

Allow me to introduce myself, I'm the Captain and I'm in a bad mood. I have beef and plenty of it. I got more beef than Jack In The Box gets shitburgers. Like the beef I've got with the piece of shit in the bad suit in front of me at the ATM who decides it's his own PC for the next half an hour and not only endorses all his checks right there at the machine but checks all his balances, transfers funds AND plays a game of Super Mario. IT'S CALLED EXPRESS BANKING. IT AND YOU GETS THE BALLS, JACK.

And what the fuck is up with the asshole holding up the line at the market by writing a personal check for \$3.00 worth of shit? They're checking his ID. They're writing it on the check.. They're seeing if he's passed any bad checks. He's balancing his bank book. I'm getting mad. HEY! SHITHEAD! I know you've got \$5 cash in your pocket—USE IT!! You best be saving those checks for the medical attention you're about to need after the Captain gets extra on you with a fire front.

...And another thing... Everyone now, if you're thinking of making a lane change, by all means use your turn signals. Cos Lord knows the Captain hates you when you don't. But once you're done changing lanes, **TURN THE FLUCKING THINGS OFF!** Don't be blinking on down the street in front of me for the next five blocks. And I don't care if I've done it myself I've also made a left turn where there was no left turn lane and you were probably the tweaker who was stuck behind me until the light turned red. But remember, I'm the one doing the complaining around here and I'm the one with the gun. Yeah, that's right, the gun. So look out, cos I'm packing a gat in the Captain's and if your signal is still blinking after you've made your lane change you gets exactly one and one half blocks before I'm riding up behind you and **SHOOTING YOUR MOTHERFUCKING TAIL LIGHTS OUT!!**

And another thing. If you go to a posse function—stag night, birthday, egg raid, whatever—don't be going out like John Rosentekler. I ain't hearing no "I only had six french fries and a glass of water" stories. So save the shit. I really don't give a fuck. It's still gonna cost you what it costs me. **EAT MORE OR STAY HOME!**

And another thing, the secret to *The Crying Game*? **IT SUCKS!!** Straight up wack.

And speaking of booty, lets talk about Digable Planets. Hey Dung Beetle, Cockroach and Tape Worm get offa Q-Tip's dick before I come up there and turn out your seatbelts lights. **YOU GUYS ARE SERIOUSLY WACK LIKE THAT!**

And just so you know. People who like Digable Planets are the same kind of people who enjoyed *The Crying Game* and who drink light beer alone in restaurants while wearing Cross Colours with purple Doctor Martens. Listen up, Jerky. Docs only come in black, brown or oxblood. And eating out alone is for lunch counters and Farmer's Market only. So if you're sitting alone, eating lunch at a table for two right now and reading this, chances are. **YOU'RE A BIG LOSER!**

... And another thing. Eating lunch with someone is cool by the Captain—watching someone eat their lunch will get you The Bozack. So don't be comin' up in my office and watching me eat a sandwich I'm already mad about cos I haven't eaten all day and the da guy-slash-actor has gone and fucked up my order. Hey Moronics. How you gonna memorize your lines if you can't remember my order? And no. don't want to watch anyone eating their lunch either... **SO GET THE FUCK OUT MY OFFICE!!!**

And speaking of lunch, it's lunch on the Captain at Jack In The Box for Fatso from P.M. Dawn for his Jimmy "Superfly" Snuka-style Flying Belly Flop ("World Wrestling Federation") from the top rope onto his diminutive date at the GB4 premiere after she had taxed him with a bar stool. From me and KRS One, Tubby free lunch.

By the way you'll be dining with Richard Gere, Arsenio Hall, the British DJ at the Virgin Megastore on Sunset and the guy who pimps Zima Beer on TV—all of whom have already received invitations to dine at Jack In The Box with the Cap.

Arsenio gets to go cos he's a big, square-headed—or big-headed, square—mother-fucker who I hate for no particular reason. the Captain doesn't need no fuckin' reasons.

The British DJ gets lunch because when he's not playing the worst music in town, he's droning on and on in that annoying, nasal British accent that's about as easy on the ears as a test of the Emergency Broadcast System. **SHUT THE FUCK UP, BITCH**

And along with lunch, the Zima Beer fag gets my foot up his ass for once being the lead singer of The Breakfast Club, amongst other things.

And Talking of Zima. If clear beer had come out about five years ago, it would have been called "Yuppie Suds." **FUCK THAT SHIT!!!** Beer is brown, amber, golden, or even black.. but never clear. Right Sliva?

Well anyway. It's about time for me to raise up offa these nuts and slip into something a little more alcoholic. Make that a Mazoa/Cointreau margarita, rocks and salt. But before I do, I'd like to give thanks to Chili from T.L.C. for that body. Girlfriend, would I like to get your tray table in an upright and locked position.

... would also like to thank Onyx for generally having a poor attitude and for their line, "I hate your fuckin' guts and hope that you die."

...And all praises due to my role models, Charles Barkley, Oscar The Grouch, Calvin (from Calvin and Hobbes), Sarge from Beetle Bailey, Mei from Alice, Louie from Taxi, and my Dad, Charles Bukowski.

Oh yeah, and **FUCK ALL Y'ALL FOR READING THIS!!**

Love,

The Captain





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Not One Whack Rhyme
Not One Stale Cut
See If You Can Follow It

The latest inscription
from Hieroglyphics

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RECORDREVIEWS

Soul Asylum *Whatever The Fuck Their New LP Is Called*

White music by white people for white people, and now being played at the white house. This is why most white people suck. Who stole the soul? Soul Asylum. —Mike D.

P.S. I don't know why I wrote this review. Maybe I'm bitter, maybe I'm jealous, maybe I'm just tired of seeing their milk toast faces and milk carton video on MTV every five minutes. When you get right down to it, I can't defend what I've written here. It's just plain wrong, and more importantly, whatever I think about Soul Asylum is unimportant since I don't listen to that midwestern platinum punk shit anyway

Grandmaster Flash And The Furious Five *Flash It To The Beat* (Boyz n the Meko Records)

One of my favorite hip hop jams of all time. One of the only appearances of an early battle on wax. Flash is on the beat box hitting kicks and snares by hand, while the Furious Five are dropping more styles, harmonies and rhymes than Nice n' Smooth do on an entire LP. Keep in mind that this single came out in 1980 or '81 and all of it was recorded completely live. Some of the most raw shit this side of Harlem World.

This music is an extension of the hip hop that Greg Tate claims started with Miles Davis's *On The Corner* combined with the aesthetic of a hardcore gig at A7. In other words, the most raw, basic expression of rhythm and melody imaginable. Very raw, very African and on the motherfuckin' one. The funk. —M.D.

Archie Shepp *Live At The Pan African Festival* (Bygones Records)

Archie brought the noise long before P.E. Only thing the motherfucker doesn't even stop a bar for a lyrical accent. Maybe Archie needed a Flavor Flav. Either way, once he starts he doesn't stop—but once he's on, he's on. And he kid blows 'til the cows come home or the needle hits the label—whichever comes first.

A.L.S.O.: This record is perfect for putting on when someone comes over that you don't want to hang out with. It will chase them away immediately. Also recommended to dis visitors by all Albert Ayler, most Archie Shepp, Charles Gayle, and The Boredoms. —M.D.

James Brown *Revolution of the Mind. Live At The Apollo, Pt. III* (1971). *Hot Pants* (1971). *There It Is* (1972). *Black Caesar Soundtrack* (1973). *The Payback* (1974) (All on Polydor)

These are all must-have CD reissues, too bad they don't do vinyl these days (but I do have them on wax anyway). *Live At The Apollo* 's got the speeches, *The Payback* 's got the minimalist grooves. *There It Is* has the songs. *Hot Pants* has the 18 minute version of "Escape-ism," and *Black Caesar* has the Das EFX sample and also one of the most underrated JB cuts ever, "Down and Out in New York City." Like James says on the *Live* set in his famous rap about hot pants during the song, "Bewildered": "I'd like to tell you why us men love hot pants. Most of all I'd like to tell you why I love hot pants, too. I want you to know why. The one reason, the main reason why, why I love hot pants because it simplifies one thing; comes to one point and there is only one answer, ONE ANSWER to why I love hot pants. I love hot pants simply because. What

you see is what you get! HIT ME!"

Finally all these classic J.B. joints are available at a store near you. Hopefully the People label recordings will follow. While I sit here listening to *Revolution Of The Mind*, J.B. is singing "I ain't got no dust... make it funky!"

This is perhaps my favorite of all the '71-'73 era recordings. The song selection is there, from the deluxe version of "Escape-ism" to "Hot Pants." The playing is as funky as the routines are tight and the dialogues are dope. The cover is definitely one of his best: The afro-headed, denim suit-wearing J.B. is pictured behind bars. A revolution of the mind or a premonition to the highest power? —M.D.

De La Soul *Buhloone Mindstate* (Tommy Boy)

First, I've got to give props to the Space Shower kids from Japan for hooking me up with this tape, and then I've got to give props to De La Soul for making this tape. Only De La Soul succeed where so many imitators fail. They are able to craft great songs with transcendent moments and Automobile Club-contrived beats that are instantly recognizable as being De La Soul but are also, upon careful listening, some new heavy type shit. I hesitate to use the words "hard" or "soft" here because so many people have decided that the word "hard" in hip hop refers only to the newest roughneck MC who's just unloaded his first clip. On *Buhloone*, however, there's some raw, layered, funky, and truly innovative music that is brought to life by Posdnous and Mase's lyrics. The shit that only they can say in a way that only they can say it. They even have a dope instrumental featuring J.B. seaman Maceo Parker. Now isn't innovation and musical brilliance "hard"? I've always thought so, but whatever—we'll continue that discussion in the next issue. The point is as De La themselves say on "In The Woods," "Tuck being hard, Posdnous is complicated. Without compromising in any way, *Buhloone* brings you some new shit that is nice to get nice to. Remember, De La do not scream. They're able to lay back on a groove and get their points across like A.G. Green might have done if he were an MC. They're in no rush, and they're the only ones who can pull this style off. And speaking of A.G. Green, The Biz—the MC equivalent of Rufus Thomas—puts in a nice cameo on the LP. Finally, De La bring up hip hop memories. They don't just throw "to the beat y'all! And you don't quit!" into a chorus like another group short of ideas might do. De La Soul quote the old school AND comment on it at the same time. In the song "Ego Tippin' (Part Two)," a tale of too many MCs who have fallen off with deflated pockets and inflated heads, De La quote The Furious Five's "White Lines." They sing "something like a phenomenon" in such a way that at first I was singing along with a smile on my face, but suddenly I was saddened by my recollection of Scorpio standing on a street corner with a pith helmet on and no change in his tight leather pants tucked into MC boots. So forget about the imitators and get with the innovators. Highest ratings all around, especially in the beats category, where they scooped us by using the beat on the "Flash It To The Beat" 12". Oh well, guess we'll just have to work that much harder and enjoy this music along the way. —M.D.

Huggy Bear *Her Jazz* (Willa Records)

The song "Her Jazz" on the A-side of this 7" contains three of the dopest minutes of music expression that I've heard in the last year. If you are not yet aware of the girl-boy revolution, start here. —M.D.

Jungle Brothers *J. Beez Wit The*

Remedy (Warner Bros.) like the new J.B.'s record. The song, "My Jimmy Weighs a Ton," I like (the first Jungle Brothers record) and I like their 2nd record also like their 3rd record (the latest one). They're the most versatile group out. They drop the old shit, the new shit and next year's shit. The second side is so bugged out I wanna know what person sells them their acid. I listen to it in the my car + at home. —Adam

The Front Line Tape (As yet unreleased) I just happened to get this tape off of Miles a while back. It was probably recorded around the early '80s. It's still some of the most incredible shit ever made. Muckie on drums, Noah Evans on bass, Miles Kelly on guitar and Gambia or Gasbie or someone singing. It was recorded down in the basement of West Bath. It's on par with the Bad Brains' *Riot Tape*, or the first Minor Threat EPs. It still influences my playing. I listen to it all the time and it's harder than anything that's out today. "Tear Shit Up."

—Yauch

P.S. Watch out for Miles' new band called like The Dyke. John Berry singing, Noah Evans on bass, John Lyons on guitar and Miles on drums.

Miles Davis *Circle In The Round* (CBS) The title track is like watching a movie that goes nowhere for a long time, but ends up leaving you on the other side of the world when it's over. Like this song because it so far out there and it's very hypnotic. Just try to follow the bass groove and listen to the drummers' dynamic performance, rattling on the shells, the rim, any available surface. Playing in 2/8 with a 26 bar line. This is a hard song to follow, you just have to groove with it. Add a droning guitar for meditation, some celeste bells for space, then Miles and Wayne Shorter on horns—WHAM! INSTANT DJST. Put this on at home when you are alone and you'll be bugging out looking out the window to see if everything is OK. —Mario C.

Bad Religion *How Could Hell Be Any Worse?* (Epitaph Records 1982)

I don't know what Bad Religion's been up to for the last ten years (who the fuck knows or cares?), but back in '82 they were definitely the shit. Krazy, fast L.A. hardcore with old school moshes. —Monte Messer

St. Etienne *So Tough* (Heavenly Records 1983)

Good cat and road trip soundtrack. A dancy-melodic-ambient-schizo medley that uses some of the same samples as the Beastie Boys. SE get scared of anything too hard, but they do the silly, litting stuff with precision. —Dino Dingo

Biz Markie *All Samples Cleared*

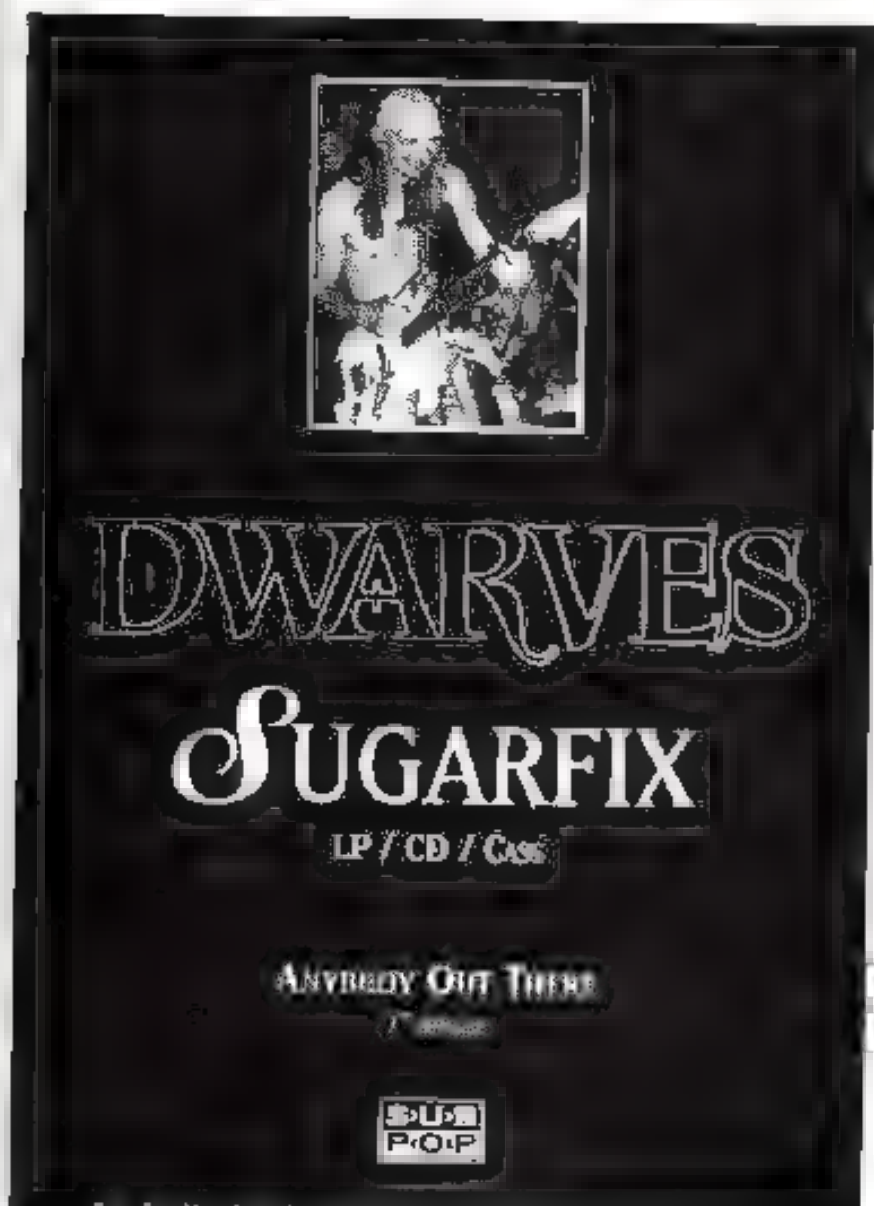
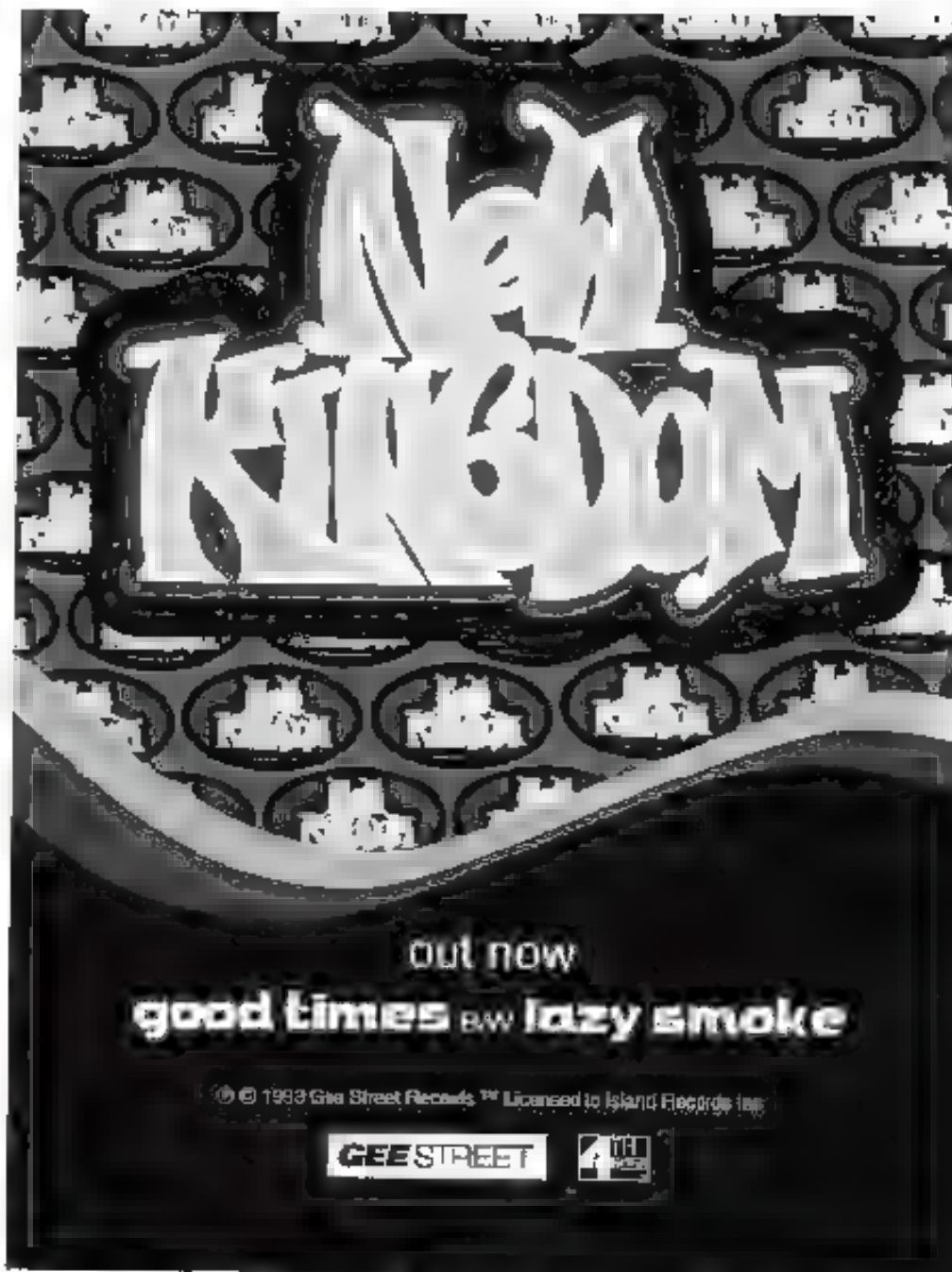
(Cold Chillin' Under The Captain's Rating System, this record falls between a "Buy It When You Get Some Spare Look" and a "Borrow It And Dub It." However it needs to be in your collection if you're a Biz fan and own a copy of *I Need A Haircut*. It's all a matter of balance. I see, the news here is that the Biz has bounced back from his steel cage match with Gilbert O'Sullivan—in which Gilbert took it all: the belt, the pants and the drawers—and made an alright comeback record. A lesser MC would have traded in his sampler for a Game Boy and applied for a messenger job at Rush, but the Biz ain't going out like that. After all, the man is a legend. When they build the Hip Hop Mount Rushmore, you know the Biz is going up there.

Actually, Gilbert might have done Biz a favor when he forced *I Need A Haircut* to be pulled from the shelves because *Haircut* was a deserving candidate for the

juliana hatfield • big wheel
 machines of loving grace
 vanilla trainwreck • dillon fence
 chainsaw kittens • blake babies
 the bats • antenna • joe henry
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the bats • antenna • joe henry
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 vanilla trainwreck • dillon fence
 chainsaw kittens • blake babies



"Retract Hurt" list. I mean, it wasn't all wack, but Biz was about THIS close to being Kool Mo. And bet there's hella rappers who would give their gold teeth to take back one of their albums (did someone say *14 Shots To The Dome*?).

Anyways, to cut a long story short, standouts on *Samples* are "I'm The Biz Markie" and "I'm Singin' " which has my favorite rhyme of the moment: "I write rhymes that jam more than jelly/So call me the author/But not the Fonze/Well/Or Nelly."

The album is a little long at 55 minutes. And seeing as that no album should be over 45 minutes, the Captain says that two songs have to go: "Young Girl Blues" on the grounds that it's too slick and "Lai Me Turn You On," which was a good idea that didn't work.

Apart from that, though, this album is cool. It's an album all about the Biz being the Biz. Doing what the Biz always did best—buggin'. It's not about the Biz being old school or new school. It's not about the Biz being grimy. And it's definitely not about the Biz being the diggedy diggedy diabolical. It's just straight up Biz and that gets it into The Captain's 10 Disc Changer until something better comes along. **The Captain**

Yeastie Girlz Ovary Action. With great hits such as "Fuck Yourself" and "You Suck," this 7" has become one of my favorite singles to play for new dates. The three ladies rap a capella about masturbation, sticking carrots up your butt and getting boys to suck your pussy—what could be better? A, together now: "Get loose, flow juice, wet your fingers/Do he walkin'. And your clit will be rockin'." Even Mike D admits, "they were definitely ahead of their time." **Jean Rialla**

Big Boys The Fat Elvis, The Skinny Elvis (Touch N Go). Before all the New Jack funk-metal jokers, here were the legendary Big Boys, early '80s punk rock ratsos with a severe case of Ohio Players on the brain. Led by crossdressing vocalist Randy "Biscuit" Turner,

natty guitarist Tim Kerr and bassist Chris Gates on Junkyard "fame," these Austin Texas behemoths set the standard which every wannabe White Negro has since ripped off in hopes of making it big on MTV. These releases chronicle their obscure early days (*The Skinny Elvis*) and their later notable phases (*The Fat Elvis*). You may quickly determine that everything else is just ca-ca under the bridge. —**Steven Brash**

Meat Puppets Up On The Sun (SST) Once it got so bad I had to write the Meat Puppets. "I've listened to *Up On The Sun* at least 500 times, and I can't stop," wrote, "Can you help?" Then I spun the album again, swimming along with the twisted Tempa country-punk trio through rivers of visions: pistachios, hot pink rubber, lazy alligators, a man—or was it God?—with a bucket for a head. I realized this was an addition worth keeping. Anyway, when the Meat Puppets wrote me back, they had no suggestions on how to kick. —**Dave Fraefello**

Bailter Space Robot World (Matador) This is some very hard music. Bailter Space, a New Zealand 60, create a painfully restrained version that explodes between the driven and unpredictable rhythm section and the guitar, which plummets ahead and dodges around, checking itself only when it must be checked. Throughout the album Bailter Space's sound refers to some of the most interesting pre-"alternative" music ever. These guys, however, know that it is 1993 and they have put forth their own powerful, original sound—a sound that stands far apart from the unremarkable sameness that has become "alternative" music. —**Nick Cooper**

The KENT 3 The Chromies 7" (Bag Of Hammers Records, P.O. Box 928, Seattle WA 98111). Five songs, just like having a new girlfriend. **Bob Whittaker**

Rush Counterparts (Atlantic) Old school rans like

Matt Horovitz will dig the mini-epic, "Double Agent." The Biz will loop the boss beat from "Animale" that starts the album off. And I will stand in front of the mirror and sing along with, "Between Sun and Moon," with its nod to the Who's "Won't Get Fooled Again." Meet the new Rush same as the old Rush. **Bob Mack**

A Tribe Called Quest Midnight Marauders (Jive). I'm tired of reviews, you're tired of reviews, I know I'm sorry, but I just gotta tell you that the new album from A Tribe Called Quest, *Midnight Marauders*, is once again the freshest shit on the market. Quest have put out three albums and a handful of singles over the last few years always establishing themselves as pioneers of hip hop music without selling out their creative control. Q-Tip, Phife and Shah have successfully mixed fresh music, intelligent lyrics and cultural respect to create, in my opinion, one of the truest and most respected voices in hip hop. Their lyrics are always tight and profound and their beats are subtle classics. They are already legendary in the evolution of rap music and with this new album again they rise to the top where they belong, could go on and explain the great parts of every Quest song, but I'm confident you'll discover them soon enough. —**Shea Johnson**

This first ever Reviews Section of *Grand Royal* magazine is dedicated to the memory of former Funkadelic guitarist Eddie Hazel, who died this past December at the age of 42. If you don't know who Eddie Hazel is, go buy Funkadelic's *Maggot Brain* and listen to the life track. Then you'll know who Eddie Hazel is. But if you get the chance, pick up a 1977 Warner Bros double compilation LP called *Luv*, which has a version of "California Dreamin'" by Eddie, taken from his virtually unobtainable solo album, *Ganes, Dames and Guitar Thangs* (BS 3058). The track, featuring Eddie's tear jerker vocal has the same type of sad, sweet beat, echoey guitar and mini-drum breaks as "I'll Stay" from *Standing On The Verge*... ✓

Kim and Jim Review Stuff That's Lying Around

Gary Moore Blues Alive

(Chansma) Kim: Don't you think this would be a good one to give my brother? He likes blues. Jim: Yes, though my favorite Gary Moore performance remains his guest guitar solo on the fourth remix of "Warriors Of The Wasteland," from Frankie Goes To Hollywood's second album *Liverpool*.

Urge Overkill Saturation

(Geffen) Kim: like the punk songs ("Crackbables") way better than I like the joke songs ("Heaven 90210") Incredible Thin Lizzy impersonation. Jim: Straight from the mid-'70s to your heart. Their best songwriting yet, plus best album cover and ad campaign of the year. Anything else is just a flit.

James James (Mercury) Kim

Sounds like that Scottish band, Texas, except with a guy singer. Also reminds me of U2. Iok, Feel good music. Jim: Stop, in the name of all that which does not suck!

Meatloaf Bat Out Of The Hell: Back Into Hell (MCA) Kim

I've always loved Meatloaf's FM radio hits but never realized what a thespian he is. I'm choreographing the dance routine in my head to cuts like "Good Girls Go To Heaven, Bad Girls Go Everywhere" and "Life Is a Lemon and Want My Money Back." Did someone say *Grease*? Production is immaculate. Won't listen to it again. Jim: Sounds like what the big Frank Black record wanted to sound like. Large and in charge.

Girls Against Boys Venus

Luxure No. 1 Baby (Touch and Go) Kim: like this tape. I know that because when it's on, I always go over to the tape machine to find out what it is, and I go, "Oh, I like this." Dumb name, but then again I was in a band called the Pixies. Jim: The first song is okay, but sounds a little generic to me. I don't know if Kim likes it, it's probably good.

Soundtrack From

thirtysomething (Geffen) Kim: Original music composed and performed by Stewart Levine, W.G. Snuffy Waler and Jay Gruska. The titles of these musical pieces refer to what scene they

were used in, i.e. "Gary's Funeral," "Ellen's Wedding," "Michael's Dilemma." Ray Charles, Rickie Lee Jones and Karla Bonoff are guest performers but fuck if I'm gonna sit here and listen to this shit to see if I like it. Jim: Why do we have this tape? How did it get here? This is a good tape to test out Kim's speakers. Nice speakers.

Tar Toast (Touch and Go) Kim: I only gave it an A&R listen (few seconds of first song), but I didn't like it that much. Jim: bet Steve Albini really likes this record.

Njork Debut (Elektra) Kim: Neat. Jim: Pretty.

Luscious Jackson In Search

of Manny (Grand Royal) Kim: I hope I'm not making this up, but when the Breeders played w/ Sonic Youth at the Academy in NYC a girl backstage gave me this cassette. The girls had given it to her to give to us. I listened to it on my walkman in the hotel room and it was high and it was good. Now I have the CD and it still sounds good. Jim: This record is like if Pavement were girls and totally into hip hop and not always stoned. Very cool.

Guided By Voices Compilation Tapes of All Their Stuff From a Friend

Kim: They're from Dayton, and supposedly do most of this stuff on a 4-track. Sounds really good. Jim: Fucking brilliant. This guy has a serious late Beatles onus, but in a good way. He lives down the road from me, but I've never met him. One day soon we must have tea.

Artwork For The Breeders Last

Splash (Elektra), by Vaughan Oliver. Kim: give it an A+. It's a little bit gory. Gore is always good. Jim: think this is the best thing Vaughan's ever done. Kim: But you don't know anything about art. Jim: That doesn't matter. I'm a critic. Kim: Yes, dear.

Kim and Jim are Kim Deal (above) and Jim Greer (below), the coolest rock star-and-rock critic couple since Patti Smith and Lenny Kaye. ✓



Spoke Jones

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BACKPAGE STAMPS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

"Elvis was a hero to most, but he never meant shit to me." That says it all to us, too, so why the fuck does Elvis get a stamp? If this privilege is supposed to be reserved for only the most heroic and accomplished Americans, why aren't Sly Stone, George Clinton, Miles Davis and The Minister Of The Brand New Heavy Heavy Funk himself, James Brown, on envelopes everywhere?

Really now, what was up with all the commotion over which Elvis picture to use? The Young Elvis? The Movie Star Elvis? The Vegas Elvis? Elvis In The Bathroom at Graceland Getting High With Nixon? Who gives a god damn? But whatever you do, just keep his mug available only on powder blue fifty-fifty t-shirts at K-Mart.

More to the point: What Would We Do? Or rather, What *Will* We Do when our generation comes to power and we get to make this choice? We'll be faced with a double whammy of a dilemma: 1) Who Do We Want? and 2) What Era Do We Want

To Remember Them By?

You might think we're joking, but after all, both Otis Redding and Clyde McPhatter are already part of the Post Office's "Rock and Roll and Rhythm and Blues" series of collectable stamps (the same series that includes Elvis, Ritchie Valens, etc.). Plus, during the late 60s, there actually used to be trading stamps (just like S&H Green Stamps) which people in the South and cities like Oakland used in order to buy groceries. The stamps had a head shot of the mid '60s James Brown, not unlike the one seen on all J.B. releases of the time (see the Table of Contents page). That's the fly shit. Even if James never graduates from green to postal stamp, his head was on the label of his own records, and not only that, the floating head on these labels changed through the years, from The Mild Pompadour, to The Super-Fro, to The Pimp Hat. Elvis never appeared on even one of his labels, the fat bastard. They just had that stupid ass dog with the record player. Now what the fuck's a dog supposed to do with some beats? You figure it out.

In the meantime, the nominees are:

JAMES BROWN

- 1) "The Hardest Working Man In Show Business" who wore a pompadour with The Famous Flames?
- 2) "Mr. Dynamite" with processed bouliant on the verge of a beehive like on the cover of *I Got You (I Feel Good)*?
- 3) "Soul Brother Number One" with the afro in 1969 as pictured on the *Say It Loud I'm Black And I'm Proud* LP?
- 4) Or "The Minister of The Brand New Heavy Heavy Funk" from the Funky People period of the early '70s, when James was rocking the large fro (as were most of the J.B.'s, who were also pictured on the labels)?



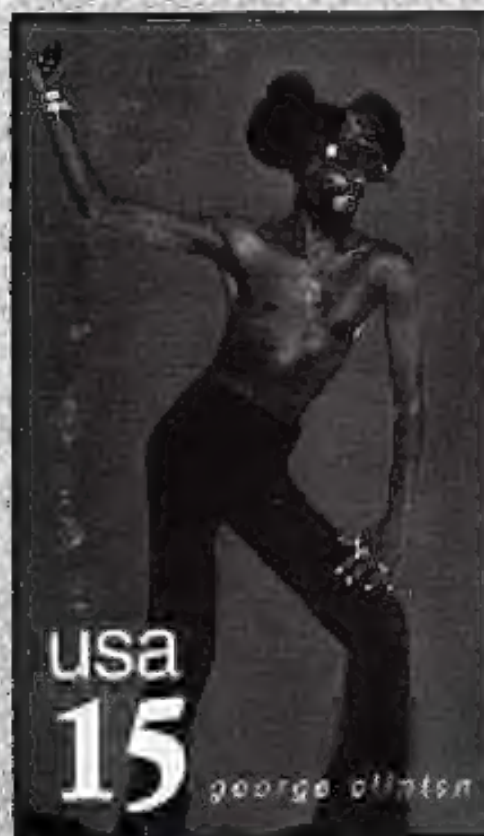
SLY STONE

- 1) The knicker-clad youth from the *Dance To The Music* cover?
- 2) The famous slare-and-stripes suit from *There's A Riot Going On*?
- 3) The athletic Sly doing karate kicks in platform heels on *Fresh*?
- 4) Or the even more athletic Sly in Adidas SL 72s from *High On You*?



MILES DAVIS

- 1) The Miles in a Brooks Brothers suit who invented cool?
- 2) The casual look from *Sketches Of Spain*?
- 3) The crazy funky cartoonish Miles from the *On The Corner* era.
- 4) Or The Miles-in-Goggles incarnation from *Get Up With It*?



GEORGE CLINTON

- 1) The pudgy kid with a conk from the Parliaments' doo-wop days?
- 2) The acid-taking crazy baldhead on Funkadelic's early LPs?
- 3) The Space Cowboy who piloted the Mothership?
- 4) Or the Atomic Dog with rainbow hair extensions?



Pussy.

Finger lickin' hard. **Melvins.** Houdini. Featuring "honey bucket," "hooch," and "set me straight." The atlantic group. © 1993 atlantic recording corporation. A time warner company



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